SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVI OCTOBER, 1924 NO. 4

A Far Windy Corner

BY GERTRUDE BONE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY MUIRHEAD BONE

SINCE St. Columb tied up his boat to the shore of Iona, out of sight of Ireland and every other place he knew of, there is a tale kept in the islands that Iona will be the last place to sink in the day of judgment; and it seems as though these lonely lands lying out on the sea have always tales carried round by the waves which make them not quite the same as other places. It was so of Gottland, in the windy Baltic Sea, which was said by people to rise from the water in the darkness and disappear again at daybreak like a seal or a diver. Some said that the fire-demons and trolls might be expelled and the island stay on the surface if a mortal were daring enough to light a fire on its shores. But none dared to do so until one day Tjallver the son of Guti, his father's country being harassed by famine, set sail with his companions in his long-boat to seek his fortune elsewhere; and knowing nothing of the potencies they came to an island in the night-time and lighted a fire upon it. Ever after that the island stayed on the surface and Tjallver called it Gottland, after his father, Guti, and towns were built on it and the people traded overseas.

You come to Gottland at night even now, though it is no longer the waves which beat over it, but the wind, so that you will notice very soon how the women of Gottland bind their chins with scarfs, as they do in no other part of Sweden, when they come over the windy country roads with their butter and cheese and eggs, to stand in the market of Wisby.

It is not easy to imagine Wisby as a mighty town of the past, even with those imposing walls; yet when Stephen and Matilda were making wars in England, and no adventurer, dizzy with long voyaging, had ever raised his eyes and, seeing the haze of land, known it for the America of his quest, Wisby must have risen above the gold-backed sea, the powerful and wealthy seat of judgment for the Hanseatic League. At the present day it is only by the size of the town squares, so much too large for any business that can possibly be done there now, by glimpses into the great yards at the back of houses, by the importance and number of the ruined monasteries and churches, and by the few gaunt Hanseatic houses still remaining, that one can judge of the wealth and circumstance of those opulent merchant-venturers whose centre of trade lay at Wisby in this outlying island of Gottland.

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Small sea territories often breed the race of sea-rovers. Opportunity, adventure, and romance lie over the blue waters. From Genoa, Venice, Bristol, and the Baltic towns went merchant-venturers. Commerce is more powerful than conquest to build states, and when trade with the Orient lay past Gottland, down the Vistula to the Black Sea and Constantinople, wealth and importance came to the towns whose sons were merchants. Later the trade routes were to change, Lübeck to become the seat of judgment for the Hanseatic League, and the fortunes of Wisby to ebb and recede over the seas which had brought prosperity. For the sacking of the town by Waldemar the Dane was not so relentless a cause of decay as the changing conditions of trade; and Wisby now is rather history for the antiquarian and delight for the sightseer with antiquarian tastes than a stirring centre of life, though it has many consuls and more windmills.

You can learn from the monographs written upon the island that it is of limestone formation with scouring of the glacial drift, allowing for the deposits of forest over so large a portion of the soil. The anthropologist, busy even now in research on the island, will explain the Slav characteristics of the people and their unusual height, and how there are more brown-eyed children born in Gottland than in any other part of Sweden. Birds come there which are not known in other provinces. Falcons and eagles are known and the return of the starling is the return of summer. There are six flowers for the botanist which do not grow elsewhere. There are fossils in the northern part of the island, which is of Upper Silurian formation. There are traces of a sun-worship before Christianity in the strange maze beneath that grim Golgotha, the gallows-tree on the cliff. There are runestones and traces of Roman and Byzantine trade. There are ninety-one country churches with steep shingle roofs and black spires or towers rising straight from the farmed land, as they do in the weald of Sussex.

But if you want the spirit and heart of Gottland, spend an afternoon in the sunlight which is harbored in the golden lake of Tingstäde and you will see how serene and tranquil is the heart of its country when the autumn sun glows in the golden reeds and on the delicate wading birds, while a faint ringing passes like a wind about the shore. Here are waters without terrors or depths; not the melancholy of a Highland loch but a rare freshness and tranquillity. The sky is like an alabaster mirror with one silver point, which is the moon. The reeds are so golden that the fir-trees on the lake look blue behind them. A little palisade of new wood running out into the water turns to gold. An old boat, half-submerged, collects little ripples like a magnet. Flocks of birds rise from the reeds, which rattle like breaking water as they rush through in the silence. The high tower of Tingstäde church deepens and does not disturb the quiet.

There are those who complain that the landscape of Sweden lacks variety, and for those who are looking for natural grandeurs this is true; but the shining of tranquil waters, the shaking of green boughs in the sunlight, the sweet odors of bracken and pine forest are here, Sweden (like Sulmona) "abounding in waters."

In the days when the magnificence of Wisby was at its height and sea-pirates heard of the wealth of Gottland, where "the pigs feed out of silver troughs," there was great wealth, too, of carvers in stone and wood; and the ninety-one country churches of Gottland almost all carry memories of that time of artistic fertility and productiveness. What wonderful stone the sculptors must have chosen which keeps such clearness of outline from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries! There are portals in the country churches in this island saturated with sea-atmosphere which are as clear in the tracery of their carving as when the worker traced their outline over the door. The story of the life and passion of our Lord, carved upon the doorways of Martebo and Bro, seem to have been cut within this century!

The Lutheran Church, it seems, does not place a ban on images (save that of the Virgin, which must be looked for in the museums), and there is the greatest interest in the carved and painted wooden figures and altar-pieces remaining still in the country churches. Bench-ends, pulpits, fonts, gilded hour-glasses, primitive wall-paintings, are constantly

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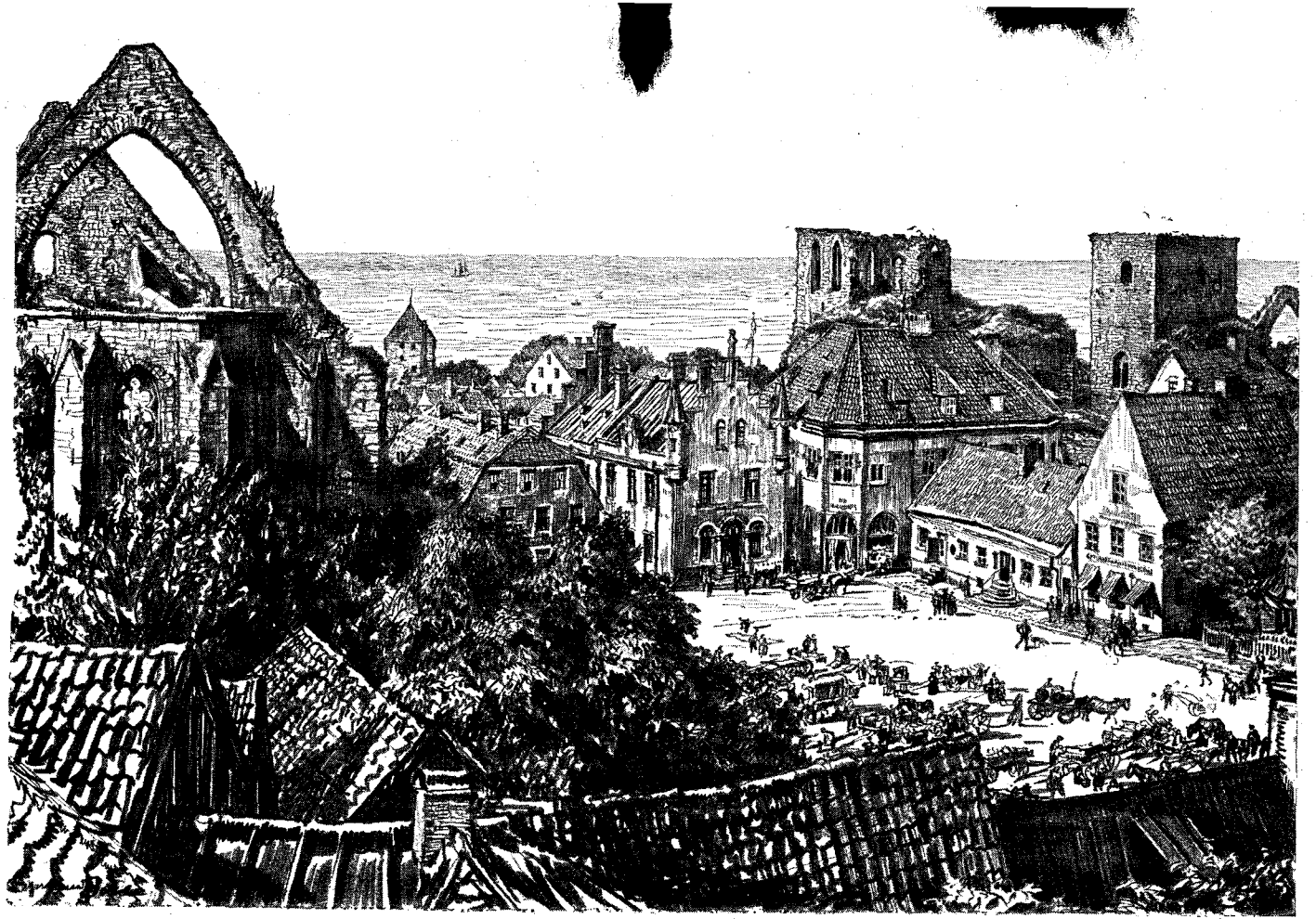

St. Catherine, St. Drotten, and St. Lars Churches, Wisby, Gottland.

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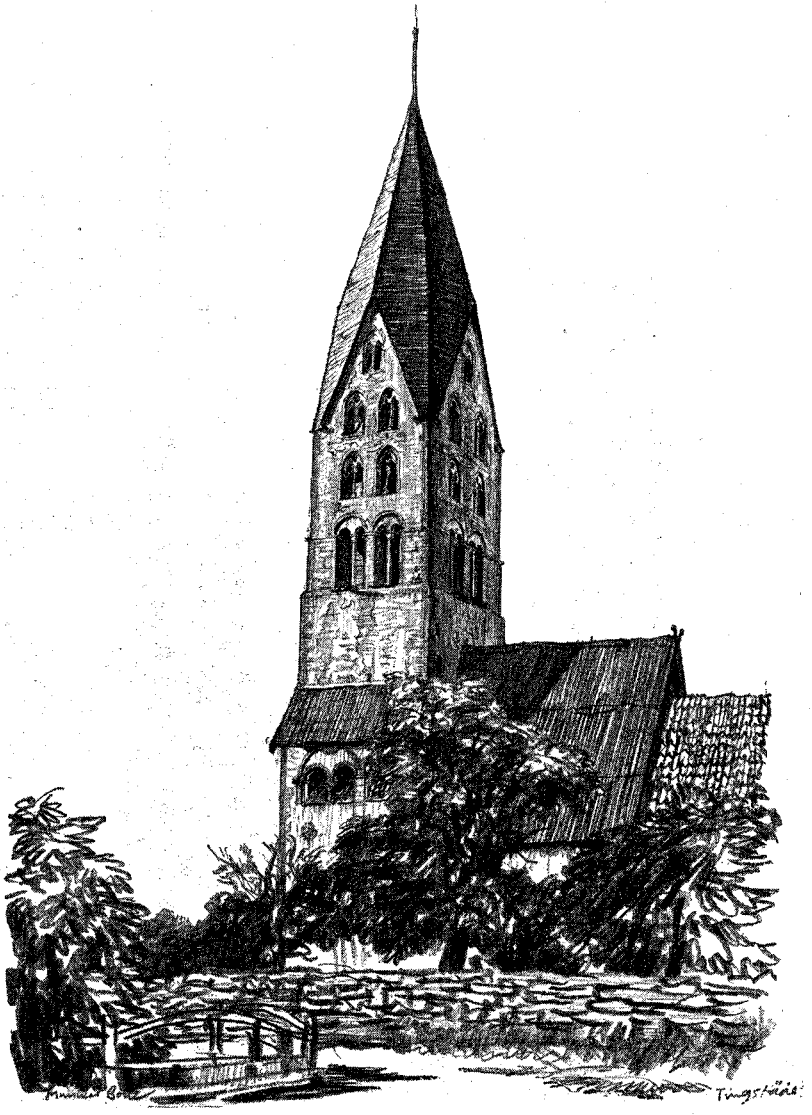
interesting, even such as are left in position, though probably the best are to be seen now in museums. These country churches, high-walled, steep-pitched in roof, and with black spire or tower, are a characteristic part of the Gottland land scape. The island must have been loaded with artistic interest in the days which saw their building. Selma Lagerlof has "dreamed back" Wisby the opulent, for the eyes and understanding of Swedish children. As it stands to-day there is still enough beauty there to satisfy the tourist.



Tingstäde Church, Gottland.

The chief mediæval characteristic remaining to-day is the line of the streets, though the houses are no longer the palaces of merchants, with the high, corbie-stepped gables, but often one-storied and made of wood. The town is built within its walls on terraced limestone as steep as a cliff,

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with the chief ruins and churches on the important middle terrace; and the streets are narrow and climbing, angular and twisted, made of cobblestones without sidewalks, and opening suddenly onto large public squares. At times the descent is so steep that nothing short of a flight of steps will serve to connect the upper terrace with the lower. From the height and size of the few Hanseatic houses remaining, from the number and importance of the ruined churches and monasteries, enduring, gaunt, and bleached, amid the affairs of the town, one can reconstruct a little the influential and populous city of the twelfth century, larger than London, with its towers and walls and its triple moat for defense, its art, its commerce, its prosperity a mark for the avarice and stratagem of its enemies.

A Hanseatic House, Wisby.

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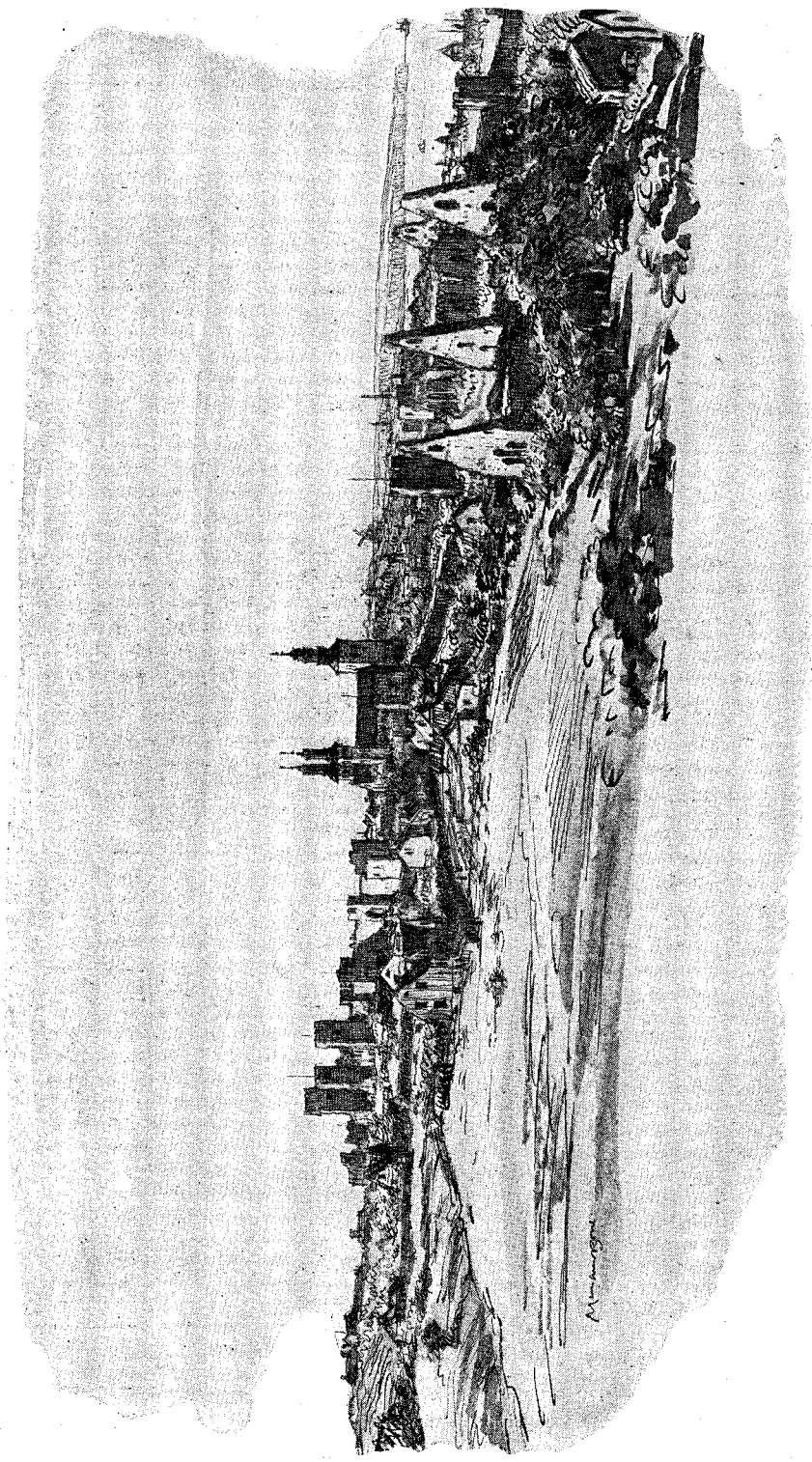

Wisby from the Gallows Hill.

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Sometimes in wandering about the ruins one comes upon what must have been an old convent garden, with mulberry-trees and walnuts and rose-bushes, the quiet old walls enclosing the sward still, though there is no candle-light in the churches and no singing—nothing but the moonlight through the empty window-spaces and the crooning of pigeons instead of chanting. The Swedes everywhere have a care for gardens and flowers, and in the sea-tempered climate of Gottland plants grow which will not grow elsewhere so far north. Looking from the height of the Gallows Hill, the town, its low-built modern houses hidden from sight, seems to be all gardens and ruins. There are tales of the wealth of some of the churches, of the carbuncles which, high in the gable of St. Nicholas, gave

St. Nicholas Church, Wisby.

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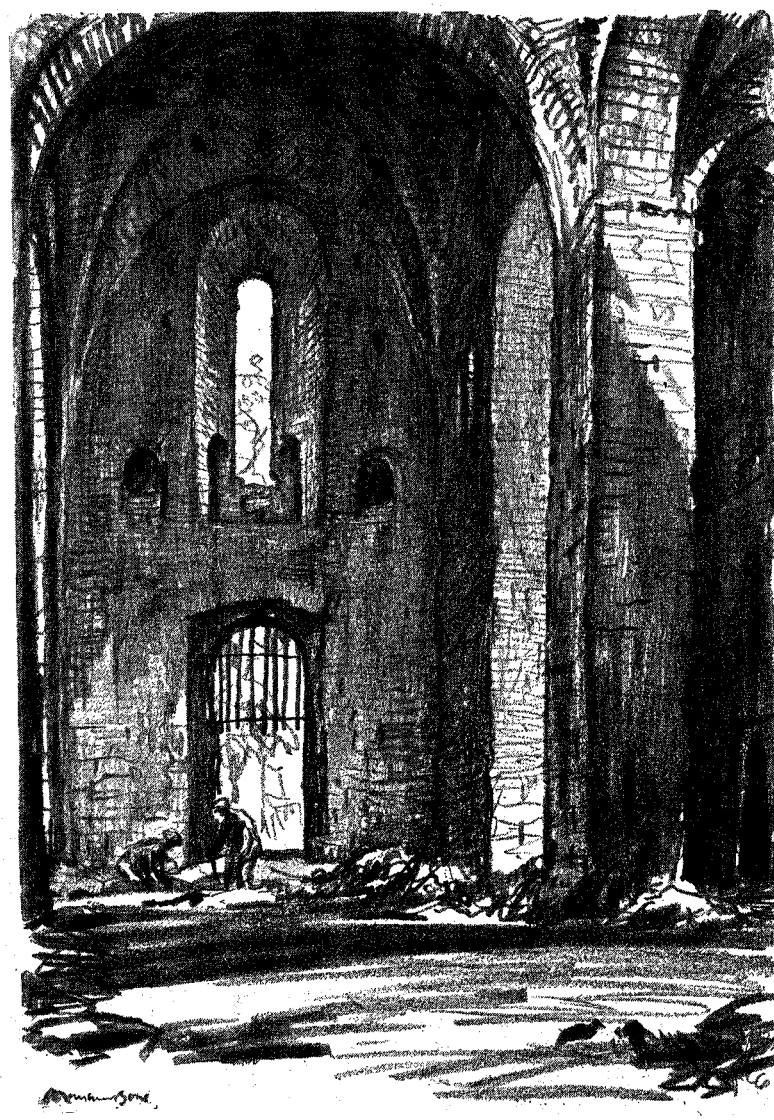
light to mariners at sea—of goldsmiths' work and rich altars. Some of the churches, notably that of St. Clement (whose votaries seem to have here, as in the church of St. Clement in Rome, a persistent clinging to locality), have been enlarged or rebuilt several times. The convent churches fell into disuse at the Reformation, but the present cathedral, the only surviving church of that period (one which bears a definite resemblance to the cathedral at Worms, being the church of the German merchants), was preserved at the Reformation from decay or abuse. The most beautiful ruin in the town (St. Catherine) is of late French Gothic style with the economy of line, the grace, and elegant arch of that period.



St. Lars Church, Wisby.

Professor Wennersten, the archivist of Gottland, objects to the claim advanced by some that the church of St. Lars shows the influence of Byzantine architecture,

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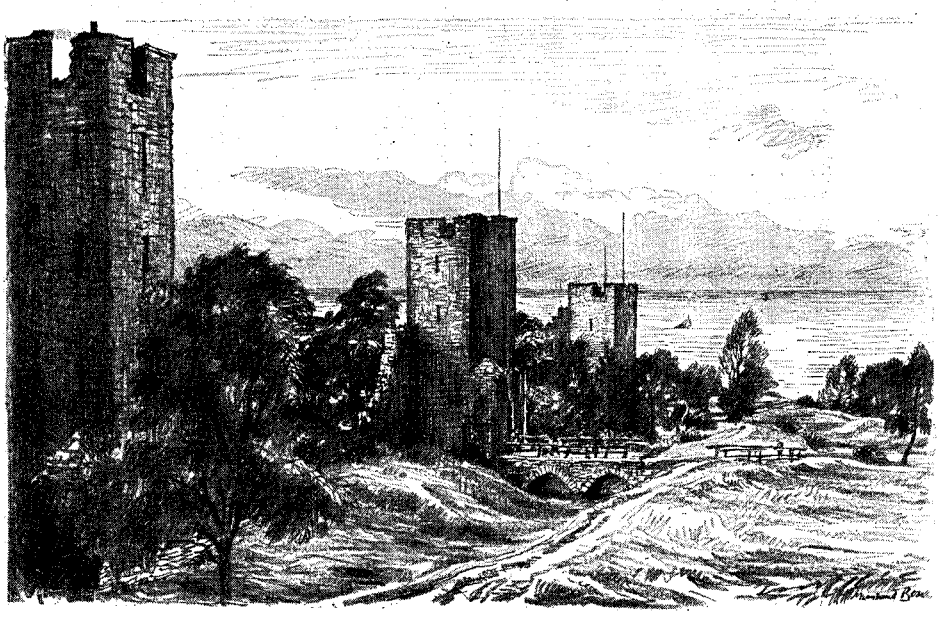
on the ground that the trade between Constantinople and the Baltic had ceased centuries before St. Lars was built. But I confess to seeing a resemblance to Byzantine churches in the four flat-domed roofs of St. Lars and the four square chapels set, after the plan of Santa Sophia, at each side of the centre aisle. The halls where feasts were held and judgments passed on maritime disputes are all gone. Exchange and mart passed, too. Only the walls are left climbing up the hill with a procession of towers to show that Wisby was a town with wealth to defend and dignity to uphold. Like "many-towered Camelot," it must have risen above the level of island and water even as long ago as the time of William Rufus. Some of the towers have a history grim as those revengeful times. There is the maiden's tower, in which was walled alive the girl who betrayed Wisby to the Danes. There is the story of bloody battles outside the walls and the attack on the mint by the peasants. The secular history of Wisby beats outside and upon these towering defenses as the sea upon the island. But as prosperity followed the trade upon the seas, so conquest fell to those who had command there; and if the sea could no longer be held, but was in the power of an enemy, the walls were no great security. At the present day there is the prettiest walk imaginable between the walls and the sea. Wisby mellows well in the autumn. The rare sea atmosphere holds beauties stanchly, and when the old trees with sea-shrivelled leaves take a transitory glory from the ebbing autumn sunlight, when the lonely harbor wall curves out on a shining sea like an arm folding ships to quiet, when gulls lie like white feathers swept within a ring of emerald rocks, and the golden mist turns everything to an attenuated likeness of itself, there is a vision of the "pearl of the Baltic" which the busy harbor and stirring markets of mediæval times never saw, one fancies—a far windy corner in distant seas which the sun shines on and the waters keep secure.



The Walls of Wisby.

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"Service"

BY VALMA CLARK
Author of "Ignition," "Plagiarism," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

RENA threw wide the Alice-blue blinds of Marney Pell's balcony window to the Mediterranean morning, and Marney stretched straight young legs, straight young arms in her bed. The little French *femme de chambre* crossed the room with a step that was at once quick and curiously heavy, and lowered tenderly onto *ma'moiselle's* knees the weight of the breakfast tray. "*Merci*," drowsed Marney; and "*Sairvees*," lifted Rena with the little straightening of her maid's dignity.

The sun struck into the room, blessed Marney indiscriminately with the elephant-gray hump of the Alps, the honey-colored stone terraces of nearer vineyards, and nearest, the red-tiled roofs of the town—the lavish view which Marney's window held. Marney, all gold from the lustrous yellow silk of her nightgown to the warm russet of her hair, belonged in the sunlight; only Rena, standing over her in her maid's black with her blanched face, threw a black bar, spoiled her with a shadow.

Her day, Marney noted with satisfaction, began with a *kaki*. The *kaki*, she perfectly well knew, was a concession to her youth and her charm; she got all the small extras by a smile which the old ladies of the *pension* got only by haggling.

Marney struggled through the golden haze to some memory that sang through her—Bolivar, that was it! Bolivar was coming this afternoon. Here, in this golden place, on this golden day, Bolivar, and her . . . her golden hour. Bolivar was B. Oliver MacCauley, and back in Connecticut the MacCauley estate was next door to the Pell estate, and Marney had known him forever, since she was five and he was ten.

"Rena, I'm expecting a telegram this morning."

"*Oui, ma'moiselle.*"

"You'll bring it to me the instant it comes?"

"*Oui, ma'moiselle.*"

"This *kaki*"—Marney dipped a leisurely spoon into the viscous amber of the fruit—"is *good*."

"Good *aussi* with r-oo-m and sugar," Rena wistfully informed her.

"You have it for your breakfast with rum and sugar?"

"*Non, ma'moiselle.*"

"*Pourquoi?*" (Rena knew a little very bad English "since the war," and Marney knew a little awkward French, and between them they managed conversation.) "Why?"

"*Les fruits*—they are *trop chers. Pas pour moi.*" There was no resentment in Rena's voice, it was a mere statement of a regrettable fact. Rena was engaged in restoring order to Marney's room, which was a litter of apricot-silk lingerie dropped on the floor, vivid water-color paintings, finished and unfinished, piled on stuffed chairs along with Marney's brushes and her smeared orange smock, flowers crammed into vases, not to mention nougat stuck to the marble top of the washstand, and a scattering of all the things which Marney had seen in Menton shops, had carelessly wanted and as carelessly bought—a mosaic box of olive wood, a Swiss wood-carving of a smug monk poised on the top of a brandy-flask, a tin of gold-tipped "Prince de Monaco" cigarettes. . . .

"You don't mean to tell me"—Marney's narrow, clever hand held a heaped spoon just away from her mouth; she watched, fascinated, the deft movements of Rena's work-swollen hands—"you can't mean to tell me, Rena, that you live in a country that's simply—simply *rotten*

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with oranges and *kaki*, and that you don't eat them?"

"*Oui, ma'moiselle.*"

"Because it's not fair, it's not *decent*. I'm going to buy you *kaki* to-day! Rena, how old are you, anyway?"

"Twenty and one, *ma'moiselle.*"

"Twenty-one—but that's *my* age!" Marney stared at herself in the wardrobe mirror; clear russet skin, clean-cut oval face, mouth drooping, thin-lipped, beautifully drawn. She stared at Rena: the broad face blurred and colorless, the childish blot of a mouth which had not yet cleared to the definite outlines of maturity.

"Rena, have you ever been in—in love?"

"*Oui, ma'moiselle.*"

"You are perhaps engaged—you have a fiancé?"

"*Oui, ma'moiselle.*"

"Where——?"

"San Remo. He is"—she stole a proud glance at Marney—"*un maître d'hôtel.*"

"Oh," said Marney rather blankly. "But you have seen him——?"

Rena moved in her soft felt slippers to the foot of the bed. The child's desire to talk struggled clearly in her with the little maid's sense of her own place and the fitness of things. "*Il-y-a cinq mois*——"

"Five months! But that's forever, Rena."

Marney's protesting warmth was too much for her little maid's dignity. "Pierre," spilled from her, "—it is Pierre. It is—difficult. Even when I have seen François, it must be—queek. Just moments—soon over. I must love him much in them moments to—*comment dites-vous?*—to make up. Pierre *pas* like François. Pierre"—Rena's voice fell—"has swore he kill François if he see us together."

"Pierre kill—!" Marney laughed outright. Pierre was Rena's brother, and the *garçon* of the *pension*. It was impossible to imagine little Pierre, with his black curly hair and his long coat tails swinging, killing any one.

"But surely you don't take Pierre seriously. I'll tell Pierre he mustn't kill him, shall I?"

"Ma'moiselle *pas* knows Pierre."

"But you are engaged," Marney was again warmly serious. "When, Rena—when will you be—be married?"

"Soon." Rena traced with her thumbnail a crack in the wooden foot-board; her face was heavy again, her breathing was a little heavy.

"You hear? Letters?"

"One each *semaine*. To-day perhaps I have a letter, and perhaps François say when. . . ."

"*Moi aussi*," flushed Marney. "I have a—an *ami*. The telegram——"

"Ah?"

"But your—your François," she switched, hot under Rena's soft little gaze of complete comprehension, "what is he like?"

"François! Ah, he is—he is—" Rena's soft black eyes were a softer, deeper black; color throbbed for once in her putty-white face; but her English was inadequate. She switched it deferentially and more neatly than Marney had: "*Ma'moiselle's ami*, what might he be like?"

"Bolivar is—is——"

They smiled, they flushed together; their eyes, Marney's spilling sunlight, Rena's hoarding darkness, met. They touched, hung there for a moment, two girls.

"Well, we're both twenty-one, and we're both expecting the Big Word, and I wish us both luck! And now there's something, Rena, that I want you to do for me."

Marney wriggled from under the tray, slid from the bed. She slipped frankly from nightgown to vest and knickers. She dragged from the wardrobe a primrose-yellow evening dress, so sheer and so soft that it seemed all that held it together was the massed pattern of dull old-gold beads which weighted the skirt. Marney extended two arms, invited Rena to put her into the web. She liked the way Rena's thick, deft hands caressed her; she liked the breathlessness, almost the reverence, of Rena's admiration for the dress, for her loveliness.

"I ran into it in Nice when I was doing the town for that tube of Venetian red. And first thing, at the concert last night, I caught it on Mrs. Pascal's lorgnette, and look, Rena, the beads on the front panel

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simply spilled off. *Voyez?* They're here in this ivory box. I want you, Rena——"

The imperative jangle of a bell beyond the open door interrupted.

"It is *peut-être trente-et-un. Je vais voir.*"

"Darn thirty-one! Let her ring! I'd like you to sew the beads back on, to-day——"

Again the bell, staccato, sharper.

"Or *douze*," worried Rena. "*L'eau chaude*——"

"Thirty-one, twelve—how many rooms have you, anyway?"

"*Trente-cinq, ma'moiselle.*"

"Thirty-five, sprinkled over only five floors! I say, Rena"—Marney's attention was suddenly riveted by the almost fainting pallor of the other—"do you ever get any time off? I've been here three weeks now, and I can't seem to remember——"

"To-day," nodded Rena. "*Madame* gives me one hour and *demie pour prendre l'air.*"

"Good. I think you need the air. You see you can copy the pattern from the other panels. I must have it for dinner in case Bolivar wants to take me to the Casino afterward for the dancing. *Aujourd'hui*, Rena, *pour dîner—comprenez-vous?*"

"*Oui, ma'moiselle.*"

"*Jolie*, Rena, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Marney Pell was abruptly conscious of the other's rusty black; of a much-washed and mended lace collar, and a white barrette with rhinestones, depressing attempts at adornment. Suddenly the contrast was too sharp for Marney. On a warm impulse, a surge of generosity, she whirled open the door of the wardrobe, dug from its depths a blouse, crowded it into Rena's uncomprehending hands. It was a flesh-colored crêpe blouse with a bosom of little hemstitched ruffles, almost new. "Pretty, too, isn't it, Rena?"

"*Oui, ma'moiselle.*"

"It's yours; you may have it."

"*Pour moi?*"—Rena was incredulous. "*Merci bien*," she stammered, "*mais*——"

"The bell—you'd better run to the old frog. But unhook me first. *Merci.*"

"*Sair-vees*," smiled Rena as she slid from the room with her wealth.

Marney spent the morning in the *pension* garden waiting for the telegram from Bolivar. Usually she took her canvas stool, her colors, and her blocks, went up to the Old Town or down along the shore, and painted till the sun disappeared behind the mountains; she worked, on her best days, not like Marney Pell, the girl, but like a man, with brows furrowed and complete absorption. But this morning she sat on a robin's-egg-blue iron chair before a robin's-egg-blue iron table and merely dallied, unconvincingly. She sent Pierre for a fresh tumbler of water, and she called up to Rena for her tan sweater. Pierre gave her his little bow from the waist, and Rena gave her her little "*Service*," and Marney was freshly entertained, in spite of her abstraction. Little play servants in a play setting! She repaid Pierre with her most alluring smile; she gave Rena, with her broadest camel's-hair brush, two daubs of rose madder upon her colorless cheeks, and laughed merrily at Rena's embarrassed shrinking. But mostly she watched for the postman, and dreamed.

Two years since she had seen Bolivar—years with him at Oxford, with Marney first in New York and then in Paris, a rebel and a problem to her family on a lavish allowance. Bolivar was studying law to please his father, and he was writing a novel on Harvard life to please himself. Marney hadn't a doubt that B. Oliver MacCauley was the coming young American novelist. His family was unbelievably stupid not to see it. Both of their families were unbelievably stupid. They had that in common, the stupidity of their families, plus a long youth when Bolivar had patronized her, like a big brother, and Marney had adored him, never like a little sister.

Two interminable years! But their letters had bridged the gap, and had done more. Not that Bolivar had ever flung into words his new feeling for Marney, only he had sent her, to read, the precious first chapters of his novel, which no other living soul had seen; and not that Marney had so much as hinted in one single complimentary clause of her utter fidelity to Bolivar, only she had repeated to him the brutal but encouraging things the master had said about her work, which the family—darn their callousness!—could find out for themselves when she

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"Pierre"—Rena's voice fell—"has swore he kill François if he see us together."—Page 357.

had her first smashingly successful exhibition.

Marney, dreaming all morning in the balmiest, sunniest corner of the garden, was conscious of subterraneous scurryings and dustings under way in the *pension*. The click of the gate brought her quick tumult and abrupt disappointment. She saw that Rena, from a cloud of dust on an upper balcony, also watched for the postman.

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. . . She remembered him sprawled on the beach beside her on the afternoon before he sailed for England—Bolivar totally absorbed in the sand trickling through his lean fingers; she, Marney, hypnotized by the funny little white scar on the back of his hand, like a vein, only running the wrong way. She had resisted, in that last moment, a mad impulse to lean over and kiss the white scar, Marney recalled, only by clutching two handfuls of the warm sand and staring at a wave. And Bolivar had said something about Mumm's Extra Dry being a darned good antidote for seasickness. And that was all.

And now—Marney felt in her sport-skirt pocket for his letter. The telegram, what could be keeping it?

She jumbled her things together and went restlessly into the house. She moved through the dark, musty lounge, wandered on through the darker hallway, stumbled at the turning over Rena, who was wiping up the floor with a soapy cloth. Rena scrambled respectfully to her feet and begged *ma'moiselle's* pardon for being stumbled over. Marney was again conscious of the awkwardness of Rena's body in contradiction to the swift, light movements, of a look in the soft, putty-white face which she could not quite fix. She had, in the letter between her fingers, the sense of her and Bolivar's long, slow, normal, growing together; she thought of Rena's snatched moments with her François. Marney loitered. Her smile brought Rena's shy, sure response. Marney wanted to give her something, if only sympathy. "François," she groped, "how long did you say——?"

"Sh! Pierre!" Pierre, Marney discovered, was perched, in his blue work-jumpers, on a step-ladder at the end of the corridor.

"Ridiculous! I'll speak to him——"

"*Non, non! Ma'moiselle pas* knows Pierre. An anger *comme le diable*. Once, when he was *petit garçon*——"

But Marney failed to learn what deviltry Pierre had accomplished as a small boy, for at that moment he turned on his step-ladder and examined them with a vivid smiling interest.

Rena pressed herself against the wall with a dumb pleading for Marney to pass, and the latter acceded.

Pierre was tinkering the light; he was house electrician, waiter, postman, errand boy, night porter. It was marvellous the varied number of things Pierre accomplished in one day; indeed, Marney, in her first week, had thought that Pierre was two *garçons*.

Now he waited, smiling, for *ma'moiselle's* "*Bonjour.*"

He liked Marney, and testified to his liking by leaping down from the step-ladder and showing her how the elevator, which he had repaired, now worked; he bowed her all the way to her door.

Marney entered humming. They both liked her. Rena had testified to her liking by two brilliantly colored post-cards, secured with too many thumb-tacks over a hole in the wall-paper of Marney's room. Marney smiled at the atrocious post-cards. Yet Rena, on her knees with the soapy cloth, with that pallor . . .

She scowled at her own paintings which Rena had propped up in a neat, stiff row along the back of the big chest of drawers: a woman in a wine-red shawl against a blue sky, who stood at the top of the world and ironed, her sheets hanging down over the wall of an old fortification which served as her table; an ugly old hag with dragging hair who filled a doorway and drank, with her head tipped back, from the spout of a brown earthen teapot; a garden with pink porcelain jardinières, a stone bench, and an orange-tree; two Old Towns, a pretty one idealized through an archway, a squalid one with dirty women and dirty, puny children and a shrinking yellow cat. . . . She scowled particularly at the painting of an ugly young woman nursing a baby by the roadside.

Marney's work was of two kinds: there were the brusque, raw studies, painful things, which Marney hated but did in spite of herself, and which she usually left unfinished; and there were those pretty little water-colors which were worked out in loving detail. Marney was right about herself; she was an amazing child, with more than a touch of genius. The genius was outside of her, she had not yet grown up to it. Her art faced a reality which Marney herself protested.

But reality or not, it was the work Mar-

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ney loved—crowded, swift days consumed in a fever to capture impressions. As she groped for the clew to that look on Rena's face, Marney shuffled through a little folio of past glimpses. There was Rena running up and down stairs, all day up and down stairs, with a cluster of the inevitable blue water-pitchers in either hand. There was Rena caught in the act of greedily finishing off the portion of fish which remained on an invalid's tray; and Rena again scurrying through the hall at 10 P. M., with an apronful of hot-water bags for chilly old ladies. There was one glimpse of Rena's tight little closet of a room which Marney, in particular, hadn't liked; she had even given Rena pinks and marguerites, a generous mass of them from her own armful, to make up for that room. Her work, and Rena's work . . . Her life, and Rena's life . . .

But Marney was jerked from this unpleasant comparison by an even more unpleasant shock. The expression on the face of the woman who nursed her baby by the public road was identical with the expression on Rena's face; the same curious pallor, the same look about the eyes, the same relaxed *earthiness* to it, like pliable putty. The baby had been hardly more than just born, Marney remembered. And Rena had said——

But it was too ridiculous—also too depressing. Marney snatched up the disturbing picture and buried it, face down, in a drawer.

The knocking would be Bolivar's telegram! Marney flung open the door. "Laundry!" she protested petulantly. "But I don't need laundry, and I do need——"

Marney sat through lunch in a growing impatience. The false fruit on her table—little bright oranges stuck to a foreign greenery—which had seemed quaint to her yesterday, became to-day vulgar and artificial. The glimpse, through fillet curtains, of sunlight on pepper-trees dripping delicate, green showers of leaves and coral berries, which had made up to Marney for all the *pension's* elderly stuffiness, became so much beauty wasted. Even Pierre, who had served Marney assiduously and had tickled her hugely, suddenly displeased her. The eggs were quite cold when they reached her; he was serving her last to-day. Marney frowned her refusal of cold eggs. She tapped the floor with the toe of one well-shod foot in irritation and impatience.

Suddenly Pierre was sliding a hassock under the impatient foot. Marney murmured a slightly appeased *"Merci!"* Pierre veiled his very special bow for *ma'moiselle*, here in the dining-room, under the sharp eyes of the old ladies, but there was no mistaking the partiality of it, the suggestion, delicious, intimate, of salaaming to *ma'moiselle's* merest whim. Marney relaxed, smiled back at him. He whisked to her, sizzling hot, the next dish of doubtful-looking greens.

Poor little devil! He had too many tables, anyhow, for one human being to manage. Marney watched him shut out an imaginary draft from old Mrs. Powell, with that little air of willing servitude which made the old ladies grumble at him less than at the other *garçon*. She marvelled at the way he gathered in the plates, piling them in the crook of his elbow, up to his shoulder, clearing them as he went with a deft fillip of chop bones and potato-peelings into another plate held in his free hand.

"An anger *comme le diable*," Rena had breathed. Marney absently studied Pierre for signs of the vicious temper. The only vicious thing about him she could discover was the odor of rank tobacco which trailed him, which was not wholly stifled even here, in the dining-room. Beyond that, he was a pretty boy. He was quicker, more *polished*, in his service than Rena. He had a pointed face below a waving, black pompadour, black eyes that gleamed at you when he smiled, a small mouth, full, red. There was color about him, not quenched by his waiter's black: atrocious purple socks which almost didn't show above pointed shoes and below flaring trousers, but which just did show; red glass stones in cuff-links which should have been plain; even a prickle of color, along with the prickle of a ridiculously heavy black beard, beneath his skin. But dangerous—? No, he was merely a little boy with too much coat-tail and with too luxurious a growth of hair on the back of his neck. If Marney had him at home in her father's house, she would clip the coat-tail and shave off

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those two points of hair to an even line. . . .

But Pierre could not hold Marney's attention long. It was unthinkable that Bolivar shouldn't come to-day; of course if he didn't come to-day, he'd come to-morrow, but she wanted him to-day, now!

Back in her room she fretted. The dress was not touched; she'd have to speak to Rena again. It was impossible that her telegram hadn't come. Marney couldn't stand it another instant; she would inquire of *madame*.

She flung herself from the room, was assaulted, with her finger on the elevator-button, by a spitting volume of French from below. She leaned over the circular banisters to discover the source of the eruption. She gaped. Surely that could not be Pierre! There on the floor below, directly opposite Marney, he confronted Rena. Rena, her back to Marney, was flattened precariously against the frail banisters, and held behind her a letter. Pierre faced Marney: that prickle of color beneath his skin had come out in a lurid flood, his eyes gleamed, and his little red mouth was parted over sharp yellow teeth. He was a small fury, and he poured his wrath over Rena like hot lava, and Rena was seared by it.

Pierre demanded the letter. Rena cowered. Pierre's verbal fury spilled over into action; he hurled himself bodily upon Rena, tussled with her like a little fierce, quick animal for the letter. But the little fool! . . . Hurting Rena, against those wabbly banisters——

Even as she opened her mouth to save Rena, Marney discovered letters, other letters, scattered over the floor at their feet; there was—yes, there *was*, among them, a small, pale-blue rectangle that couldn't be anything but a telegram! All concern for Rena was instantly forgotten by Marney. Her own anger rose, clear and cold. She stamped a foot: "Pierre! Pierre, I say! *Le télégramme—pour moi?*"

Marney came down the stairs to them. Rena crouched; Pierre, as pale as his sister, waited. Marney pointed an imperative finger and Pierre retrieved the telegram for her, bowed stiffly. "It *is* for me!"

She withered him with a frown of righteous indignation; she saw the wave in his black pompadour, the red stones in his cuff-links; she felt an American contempt for his little play passion. "It's inexcusable, Pierre, and I don't forgive you."

"*Oui, ma'moiselle.*"

"I ought to report you to *madame*."

"*Oui, ma'moiselle*"—Pierre bowed from the waist.

"Next time—" Marney was already tearing open the telegram. It *was* from Bolivar! The one-twenty train; here now, any minute. If she could only make the station——

Marney, in her room again, crowded her hair into a green velour hat, caught up her green leather jacket. "*Entrez!*" It was Rena, in time to straighten out the twist in her belt. "Dinner at my table, Rena, for two. He's coming—the telegram——"

"François *aussi*—he comes too, *ma'moiselle*," panted Rena, thrusting herself upon the other's attention in a way quite unusual for her.

"To-day?"

"*Aujourd'hui—cette après-midi*——"

"Strange!" smiled Marney warmly. "Both of us——"

"Pierre, he do not know, he do not read the letter. *Madame* has said to me I might *prendre l'air pour* one hour *et demie. Si vous, ma'moiselle—la robe*——"

"Oh, the dress! You've forgotten it, Rena, and——"

"*Mais*——"

"There's no 'mais' about it! You can perfectly spoil my whole day if you don't have it ready for me. *C'est nécessaire, absolument*, Rena. *Vous comprenez?*"

"*Oui, mais*——"

It was Bolivar's whistle, the familiar two longs and a short, which interrupted. It was Bolivar himself, straddled there, with the sun on his sandy thatch and a grin tilted up at her, making the silly little palm garden, with its robin's-egg-blue tables and chairs, look unreal beside him.

"Heigh!" said Bolivar.

Marney found his grin wabbling under her sudden tears; for a moment she clutched the iron balustrade to hold him there. Then, "Coming!" she wavered back.

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From a drawing by George Wright.

He was a small fury, and he poured his wrath over Rena like hot lava.—Page 362.

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"*La robe*—" Rena entreated of her.

"*Oui, la robe: je vous remercierai,* Rena——"

"*Service,*" sighed Rena.

In the garden, under Pierre's eye, Marney gave him just one hand; Bolivar accepted the one hand, only kept possession of it a teasing length of time. He was the same ugly, dearly familiar Bolivar, but with something new for Marney in his agate-blue eyes: an enfolding warmth, a sureness of purpose. Marney relaxed to the warmth—she knew what to do with warmth; but that disconcerting steadiness made her pull nervously from his hand-clasp.

"Where shall we go, Bolivar? There's Castellar and St. Agnes and Roquebrune—mule-paths, you know. Or there's Gorbio——"

"Your choice," said Bolivar.

"Well, Castellar. I went up there the other day, and did a grimy little Italian youngster sitting by the path and smoking a pipe made out of a eucalyptus-berry, the way we used to make them out of acorns—you remember, Bolivar?"

Marney's attention was momentarily arrested by a thin young Frenchman in wide hat and with thin drooping mustaches who stood at a corner of the *pension,* and looked as though he might be getting ready to whistle up at it. "All he needs," giggled Marney into Bolivar's coat-sleeve, "is a guitar and a—a monkey with a tin can.

"Wandering minstrels all over the town. . . . Yesterday a woman in a white shawl and a Spanish comb. She could sing too! I dropped her five francs, and Rena said it was too much, but I happened to like . . . and thirty cents, Bolivar, for something you *like*——"

Marney ran on and on. They climbed cobbled steps winding first between head-high plaster walls, now out over a bare rock hillside, finally high up between olive groves, with deep valleys below and spectacular violet-gray ridges of the Alps beyond and above. They climbed, and now and again they loitered for the backward view: red roofs of the town against the blue Mediterranean; off toward Cap Martin, a black schooner hung in silver; back toward Garavan the high cypress-crowned cemetery hung against the turquoise harbor. "It's always bluer than anything else, the harbor," Marney told him; "even on gray days it catches every stray bit of color." She was sharply aware of each smallest beauty . . . even the shine of separate pine-needles against the sun . . . as though her happiness were etched by these concrete bits. Yet Marney could not stop talking.

"It's sweet alyssum, that heavenly, elusive smell—those tiny white ground flowers; see, Bolivar? But it's only here, growing against the hot stone, that they smell nice; if you take them home, in your room, they're quite flat——"

Bolivar looked down upon Marney, said nothing.

"You hear?" she rushed on. "All that murmur—children laughing. It's in layers: when you're down in the village with it, you don't hear it at all; you climb and it strikes you hard, and you lose it, and you find it again, fainter. Sounds and smells, Bolivar, they're for you; I can only catch the colors. I'm frightfully cramped——"

"Between us," suggested Bolivar, finding her hand. They had passed the last panting English tourist in tweed breeches, with spy-glasses; they were alone in the sun at the top of the world. But Marney discovered a liver-colored jack-in-the-pulpit, which must be picked.

A plaster hut with chickens and children and geraniums all growing together in a dirt yard . . . a squeal and a chuckle from the yard, a woman's strident song from the house. "Happy devils," drawled Bolivar.

"I don't know," returned Marney rather hotly; "I think it's—disgusting, the way they—*wallow* in life."

"You prefer a cool dip," he grinned; "come up, dry, sun yourself, then sometime later another cool swift dip. And you talk about *freedom* and *living,* until you've got your mother and poor old Aunt Pat scared stiff. I'm not afraid of your rebel ideas, Marn, and as for freedom—if I give you a minute's freedom from my—society! And if I—kiss you too hard in one second——"

"No, no, not here!" Marney was ahead of him again, up the path. "It's not real," she laughed, "this place. Don't you feel that, Bolivar? I feel it

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most when I'm sitting in that little palm square, with the band playing and all the mountains heaped up behind— Bother, it's a hangnail! No, I bit it off; no— Monte Carlo, stupid, sleepy place, the Casino . . . but those little fish at the aquarium, Bolivar, they were like girls in ballet skirts, fluttering, standing on their toes——"

A pink "*Villa à Vendre*" cut into Marney's monologue. They walked around it, and considered the view from it, and had the same thought. This was the logical place. There was a thin gold stillness to it: from the village the mere breath of laughter, the tiny staccato of those absurd little carriage horns, the infinitesimal beat of an orchestra; nearer, the little sound of insects, the rip of a bird flying. The leaves of an olive-tree against the low sun

She sat close to Bolivar under the warmth of his coat, within the warmth of his arm, and she watched the moon rise, saw her golden day turn into a silver night.—Page 366.

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were like large drops of water. The mountains in a blue haze were like dreams of mountains.

"We'd have coffee just here," muttered Bolivar.

"I shouldn't be surprised if you could see Corsica on a clear morning——"

"Damn Corsica," said Bolivar. "Look here, Marney——"

"If we're going to make tea!" moved Marney hastily. "It's a chilly little hut kept by two English girls in union suits—you can tell the union suits from the bulge. But there are copies of *Punch* about, and the fig jam's decent——"

And all during tea, while the sun dropped suddenly behind that knob of the mountain, the *Tête de Chien*, and while the band of flaming gold burned itself out to a dull cerise, Marney kept up her chatter. And because she had exhausted every other subject, she turned to Rena and Pierre. "'*Pas pour moi*,' that covers the whole story, Bolivar. Here on the Riviera, where the whole world comes to bask in the outdoors, they lead this rat-like existence. I'd like to make them happy——"

"You can't bear to see any one unhappy, can you, Marn?" asked Bolivar pointedly.

"Rena's in—in love," stumbled Marney, "with a person named François——"

"In *love?*"

"Only there's some sort of a silly, childish feud— But if we're going to get back for dinner, Bolivar—and if we're going to dance—you do want to dance at the Casino?"

"Nope, I don't particularly care about dancing at the Casino. We'll not go back yet," he decided; "we'll go on a bit. There's a moon, I take it."

"There's a—moon," echoed Marney rather faintly. There was, she saw, no longer any hope of escaping the purpose in Bolivar's eyes.

Later, on the grass terrace of an old olive orchard, at that loveliest moment of olive-trees, when the silver-gray of the leaves merges into the silver-gray of the dusk, even Marney realized that it couldn't decently be put off any longer. She tasted the little black, hard pellet of an olive, and exclaimed over the bitterness; and when Bolivar's hand crushed the olive tight into her palm, and Bolivar's lips kissed the pucker from her lips, Marney was still. She sat close to Bolivar under the warmth of his coat, within the warmth of his arm, and she watched the moon rise, saw her golden day turn into a silver night. . . . It was different, like a cool little dip with the tingle after; yet not too different, as though she *belonged* with Bolivar. She had her happiness tight, but not too tight . . . balanced nicely. . . . Bolivar dug through his pockets, kissed nine of her ten fingers until he found the right one. Then when he scratched a match to show her the really gorgeous solitaire, Marney took the match from him and found that funny little white scar on the back of his hand, and touched her lips to it, by way of atonement to herself. When she explained to Bolivar about that day on the beach, Bolivar hugged her hard—too hard.

Marney was not hungry; neither was Bolivar: but he decided they would eat. There was dinner in a too brightly lighted restaurant back toward Garavan. There were hours of hanging out over a stone balustrade, watching the slow sweep of the incoming waves, hearing the crunch and crackle of the backwash . . . until it seemed that all the Mediterranean, night-blue, clear, with its white, clear stars, was threaded into Marney's day. There were more hours of walking, pilfering some one's garden tree of great fragrant, showery sprays of mimosa. There was the little town gone to sleep, Marney in the *pension* garden bidding Bolivar good night.

"When?" he begged. "Eight o'clock?"

"I'm fearful that you'll never get a room at this hour," she fretted; "the hotels are filling up——"

"Seven-thirty—say seven-thirty, Marn!"

"Not a minute before nine o'clock"—Marney whispered against the open windows of wakeful old ladies. "You must go . . . dear."

"Darling! Marn, Marn, you——"

She screened herself with the mimosa, but Bolivar crushed the mimosa with her. Now Marney gave herself up to it: touched, for an instant, reality in the urgency of his hard, hot lips, gave back

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the pressure without shrinking, until it was an agony to bear.

The *sonnette de nuit* sounding through the house . . . the ogre of a porter opening to her and the cavern swallowing her against Bolivar's protest. Happy . . . Marney had never been so happy—as though her golden day had unfolded like a flower, and just now every last pointed white petal had dropped finally back, spilling light, and you saw down, down into its golden heart. She even tiptoed with her happiness. This absurd formality of being ushered down corridors, of having three successive sets of night doors unlocked for her: Marney was amused. Odd that it should be the thick *garçon* instead of Pierre who was on for night por-

"But why—why if you knew that Pierre was serious did you—let him come here?"—Page 369.

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ter duty, but even that failed to irritate Marney.

She wanted to laugh; she did laugh softly. Her little giggle sounded strange, as though the house resented it, and the *garçon* stared at her without a flicker of response. Stupid creature! He fumbled keys, and his bare skin, above the shuffling felts, was ugly. Pierre now would never have preceded her through a door; Marney found herself resenting the absence of Pierre. "*Merci*," she said coldly, and the *garçon* said nothing. The silent house sat there critical of her voice. It was this place; it had seen too much old age, sheltered too many invalids; it made you think of deaths. In spite of the garden, of Rena and Pierre, Marney could not stand it. Bolivar would find her a more cheerful place. She shivered; the elevator was chill, furtive in its buzzing.

She closed the door of her room upon the house, flung open her window to the moon, recaptured her happiness. The primrose dress was spread out on her bed, quite finished; good little Rena—Marney had clean forgotten the dress. Marney held her ring against the light, smiled. She liked that square setting. She wanted to share with some one, wanted to tip Rena royally for her work on the dress, now, at once. Besides, she wouldn't sleep for hours, and she had to have a vase, didn't she?

Marney rang the bell.

After some ages that great lumbering girl from the other wing of the house answered to her.

Marney was displeased. "Rena," she said, "I want Rena."

The creature stared. "*Mais Réna—*"

"I will have Rena."

"*Oui.*" There was no softening "*ma'moiselle*," Marney noted; the girl clumped off.

Again silence, and the oppressive house. Marney leaned out of the house, over her balcony. She half-expected to see Bolivar down there in the garden, but instead she saw, against the wall, a thin shadow which seemed to wear a wide hat. Marney drew back sharply. Where—? That stranger, the lean young Frenchman who had loitered by the *pension!* Did she merely imagine the white gap of a face in the shadow, dark, sadly drooping mustaches? Absurd. But Marney slapped shut the Alice-blue blinds of her window.

Mimosa clinging in little crumpled yellow balls to the front of her blouse, its sweetness crushed into her. Marney undressed slowly, the flowers in a feathery heap at her feet. Rena was an interminable length of time. Marney watched her own loveliness in the long wardrobe mirror; her two bare arms hugged herself, and she lifted her face again to Bolivar, with that pain of bliss cutting her——

But surely that heavy step could not be Rena's! Rena always came in a soft rush of skirts, a padding of felt shoes.

It was Rena. Marney's smile for her was bright, penetrating; Rena did not smile back. Marney frowned slightly; Rena did not frown back. Her face expressed just nothing: it was wooden, stupid, like the night porter's, like the other maid's face. "*Ma'moiselle désire?*"

"A vase for these—but it's not important. Really, Rena, I wanted—*you*"—Marney was deliberately striving to charm. "Look, Rena. I haven't another blooming soul to tell," she flushed, "and I've got to tell some one! The ring—*elle est jolie, n'est-ce pas?*"

"*Oui, ma'moiselle.*"

"I'm—darned happy, Rena."

No response.

"He is—he is—all right."

"*Oui, ma'moiselle.*"

Rena voiced nothing except patience, a stolid waiting; she seemed quite stone dead. It occurred to Marney that something had happened to Rena. "What is the matter?" she scowled.

Rena was dead, sodden, dull, but she still had her little dignity, her sense of the fitness of things.

"Your—François—he came?"

"*Oui, ma'moiselle.*"

"You are—angry with him?"

"*Non, ma'moiselle.*" But Rena broke, she collapsed actually into Marney's best chair, dropped her face against its upholstered arm.

"But then what? You've got to tell me, you hear? I can help you! I won't have you spoiling my—I want you to be happy, I want every one to be happy." Marney grasped the two full, soft shoulders, shook her; Rena forgot her "place."

"François came. I had to—see him.

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I brought him up to my room. Pierre was watching—he must have know . . ."

"Yes?" She was sorry she had asked Rena.

"Pierre—Pierre shoot him."

"Shot—François?"

"*Oui.*"

"But he didn't—he couldn't have—François is——?"

"*Mort,*" said Rena.

"Pierre shot François—dead?" Marney shrank. "But he didn't—he couldn't——"

"It is there on the floor, on the curtain. . . ."

"Pierre is——?"

"They have come for him; they have come for—François."

"They have taken Pierre away, and François is——"

Rena sat, a flabby black heap, her finger working at a thread of the upholstery. Marney stared at her, strove to comprehend: "But why—why if you knew that Pierre was serious did you—let him come here?"

"It was *nécessaire* I—see him."

"But here?" groped Marney. "Any—other place——"

"*Oui. Madame* has give me time *pour prendre l'air.* But *la robe—ma'moiselle* has said it is *nécessaire.* And I have three baths *aussi.*"

"You stayed in to—fix my dress? And you had—François here, and Pierre—shot him, and all because the beads caught on Mrs. Pascal's lorgnette." Marney stood aghast.

She must do something; she must kneel, and pull Rena down into her arms, hold Rena's cheek to her own, somehow make it right with her.

Rena lifted her head, dragged her gaze up to Marney's: there was that odd look to her which had disturbed Marney before, pleading, frightened now. "I—had to see him."

Suddenly Marney could not budge.

"And now—!" choked Rena, who was obviously on the point of breaking down thoroughly into some confession.

Marney stood aloof, frozen. "Now?" she forced herself.

There was just an instant when Rena's confession was balanced there between them, when Rena must still have felt Marney as just another girl, breathing close to her. The whistle, the little receding snuffle of a night train from Italy; the room was still again.

But the habit of nearly twenty-one years of catering to the moods of others had made Rena sharp for moods: she caught Marney's little stiffening. The training of nearly twenty-one years as a servant had made Rena adept at adjustment: she recovered herself miraculously, in a breath. "The vase," she remembered.

Warmth, shivered Marney—that was what came of warmth. She felt stained in her warmth for Bolivar—not quite—nice——

Rena had returned. She was gathering painstakingly, one by one, the sprays of mimosa from the floor; she had one spray upside down, but she seemed not to notice. She crammed them into the vase, spilling water over onto Marney's crêpe kimono, which was a jade-green heap on the carpet. She set the vase on the table, moved toward the door.

Marney made an effort. She snatched up at random the primrose dress with the beads: "*Pour vous,* Rena! *Prenez, s'il vous plaît;* I want you to have it."

Rena only looked at the dress. There was no resentment about her, merely that absurd little maid's dignity: "*Merci, ma'moiselle, mais*—I have not the—need—" She was a rather thick black shadow against the door.

Marney, spangled with light, the beads of the dress glittering, her ring glittering, groped for inspiration. "Wait—*merci*——"

"*Service,*" murmured Rena, sliding definitely from the room.

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The crater of Oshima Volcano. The key to the prediction data at Tokyo.

Predicting Earthquakes

BY T. A. JAGGAR
In charge of the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS, MAPS, AND DIAGRAMS

I

IN the last twenty-one years eleven great disasters were the earthquakes of San Francisco, Valparaiso, Kingston, Messina, Cartago, Guatemala, Avezzano, and Tokyo, and the volcanic eruptions of the Caribbee Islands, Vesuvius, and Sakurajima. Lives lost have averaged thirty thousand per year and property destroyed a half billion dollars per year. Six of these cataclysms were in American lands, three were Japanese, and two were Italian.

Any of the Pacific cities may get another big earthquake and fire; the streets are full of motor-cars, dangerous containers of gasoline, that block the firemen; and no one can say that New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Washington is geologically immune to such happenings as the Charleston earthquake of 1886.

The evolution or progress of increasingly intense catastrophes is due to the outward spread of population in the world away from the old centres, not to the increased earthquake—or eruption—frequency.

Martinique killed thirty thousand, Messina killed one hundred and thirty thousand, Tokyo killed four hundred thousand. Martinique destroyed perhaps fifty million dollars of capital, San Francisco five hundred million, Tokyo five thousand million.

The Japanese disaster trebles all precedents in killing and magnifies the annihilation of property tenfold. If this is to continue, we may compare it with the destruction of maritime tonnage by submarines in 1917.

The great volcanic forces of nature, aided by high winds, do most of their damage by fire. Prevent the fires and half the

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battle is won. Kingston, Jamaica, has enforced a rigorous earthquake building code. Martinique has abandoned St. Pierre. Japan in 1914 saved everybody from the volcano Sakurajima, thanks to science and the St. Pierre lesson. Some countries are dabbling in construction experiments, but San Francisco has merely improved its water resources without any serious attempt at earthquake-proof construction or avoidance of congestion. The underwriters succinctly predicted the San Francisco fire in October, 1905.

Conflagrations in the United States costing from ten to three hundred and fifty million dollars each have happened eleven times in eighty years, whereas the volcanic disasters listed have happened eleven times in twenty-one years.

Counting two hundred and thirty-six other big American fires, and all the small ones, it takes four years to destroy by fire a billion dollars. The Tokyo fire equals twenty years of American fire loss.

To investigate the earth with a view to natural disaster we must study earth processes and the processes of human swarming side by side. It is being done only in flood-forecasting. It should have in view schedule-rating of hazards, physical and moral; statistics of natural terrestrial motions, regular and irregular; sub-classification of natural hazards with reference to place and time, construction, occupancy, protection, and exposure, and with reference to dishonesty and negligence.

Men of science are often ignorant of insurance, and insurance authorities appear ignorant of natural disaster; yet accounts of damage due to grass or forest fire, floods, earthquakes, landslips, typhoons, flood-waves, and volcanic blasts are incessantly appearing in the newspapers.

The fire-insurance stock companies in the United States carry risks exceeding sixty thousand millions of dollars and distribute an annual loss of over two hundred million. The annual volcano-earthquake loss for the world is about five hundred million dollars.

Considering the money spent for research by the insurance boards, it is wise to extend this to preparation for earthquake and eruption, and to link this investigation with the practical work now being done on storms, floods, and fires. There is work here for another such humane establishment as the Rockefeller Institute for medical research.

Hawaiian lava measurements show tides and cycles; and if this American work is extended to Lassen volcano and Alaska, such rhythms ought to be found as world phenomena. This should lead to quantitative measurement of the machinery that ties continental uplift to volcanism.

Reasonable earthquake-forecasting will never be achieved until the local seismic movements of all the leading volcanic belts of the globe are classified with reference to time and change, through fixed measurement stations.

These stations are the greatest scientific need of the earthquake problem, just as the greatest engineering need of the problem is a radical reform in insurance controls, automobile parking, gasoline storage, and city-planning with reference to fire safety.

. . . . . .

After the New York earthquake of 1932 a group of surviving bankers and publicists were discussing the situation in a Scarborough home that survived the catastrophe. The losses had been about nine hundred thousand lives and fifty billions of dollars. The business district of Manhattan was a mass of smouldering ruins with the army and the State militia burning corpses in pits and cleaning up the rubbish. The outstanding fact of the earthquake was that skyscraper construction had utterly failed, and every elevator had gone out of action. With the arctic gale that was blowing, fire-escapes had been covered with icicles and wholly inadequate. Panic and fire had produced most of the deaths and the lack of parkways in lower Manhattan had created congestion of automobiles that the Fire Department was unable to cope with.

The wrecking of the power-stations had upset the tube ventilation and subway traffic, so that three hundred thousand people had been asphyxiated and roasted underground. It was the end of winter, cross streets had been blocked with snow from the seven-day March blizzard of the

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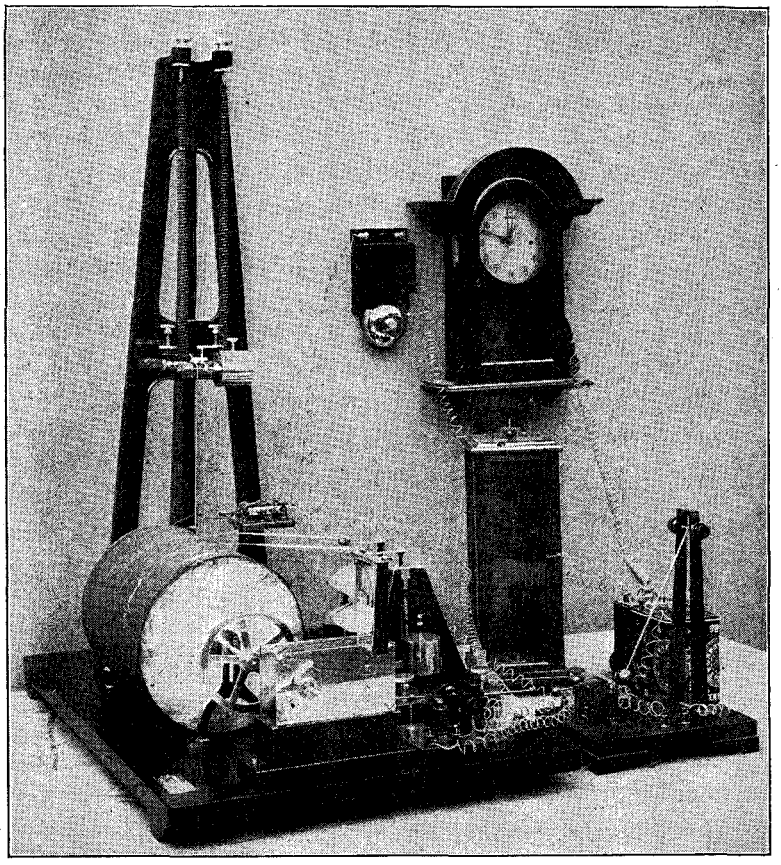
preceding week, and the political convention had drawn to New York three hundred of the leading statesmen of America, all of whom were killed. In addition there were killed about twelve thousand persons from the first American families. Ninety-four leading financiers of the United from the caving away of the made land. The earthquake was felt from Florida to Quebec.

The chairman of the committee asked a leading question. "Why didn't the seismologists tell us something about this possibility? I always thought they said we



Ordinary Ewing-Gray-Milne Seismograph.

The tippings and shakings of the ground are measured with pendulums and clockwork.

States were dead. Among those burned and never identified were the President and the Secretary of War.

From 59th Street north there was much earthquake damage, but the fires had been better handled. Eight hundred thousand refugees were camped in Central Park. The Brooklyn refugees were under martial law in the Garden City district. One hundred and twenty-four thousand corpses had been collected in the North and East Rivers, and many of the ferry slips and docks had broken down were on ancient gneiss and immune from such earthquakes as they have on the Pacific coast."

"No land is wholly immune," answered a Boston professor. "If New York had been equipped with a geophysical station such as those in Berlin, Göttingen, Strasbourg, and Petrograd, manned by specialists measuring tremor, tides, sounds, tilts, and temperatures of the rock underground, this disaster might possibly have been discounted in advance. At any rate, with better knowledge of earth law (geo-

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nomy) we might have felt it necessary to have more parkways."

As he spoke one of the aftershocks came (there had been hundreds the first week), and every one rose nervously and watched the cracks in the wall plaster working. The swaying was strong, but it passed the maximum and died away.

"To think that this old solid land of my Dutch ancestors should behave so outrageously *and keep it up!*" muttered an old time New Yorker.

"Right," replied the professor, "and to judge by the Mississippi Valley in 1811 and the Saguenay quakes of 1663, the worst shocks may be yet to come, and may split the whole country from the Palisades to Meriden."

"Why do you mention those places?" said a Wall Street broker.

"Because both places are volcanic."

"Great heavens! I never knew that before," said several men at once.

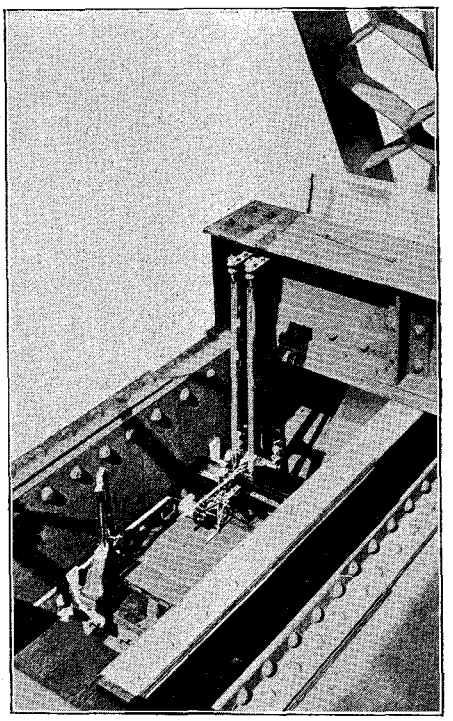
"And how long did this Canada affair keep it up?" asked the Yankee Dutchman.

"It was a great upheaval," the geologist answered; "where the glacial deposits slid down off the granite. It lasted six months. It altered the whole geography of the Saguenay (a river not unlike the Hudson), and was accompanied by terrific and extraordinary meteoric phenomena and roarings all over Canada. People knelt in the snow and cried out for mercy. Forest trees were uprooted, Indians afterward followed new stream chasms for many miles in their canoes, the St. Lawrence was white with mire for three months, and hills fell into creeks and dammed them. The quake centred in the St. Lawrence, but it broke chimney-tops in Boston!"

The foregoing is a moderate picture of the exact happenings to be expected in Manhattan, Jersey, and Queens if this congested part of North America begins to "work" the way North Carolina did in 1886, at the time when Charleston was ruined. The analogies are drawn from the recent disaster in Japan.

No geophysicist can predict an earthquake for New York, because no one makes measurement of the day unto day changes under Central Park or Morningside Heights. New York geophysics is an unexplored science.

Hundreds of engineers and architects would like to know about pressures, temperatures, shakes, creepings, tiltings, and water-levels deep in the hard and soft deposits of the metropolitan cities and the river bottoms. Many of them need the information when haled into court. They want to know about artificial vibrations and their transmission on different sorts of ground. Their responsibility for undertakings costing tens of millions is enormous. They want to know about instruments for measuring shakings.



Doctor Omori in Japan has measured the shakings of steel bridges with the "deflectograph," shown in this picture attached to a girder.

"Can I buy a seismograph in America?" asks the engineer.

"No," answers the seismologist. "They are all made in Germany, England, and Japan."

German seismologists have even measured the minute tremblings adjacent to a waterfall, and Doctor Omori in Japan has measured the shakings not only of volcanoes, shore-lines, and mountains,

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but also bridges, torpedo-boats, and railway carriages.

It is just as certain as the sunrise that New York, St. Louis, and Denver will have their geophysical laboratories within a few decades, because science is microscoping everything, and the Tokyo disaster has awakened science to the need for microscoping earth movements. Already Governor General Leonard Wood has appointed a commission in the Philippines to study preparedness and engineering precautions against any possible catastrophe at Manila. The Manila Observatory has long been famous for its studies of typhoons, volcanoes, and earthquakes.

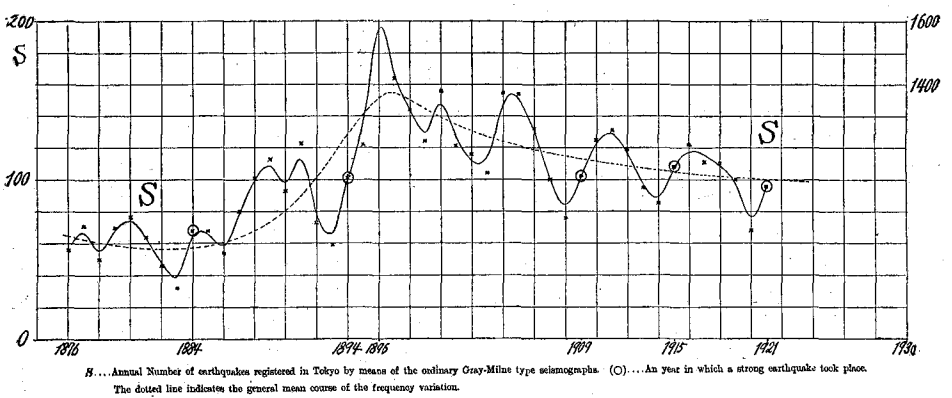
It is a little disgraceful that Americans have to send to Germany for instruments. Also it hurts my pride as a New Yorker that the two leading articles on the history of earthquakes in the eastern United States, with elaborate maps, are by de Montessus in French and by Deckert in German. The one was published in Geneva and the other in Berlin.

The gigantic American cataclysms were in 1663, 1811, 1886, and 1906, and the big Boston earthquake occurred in 1755. These disasters were scattered over river basins and shore-lines. They affected the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, Boston Bay, the Carolina coast, and the California coast. As yet the Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna, and Connecticut basins have not had their turns at big earthquakes. The big five above mentioned were all at different places averaging fifty or more years apart.

Counting other earthquakes in places formerly desolate, like Alaska and Nevada, the interval between big shocks in America is much less than fifty years. And nowadays these places, such as southern California, are filling up with cities. They are no longer desolate.

Taking the whole of North America and coming to the present century we have had eight tremendous earthquakes since 1898, in Alaska, California, Guatemala, Mexico, Costa Rica, Jamaica, and Porto Rico, averaging four and a half years apart for the twenty-six years. There has just occurred in 1924 a second severe shock in Costa Rica. It is about time for eastern America to demand seismic toll of life and property again, for these twentieth century places hitherto have been west and south.

A list of places in the world showing their relative quakiness has been compiled by de Montessus de Ballore, director of the Chilean earthquake service. Scientifically this quality of a place is called its "seismicity," just as one would speak of its humidity or its rainfall. De Montessus had at his disposal the world records of one hundred and thirty-one thousand earthquakes, and his argument is based on the supposition that the more the small



Omori's curve showing declining numbers of ordinary earthquakes in Tokyo prior to the recent catastrophe. 1883 was the year of fewest shocks after a similar decline following the catastrophe of 1855 (not shown here). After 1883 there was marked increase in numbers until 1896, with two disasters ten years apart (small circles). There were bad shocks also in 1909, 1915, and 1921, another (not shown) in 1922, and the final great catastrophe (not shown) in 1923. Each big shock is followed by increased numbers of "aftershocks."

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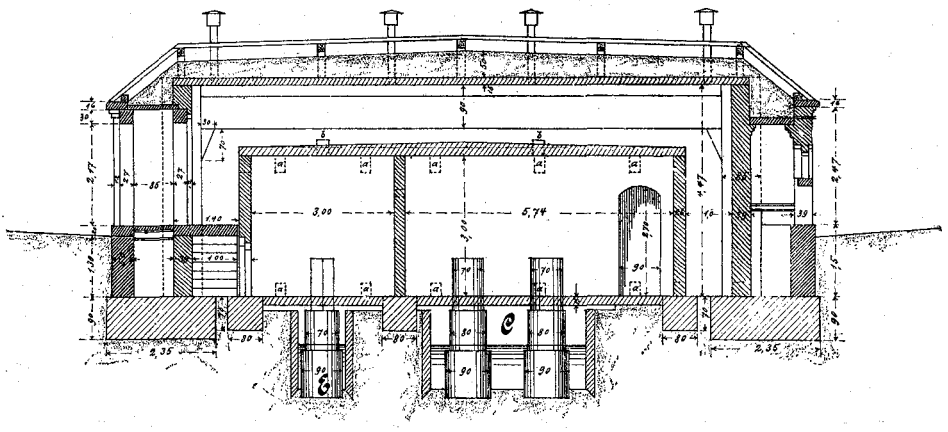
quakes, the higher the degree of quakiness. There are a hundred sources of error in these tables due to gaps in the record. We shall have good tables only when all countries are as well studied as Japan.

Nevertheless, the quakiness per square mile of Tokyo compared with New York is an interesting quality. But New York cannot be narrowed down to the city, for we have no sufficient records. New York must be classed with the New England district, and Washington with the eastern Alleghanies. It is remarkable that both Japan and Mexico have some districts of highest possible quakiness and some of greatest immunity from earthquake. In other words, the quality of dangerous quakiness may be limited to an area two hundred miles across when once the land starts shaking.

On a scale of No. 1 to No. 10, compiled by the present writer from de Montessus, No. 1 being the quietest grounds in the world, and No. 10 being the shakiest lands measured in numbers of earthquakes per year for an average square mile of territory, the earthquake statistician found out that among three hundred and thirty-four districts of the world, one hundred and twenty are No. 9 in shakiness, ninety are No. 10, and fifty-four are No. 8. This plainly stated means that eighty per cent of the inhabited land is excessively quaky and lies in the upper three grades of quakiness.

No. 9 of quakiness, then, next to the highest in the scale, holds more lands in its grip than any other number. It includes a remarkable assortment of nations and lands—western Java, northern England and the Channel, parts of the Himalayas and of the Philippines, Alsace, Cuba, Asia Minor, Iceland, Messina, and the Lesser Antilles.

No. 10 includes chiefly volcanic places like the Island of Hawaii, Vesuvius, Manila, Guatemala, Tokyo, and the isles of Greece. Ill-mated with these, however, we find in this number Perthshire in Scotland, Florence in Tuscany, the north shore of Lake Geneva, and Assam in India.



Cross-section of the Strasbourg station for earthquake research, built in 1899; showing elaborate cellars with isolated piers for seismograph pendulums and double walls for maintaining constant temperature.

What about the United States? Michigan is very solid and quiet, No. 3 of the scale. Ohio and the Mississippi valley are No. 5, North Carolina and eastern Canada are No. 6, the district from Washington to Philadelphia (east slope of the Alleghanies) is No. 7, and comfortless emerge the relentless figures that show New York and New England to be in the same category No. 8 with southern and central California, Cooks Inlet in Alaska, and parts of New Zealand and Mexico.

For various groups of years, the figures for the different districts of the central and Atlantic slope of America show from

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two to sixteen earthquakes per year obtained from historical lists. These go back to 1727. For different groups of years the separate Pacific coast states show from nine to twenty-one earthquakes per year, all in the nineteenth century. About three hundred centres of quaking have been located along each belt, Atlantic and Pacific. The statistics are based on a thousand earthquakes on the Atlantic side and over four thousand on the Pacific, but more years are covered by the Pacific statistics, as that has been a region more studied by seismologists.

You may want to know who lives in safety, what nations are favored by dwelling under (or over) Nos. 1 and 2 of the earthquake scale. These lower numbers have each only three or four regions assigned to them. They are notably non-volcanic regions and deserts. Finland, Norway, the Altai Mountains in Asia, the Mapimi desert in Mexico, the Urals, Bulgaria, and Lower California are places rated with such immunity.

II

A YEAR and a half before the terrific earthquake that destroyed Tokyo and Yokohama, Professor Omori, the great Japanese seismologist, wrote warnings that Tokyo Bay might recommence its seismic activity and produce a strong earthquake. He pointed out that the jolt might come under the sea. He exhibited the decline in numbers of small measured earthquakes at Tokyo for twenty-seven years, so that strong earthquakes following such a quiet period were to be regarded as "events in the natural order of things." Among the Japanese provinces, Tokyo is in the region of maximum numbers of great and small earthquakes. There were two dangerous shocks damaging Tokyo and Yokohama in 1921 and 1922, so that the geonomers had every reason to be worried.

What happened? On April 26, 1922, and on September 1, 1923, it was opposite the entrance to Tokyo Bay near the Boshu Peninsula and near Oshima Volcano that big earthquakes had their centres, the later one the destroyer of Tokyo. A new region had entered upon seismic activity, the Fuji volcanic zone, well known to Doctor Omori, but explicitly believed harmless by him with reference to sub-oceanic activity. The great earthquake of September 1 was like the one in the year 1703, which preceded by four years the last eruption of Fujiyama. Does the Tokyo earthquake of 1923 presage such another outbreak of Japan's sacred mountain?

Professor Omori took a long shot and made a remarkably successful hit at the time of the San Francisco earthquake. He said that the Cordilleras and the Andes, from Alaska to Patagonia, were all being pressed up from the direction of the Pacific Ocean, and when several places had slipped along the line the next shock should come in the region that had been quiet before. As Alaska and California had had their turns, the next bad earthquake ought to be south of the equator. The California earthquake had come in April, and in August along came the tremendous shock near Valparaiso, in Chile, completely verifying Doctor Omori's expectations.

The Japanese seismologist has drawn diagrams for Tokyo that show how greatly the Tokyo district surpasses other parts of Japan in the numbers of its earthquakes annually. This map concerns differences in geography or place, and the year as a fixed unit of time. He has drawn other diagrams showing how the numbers of earthquakes at Tokyo became fewer and fewer from 1893 to 1921. These concern changes with reference to the passage of time, the place (Tokyo) being fixed. This chart is now of enormous import as heralding the great earthquake of September, 1923. Its importance is based on a similar diagram, drawn before a big earthquake occurred in Tokyo in 1894, that showed a similar decline in numbers of earthquakes from 1855 to 1883, that is, in twenty-eight years. Then the numbers jumped up in spasms each about six years long until 1896, with the catastrophe of 1894 occurring during the second spasm. Twenty-eight years after 1894 brings us to 1922, when two big shocks damaged the capital city, followed in a year by the awful catastrophe.

Thus history repeats itself. The years 1924 and 1925 will show hundreds of felt earthquakes in Tokyo and Yokohama,

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followed by a decline, and if the rule holds, then, twenty-eight years after 1923 the bottom of the decline in numbers will be again reached. Then when strong shocks begin, let Tokyo beware! After the low level of 1883, there were strong earthquakes in 1884 and 1894. After the low level of 1921, the strong shocks came more quickly in 1922 and 1923. There may be others before the peak of the frequency period is reached, and there may be volcanic eruptions from Fuji or from Oshima. But the decline will follow, and until 1951 Tokyo may expect comparative peace.

There are two very distinct kinds of earthquake disaster. There is the earthquake that comes like the crack of a whip without any evident forewarning whatever. Such were the smashing blows delivered unexpectedly at Messina, Kingston, and San Francisco. At Guatemala City, on the other hand, at Kagoshima, near Sakurajima, when the greater earthquake came that followed those of the eruption, and in some old earthquakes in the United States and Canada a century or two ago, the ground started to shake and it kept on shaking so that nearly everybody took to the open fields before the biggest shake came. This, when it came, was very big, capable of flinging down masonry and wrecking the whole country, but the people were warned by Nature to stand from under.

There is one reason why the present time is especially opportune for America to enter the field. Doctor Omori of Japan is dead. He died on November 8, 1923. The mental shock of the great earthquake killed him. He helped us abundantly when San Francisco was stricken. He has helped our laboratories in Hawaii.

The Earthquake Investigation Committee of the Japanese Government is organized "to alleviate disasters." The least that other peoples can do is to organize similar research establishments, especially as their own national welfare depends on such organization. And the reason for individual cities to do it, with their wealth and their educational establishments assisting, is that the supreme need of geophysics concerns *local interest in local ground*. Science has too many glittering generalities about the earth as a whole, which did not save Yokohama and Tokyo.

III

As subjects of prediction, volcanoes are easier than earthquakes. They are somewhat like safety-valves for imprisoned gases. An earthquake sprawls over a whole mountain range, shore-line or sea-bottom, but a volcanic eruption comes out of a crater where it definitely belongs. It may tear open the country or open an old crater where it was not looked for, but the region where it happens is volcanic and part of a system known to be a vent for Pluto's wrath.

My first experiment in volcano prediction concerned Mont Pelée, in Martinique, and was published September 3, 1902, in the Boston *Transcript*, and in *Science* November 18. It was based on the peculiar sequence of the great eruptions of Pelée three, twelve, seventeen, thirty-three, and fifty-two days apart progressively from May 8 to August 30. The increasing intervals showed the volcano behaving like a geyser, each eruption depleting increasingly the fountainhead of gas, no matter what might be the theoretical source of the gas. The next interval ought to be about one hundred and twelve days according to the figures, and December 20 was announced as a critical date. A French astronomer predicted an eruption for December 16, when the moon would be full and nearest to the earth. Sure enough, on December 16 came the last of the great explosive cataclysms of Pelée, when Professor Lacroix at the observatory in Martinique made the photograph of "cauliflower clouds" that forms the frontispiece of his famous memoir.

My last experiment in volcano prediction was published in January, 1918, to the effect that 1920 would be one hundred and thirty years after the last terrible explosive eruption of Kilauea volcano. That interval is known to be a critical one for scientific reasons. I advised watching the year 1920 or thereabouts with great caution. In fact, 1920 produced tremendous lava flows, and 1924 has just produced an explosive eruption, handled with foresight, and with the loss of only one life.

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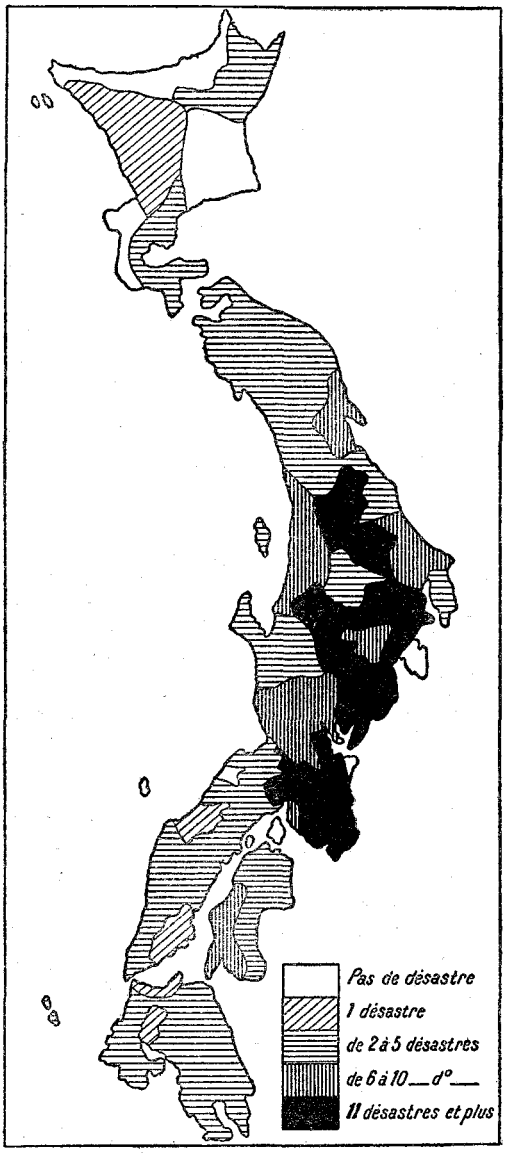
The positions of the sun, earth, and moon are of significance in these crises, and Frank Alvord Perret of Brooklyn has done wonderful work in applying astronomical physics to volcanoes. The warping of our big rock and metal globe is very slight, but relatively the volcanic fluids are small and highly sensitive, ready to explode when sun and moon pull the trigger. On the basis of his astronomical curves in 1907, Mr. Perret was able to assure the Italian Government that an eruption of Stromboli, then in progress, had passed the danger-point. War-ships had been sent to deport four thousand people, but it was found unnecessary to do so, and the event justified Perret's argument.



Map of Japan (after de Montessus and Omori) showing frequency since the fifth century A. D. of earthquake disasters by provinces. Tokyo and Yokohama are in the region of maximum destruction.

In August, 1908, Perret published a diagram of sun and moon dates for 1908 favorable for eruptions and earthquakes respectively, and he called attention to the correspondence of a new outbreak of Etna with the listed dates, and to the importance of watching the course of the eruptions. His diagram exhibits three strong crises expectable in December, and on December 28, right within the Etna district, came the Messina earthquake.

We are still far from understanding the earth in its relations to these tides and seasons, but Professor Michelson has shown that the solid globe has a tide, the Hawaiian Observatory has shown that the lava has a tide, there and in Australia the earth is indulging in seasonal tipping, and at all volcanoes where the lava is visible there are cycles of activity decades long. All that is needed now is measurement of earth heavings everywhere hourly, seasonally, and cyclically, remembering that every university and every city is perched above hot matter forty miles down. This hot "magma" is ready to make travelling ruptures if the moon will pull the trigger, even though the crust is much too thick to let it make a volcano.

Both earthquakes and volcanoes are occasionally very accommodating in providing hints as to what they are going to do. Almost every one of the great urban disasters of the last twenty-five years has had its ancient counterpart at about the same place within the last thirty to one hundred and fifty years. Sakurajima, in Japan; Messina and Vesuvius, in Italy; Kingston in Jamaica, and St. Vincent in

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the Caribbee Islands, all had memories of like events that happened in the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries. So did Guatemala City and so indeed did Tokyo and Yokohama. *Other places have memories.*

This rehearsal of volcanic dramas of the twentieth century necessarily conjures up future performances. Where will they be staged, and for what year are the stadium and the tickets to be prepared? Oberammergau and Bayreuth pale beside what the Earth is preparing. Moreover, *the Earth knows.* It knows the place and it knows the date. By that I mean simply this: there is just as much earth law as there is celestial law. Adams and Le Verrier predicted exactly where the planet Neptune should be found. The Heavens knew the place of Neptune. Adams and Le Verrier merely learned the language of the Heavens. A German observer looked in that spot and the planet was found.

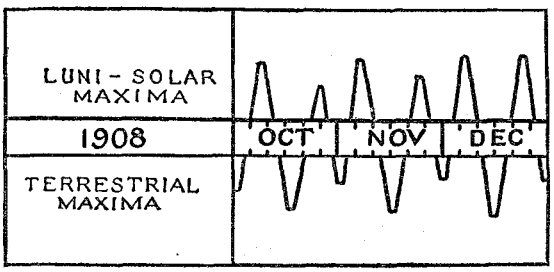
Omori's forecast for Valparaiso was based on a theory of ruptures that travel along mountains. The Carnegie Institution is now assisted by our government in measuring the movement of whole mountains in California. On a theory of creeping mountains under strain Professor Lawson argues that the great California fault will again be dangerous about 1951.

The Earth is writing in incontrovertible language the story of the next terrific earthquake disaster. Will it be Vienna, Paris, Rome, Philadelphia, Tacoma, Los Angeles, Batavia, Auckland, Osaka, Montreal, New Orleans, or Rio de Janeiro? Perhaps the story is written in terms of "travelling ruptures" or "strain creep." The fire goddess is drawing on the bowstring, arrow poised and eye steady. She listens for a message from the Sun. When he gives the word——

IV

Bearing witness to the coming earthquake, then, means a charting and knowledge of detailed history for the special region concerned, of habits repeated in that region, of the reason or reasons for those repetitions and intervals, and of the size and kinship of the local blocks of the rocky globe that will determine the size of the quake. It means learning of the relation of those blocks to volcanic events past and present. It means research.

Always the solid rock, could we dwell in carved chambers swung with delicate pendulums, would be tilting, trembling, heating, cooling, moaning with deep tones like a 'cello, and yielding up tides of slow majesty that pulse with sun and moon and sea. A distant earthquake jars a whole mountain range. Out go the waves of compression, waves of rigidity, waves of translation through and over the elastic rock of the earth ball. These waves come to our rocky cell where the heavy weights are poised. Not a sound is heard, nor a single pulsation felt. But the whole chamber is in motion, the scribing stiles swing sweetly back and forth in long and rhythmic strokes, and we watch the earth writing on its tablets of stone a message from the volcano goddess four thousand miles away!



Perret's curve of "Luni-Solar Maxima" and "Terrestrial Maxima" for December, 1908. The "terrestrial maxima" are times when gravitational strain (causing earthquakes) follows a time of outward pull by sun and moon (causing volcanic eruptions). This "pumping action" on the earth's crust was very strong in December, and on the last "terrestrial maximum," December 28, the Messina earthquake occurred. Mr. Perret published this diagram August 28, just four months before the earthquake, and remarked on the importance of watching Mount Etna.

A cataclysm is a very different thing from a disaster and many of the greatest natural cataclysms have gone unperceived by the civilized world. They are happening in that vast watery desert of hills and plains which covers three-fifths of the earth, where no man has ever stood, because its atmosphere is breathable only by the fishes. The seismograph registers a

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terrific earthquake, six or seven hours later the automatic tide-markers show an unusually long low wave against the strand, sea-captains may report a bump and a trembling, and sometimes the telegraph cables are torn asunder. A gigantic earthquake has occurred under the bottom of the sea, but only the sea has been shaken.

At the Hawaiian volcano laboratory the morning of February 3, 1923, the pendulums and clockwork in the basement told of such a quake two thousand miles away. With the aid of the telephone the shipping towns were advised to look out for a tidal wave. In the early afternoon the wave came, washed sampans at Hilo over the railway bridge; the latter was wrecked, and a man was killed.

Off the coast of Greece there are precipices four to nine thousand feet high in the sea-bottom, and earthquakes have jammed the cables by letting the sea-floor drop suddenly by from six hundred to one thousand three hundred feet. In 1751 a long stretch of coast at San Domingo sank during an earthquake and formed a new bay.

Some of the accidents on the sea-bottom are eruptions of gas and lava, and there are mountainous deep volcanoes in the Pacific eight or ten thousand feet high in lonely grandeur, inhabited only by the monsters of the deep. Slow lava may well forth under huge pressure of overlying water without making any demonstration. Mariners have seen the glassy sea raised in a flat dome-shaped mass, without ruffling of its surface, as though displaced by an eruption on the bottom.

It is more usual, however, for a block of sea-floor to subside, and the first movements of a tidal wave perceived are slow withdrawals of all the water, followed by an inrush. This is what drowned the Persian barbarians at Potidæa in the attempt to cross to Pallene, and so were the Egyptians drowned when the shallows of the Red Sea had been cleared for the Israelites.

Not all the cataclysms of nature apart from mankind are under the ocean. There have been colossal earthquakes, landslips, floods, and volcanic outpourings in places like Alaska, Kamtchatka, Patagonia, Siberia, and Antarctica, and in lonely islands remote from the ships and dwellings of men, where no one is injured save sea-birds and seals. Let man go thither in quest of gain and his blood be on his head.

A Japanese merchant found gainful trade in sea-birds on the Island of Torishima, and their feathers were brought to his warehouses in Yokohama, his men making a colony on this volcanic island to the south. About August 8, 1902, the same year when the Caribbean Islands exploded, a noise was heard of boomings toward Torishima. One hundred and twenty-five men and women were wiped off the slate by an eruption so that not the slightest trace of human habitation remained. The same thing happened at sulphur works on White Island, near New Zealand, in the second decade of this century.

In these cases a few score people occupy an island of unknown habits; in St. Pierre and at Messina many thousand people occupy treacherous islands of well known habits; in Tokyo and at San Francisco several million people and big fractions of the wealth of the world are gathered in a land of bad habits known to science but disregarded. We build our ships for the stormiest seas, but we care not whether our cities are built for the stormiest centuries.

V

THE geophysical station in New York will not be a place doing hack work imitating Germans or Russians. It is not a case of "Let's get a seismograph." It is not a case of "Let us predict earthquakes too." It is a case that calls for research. Kilauea Volcano, in Hawaii, is a good place for volcano study. New York is a good place for study of rock motion in the middle of the Atlantic coast belt. New Orleans is a good place for river delta study. Pasadena is a good place for earthquake study next the Pacific.

I called into my laboratory in Hawaii one summer a distinguished physicist, and set him to work among the seismographs. He had never worked with seismographs before. His training was with galvanometers and electromagnets and all the hundred appliances of electricity. Watching him work was a revelation.

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He measured the periodic swing of the pendulums, devoured books of mathematical formulæ in three languages, set up mirrors which he silvered himself, recorded the tremblings of the earth with a beam of light, and magnified these tremblings one hundred, and three hundred, and five hundred times.

He swung the pendulums in new ways and tried out the directions in which the earth-waves were migrating. He suggested new clockworks and new kinds of magnifying levers. He recorded with photograph paper, where before we were using smoked paper, and won improved autographs of earthquakes two thousand miles away. He built a machine wherein the daily tiltings of the ground were recorded slowly so that the clock would run three weeks, and he built another wherein the distant earthquakes were recorded and the tiltings were entirely eliminated. He partially succeeded in building an earthquake machine wherein the local tremblings were eliminated.

This story merely illustrates what mysteries lie in the pulsing rock underfoot and how physically trained minds can apply themselves to new research. Provide the means for a New York rock laboratory, and the research-workers can be found. The secondary uses of this laboratory are innumerable. The engineers who are building vehicular tunnels under river-bottoms will take an intense interest in the new laboratory and all its inventions. Every construction engineer is interested in vibration.

Every hydraulic engineer at work on power-plants wants to know how his dam will meet the earthquake, and how strong and how leaky is the rock. The water impounded when his dam is built will add an enormous weight to the country. In Australia, seismograph pendulums have been used to show how the land tips inward toward the big weight of water at a reclamation reservoir.

No one knows how New York skyscrapers will really behave in an earthquake. Eight-story buildings in Tokyo, of modern construction, were badly injured. To avoid darkening the streets, the law requires the new high buildings to be terraced in New York; that is, to taper inward toward the top. This happens to be good earthquake-proof construction also, for it makes the building of lighter weight toward the top and stronger for the weight borne at each story.

The mines and tunnels fared better than structures above ground in the Japanese earthquake. New York tubes might also survive well, but the fire danger of an underground string of gasoline-charged automobiles, and of a conflagration over the subways, should be studied out and guarded against at any cost.

The vision of the New York geophysical laboratory is not to be set aside with "Oh, geologists are doing this. Leave it to the government. Why not get the Carnegie Institution to do it?" The job that the world sets before us is to harness the globe. No government, or single institution, can possibly do it. Indeed, a League of Nations could not finance it. But New Orleans and New York each can easily finance her own laboratory. Each is interested in her own piece of ground. By comparing notes, they will build up a profound science. No one organization runs all the astronomical observatories of the world. The earth problem is of the same order, only bigger, for the physical inaccessibility of remote places of the earth is greater than that of the sites of telescopes, and eventually we must have the whole earth compared. It is not a question of structure or form; it is a question of progress and process.

Let us visit the New York laboratory in 1950. Our New York Dutch burgher, determined to know his little old Manhattan, has endowed the station and placed it under the Astronomical Hall, in the centre of the block occupied by the American Museum of Natural History. Three outlying stations are on the Palisades, in Westchester County, and in Long Island. Two large rock chambers fifty and a hundred feet below the ground are reached by elevators. From the lower chamber extend four wells downward two hundred and fifty, five hundred, seven hundred and fifty, and one thousand feet, bored by shot drills, each twelve inches in diameter and each equipped at the bottom with delicate instruments writing their records electrically in the laboratory of the curator above ground.

One dial shows the temperatures, one

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the electric currents, one the moisture of the under air, and one the sounds passing through the rock. These sounds register themselves mechanically by means of improved amplifiers. Each deep well is kept at the temperature of the rock for that depth, and the changes of temperature are continually being registered.

The elevator takes us down to chamber No. 1. It is lighted with electric lights, concreted, and is octagonal; narrow passages extend out along radii and these are occupied by piers bearing horizontal pendulums. In the centre are inverted and upright pendulums. At one side is a thermostat chamber with double glass walls, containing timepieces. There are twenty-five pendulums of different kinds in chamber No. 1, all recording electrically on drums in the laboratory above ground. The timepieces are self-winding.

Next we go down to the rock chamber one hundred feet underground. Here there are magnetic instruments, long corridors with tide-recorders registering the tides in the solid rock, the harnessed deep wells, and devices for study of radio-activity and other forms of radiation. There are delicate clinographs for showing the tilting of Manhattan, tied in with the three other distant stations so as to check the movement for the whole of Greater New York.

The self-recording microphones and amplifiers are among the most remarkable devices that the director shows us. Microphones had been improved greatly since their use, in the great war, for detecting submarines and locating batteries. The new receivers are in the bottoms of the deep wells, but the records are all registered on rotary charts operated by clockwork, through the medium of amplifiers and recording pens. He shows us how in certain *directions* no sounds are received, but in other directions, notably straight toward the Watchung Ridges of New Jersey, there is always a deep note detectable, and the angle of emergence of these sound-waves varies, as well as their pitch. They are waves of high frequency, much quicker than earthquake vibrations, and of peculiar seasonal habit corresponding with the tilting movements. By use of head-phones we can hear them, mostly of the order of a deep booming noise, sometimes receding to an almost imperceptible humming. He tells us that on the passage of Mohawk and Connecticut valley earthquakes the noises become loud and tumultuous.

I asked the chief what discoveries were most fundamental that had come out of the work. The reply was prompt. "Volcanic radiations," he said. "Nobody had ever heard of them twenty years ago. The volcanic passages under the Palisades can now be shadowed by radiation from deep sources inside the earth, and we can actually plot certain belts of higher temperature underground in old volcanic places, and map out hot lava ten miles down. The application of artificial radiation to volcanoes has all come from the work of the New York station. We can now send the V rays from sea-level in Hawaii right through Mauna Loa to a receiving-station, and as they are intercepted by volcanic bodies at high temperatures, the lava rising in the volcano cuts off the rays and so the changes of shape of its upper surface underground can be mapped months before an eruption begins."

Be it understood that the above paragraph is a pipe-dream and seems nonsense in 1924. So was the story of the New York earthquake with which this article began. So would have been an imaginary picture in 1900 of what is now commonplace in aviation or radio. And finally, if an imaginary forecast had been written in 1900 depicting St. Pierre, San Francisco, Valparaiso, Kingston, Guatemala, Messina, Avezzano, Tokyo, and Yokohama all crushed and bleeding within twenty-three years, it would have been branded as the raving of a madman.

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The Casual Laborer in Literature

BY REBECCA N. PORTER
Author of "Adventures in a Fiction Factory," etc.

NOT long ago, browsing among the biographies in the public library, I chanced upon a charming little story in the life of Anatole France. It related to a certain period in his childhood when he became intensely interested in reading the lives of the early Christian martyrs. To his impressionable fancy and quick imagination their ideals and manner of life seemed vividly alluring. Dwelling, enthralled, for some weeks in their esoteric society finally brought him to a great decision—he, too, would abandon worldly vanities and become a saint.

Acting upon this resolve he procured for himself the nearest possible equivalent for a haircloth shirt, carried a deal table out to the barn, set a chair on top of it, and when he had established himself thereon informed his derisive family that he had renounced the world and intended henceforth to devote himself exclusively to a life of meditation and prayer. For any one possessed of sisters and brothers it is unnecessary to sketch the torture which followed. When he could endure the gibes of the Philistines no longer, the youthful ascetic descended from his high station, remarking sorrowfully that "It is very difficult to be a saint while living with one's family."

Many of the makers of our modern fiction have discovered that it is an almost equally difficult feat to be a writer while living with one's family or to pursue with this exacting vocation some other profession. Yet even a cursory study of the fiction of the day reveals the interesting fact that most of our best magazine stories and many of our popular novels are produced by men and women who are making some other profession their life-work. In other words, they are casual laborers in the field of letters and they regard whatever rewards accrue to their literary efforts as by-products of their real business. Again and again the discriminating reader, charmed by the native freshness of some story, or its sympathetic kinship with life, turns eagerly back to the front page to discover the author's name and finds that it is totally unfamiliar. The surprise thus occasioned should really not be a surprise at all, for writers of established reputations attach easily discernible trade-marks to their wares. Having achieved success with some particular setting or character or theme, or by some trick of literary style, they proceed to follow the dictates of modern industrialism and specialize upon that happy inspiration. I venture the assertion that any reader who boasts acquaintanceship with modern magazine fiction would find little difficulty, if presented with an anonymous story, in identifying the plot complications of the Rinehart brand, or the adolescent psychology of Tarkington, or the atmosphere of Zane Grey, or the "heart interest" of Kathleen Norris.

The Casual Literary Laborer, arriving at his desk a bit breathless after a strenuous day in the office or laboratory or kitchen, finds the fiction field bristling with neat and very clearly labelled surveyor's stakes. A great deal of the territory, he observes, has already been appropriated by his professional competitors. There are "No Trespass" signs visible on every side. Of course he may ignore these warnings, but a severe penalty is attached to such defiance. For whether his offense is premeditated or unconscious he will be branded as an imitator. If he would win for himself a position of honor he must venture forth into the uncharted wilds and prove up on his claim.

If he has mistaken an *appreciation* of literature for creative ability, he quails before the hardships involved in a pioneer's life. But if he be really an artist (and the fact that he is also a lawyer or a

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business man does not preclude this possibility) he plunges joyfully into the adventure of prospecting. To-day he writes a romance which smacks of life as he knows it; next month he tries his hand at mystery; later a psychological theme intrigues him. One of these wins editorial favor and is published in a magazine devoted to tales of swiftly moving action. On my front porch during a lazy summer afternoon, I read it and make mental note of the author's name, for I relish the unstandardized freshness of his style.

But diligent adherence to the magazine of Stirring Action fails to renew our acquaintance. I have abandoned the hope of ever meeting my summer-porch companion again, when suddenly I encounter him in the crowded drawing-room of one of the women's magazines. Here he is revealing a totally unsuspected interest in marital infelicity. He scores again through the not-at-all-simple expedient of putting life, as he knows it, into his story.

Our next meeting may be in one of those exclusive periodicals that have appropriated to themselves the attribute "literary." Curiously enough the Casual Laborer is frequently admitted here, sometimes he even begins his career here, where editors, less harassed by advertisers, are willing to experiment with a talented prospector.

To count the pulse of life with one hand and write fiction with the other is no small achievement. Left-handed writing is a laborious process at best, and it is especially arduous when the other hand is engaged in skilled wage-earning. But it is just this difficult and joyous adventure upon which our Casual Literary Laborer embarks. Now, how does he affect modern literature? Does his intermittent contribution lower or raise the general standard of what we read?

In so far as culture is concerned, that broad acquaintanceship with the best that has been thought and written, the modern short story has certainly suffered from this invasion of the tramp writer. Even the most ardent fiction fans would, I think, be forced to admit that the average magazine story lacks the rich background of culture that it had in the days when story-writing was entirely in the hands of scholars. There is a certain rootlessness about the product of the casual writer, a purely transitory appeal, which he shares with those specialists of the profession who too early became specialists. The author of a story which lives beyond the month which saw its publication in a magazine must tap a deeper reservoir of knowledge than that provided by contemporary life. A writer of great literature must dwell, for at least a part of his time, with the great personalities of literature. But it takes time to be, in even a modest degree, a scholar. And time is the very commodity which the Casual Literary Laborer and the precocious professional will tell you that he lacks. It is doubtful that, even if granted the time, these would employ it to improve their acquaintanceship with the masterpieces of literature. For there is an idea rampant in the land just now that the acquiring of mechanical technique is the whole duty of the author.

Student writers will submit, without resentment, to the task of acquainting themselves with the contents of innumerable text-books on writing. In doing so they merely conform to the fetich of the day. For text-books are bound trade journals, and the trade journal is the literature of the age. These inform us how we may do our job more efficiently than we are doing it and so increase our income. It requires time to keep up with the trade journals of any profession, but not nearly so much time as to establish a fair degree of intimacy with great books. The fundamental difference between the two pursuits is that trade journals make very little demand upon you and great literature makes a vast demand. A text-book on story-writing will come all the way to meet you and put into your hand certain valuable data upon literary technique. But a classic demands that you come a good half-way to meet it. It demands that you not only read, but that you reflect upon what you read. Now reflection is the thing that takes time, and time is money. . . . The Casual Literary Laborer who must satisfy the economic demands of his family or tuck them all safely into bed before writing may be considered at all, can certainly not be expected to spend a hard-won leisure in idle reflection upon what somebody else

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has written. The vital task, as he sees it, is to get into the game yourself before you grow too old or too tired or too indolent to write at all. And so, guided somewhat by the prevailing styles in fiction and somewhat by his own intimate knowledge of one particular phase of life, but not at all by any knowledge of the deeper racial life of humanity, he squares to his job.

But although that work lacks depth it rarely lacks insight. For what the modern short story has lost in cultural background and polished literary style, it has gained in a certain shrewdness of observation and comradeship with the life of its day.

In reading Hawthorne or Poe one is conscious of a stable, an unchanging personality back of the story. The author is forever and unalterably the author; a creator who records the doings and feelings of his creatures. But the modern author, and especially the casual author, who has not yet become a self-conscious analyst, seems to have no permanent personality at all. His attitude toward his characters lacks entirely the aloofness of the earlier short-story writers. Volatile as quicksilver, he inhabits first one and then another of the souls which he has created, wasting none of his precious time in comment upon them, absorbed entirely in the subtler business of feeling them. And he feels them because his right hand is in the swiftly moving current of life. He may resent its being there. He may assure himself despairingly that if he could but use both his hands he would write much better. He would, too. Undoubtedly he would write better if withdrawn for a time at least from the grinding routine of economic struggle. But he would not feel so acutely, and characterization is much more a matter of feeling than of writing.

Who has ever ached with a poignant sympathy for one of Poe's lay figures? Who ever felt any greater concern for his hero of "The Pit and the Pendulum" than impersonal horror or curiosity to see how his adroit creator would effect his rescue? But my heart and the hearts of thousands of readers are wrung times innumerable by the loneliness of some little shop girl or the desperation of some care-crazed business man as portrayed by an obscure, conscientious author who knows little of culture but very much of shops and business.

This is an age of universal education; an age which takes a four-year college training for all classes as a matter of course. And yet editors say that readers have never been so undiscriminating as they are to-day. This is because everybody reads, whereas in an era not yet remote reading was confined to a very definitely labelled intellectual class. And so the passing of the intellectual story-writer in America has been brought about by the submergence of the intellectual reader. It is one more item in the expense account of our democratic educational ideals. In some quarters there is a bemoaning of this tax assessment, a feeling that it is an unjustifiable expense.

For my own part, I think it well worth its cost; well worth it not only for the educational ideal but for our modern fiction. A country made up, as ours is, of highly trained specialists, of citizens educated to do only one thing, is in grave peril of losing its sympathy with its fellow men. Our social clubs are composed of people of similar interests and tastes, our industrial life is passed among our professional colleagues, or with those whom we are training to become our colleagues. All this tends to erect high walls about each group and to decrease our understanding of life as a whole. Fiction reading is one of the few remaining agencies by which we may re-establish our footing in the universe.

And so, while the Big Names on the covers of the popular magazines continue their vociferous and not too dignified clamorings for public favor, I, an average reader, concerned with the affairs of very average living, shall continue to search hopefully the Tables of Contents for my hard-working and harder-living literary prospector.

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He Could Catch Trout

BY FREDERICK WHITE

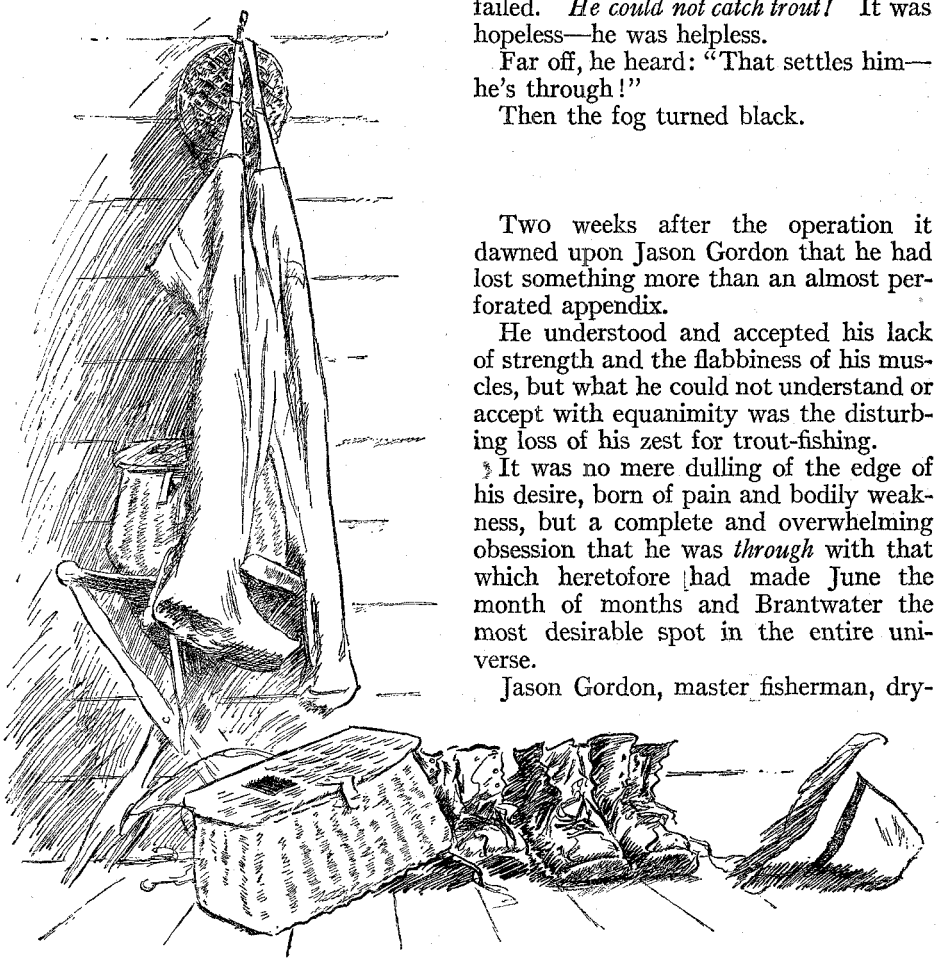
Author of "The Whirling Dervish," "J. Smith, Spicklefisherman," etc.

Illustrations by Gordon Stevenson

JASON GORDON was dreaming of fishing—trout-fishing on the Brant. He often dreamed of it—pleasantly—but this dream was not pleasant. He was fishing in a fog so dense that it not only obscured the rippling surface of the stream and the familiar rocks and ledges alongside which the brown trout lay, but hampered the forward thrust of rod and line and made the recovery a thing of leaden heaviness. Gordon felt that he was fishing in an atmosphere of liquid glue. Try as he would he could not *place* the fly. His arm was dead, his rod dead, and the line a lifeless thing of wretched ineptitude. He made a last desperate effort and failed. *He could not catch trout!* It was hopeless—he was helpless.

Far off, he heard: "That settles him—he's through!"

Then the fog turned black.



Two weeks after the operation it dawned upon Jason Gordon that he had lost something more than an almost perforated appendix.

He understood and accepted his lack of strength and the flabbiness of his muscles, but what he could not understand or accept with equanimity was the disturbing loss of his zest for trout-fishing.

It was no mere dulling of the edge of his desire, born of pain and bodily weakness, but a complete and overwhelming obsession that he was *through* with that which heretofore had made June the month of months and Brantwater the most desirable spot in the entire universe.

Jason Gordon, master fisherman, dry-

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fly purist and high-rod of Brantwater Association, was actually *afraid* to put his trained skill to the test with the wary trout. Sore in body, dazed and humiliated in soul, he kept his secret to himself, realizing that what he had lost was the thing upon which he relied more than on rod or fly or deftness of hand—his nerve.

Worrying retarded his convalescence and made him nervous and irritable. He harried his efficient and attractive nurse, Miss Marshall, frightened his sister, Mrs. Arlington Cross, and almost insulted Doctor Carstairs, who had been his surgeon and who still wished to remain his friend.

At night Miss Marshall left her patient to the capable if untender ministrations of Miss Bolt, the corridor nurse, who, in the relaxed atmosphere of the nurses' quarters was categorized as a "good egg but hard boiled."

"That case of yours," said Miss Bolt one morning as she wearily signed the night sheet and pushed it across the desk, "that case of yours makes me tired. You'd think he'd been having a tooth out and not an appendix. You'll have a case of hypochondria on your hands if you don't look out."

"Perhaps you could suggest some change in treatment?" Miss Marshall said crisply.

"I could," Miss Bolt assured her. "I'd treat him rough. You might even marry him," she finished with a sniff. "It's been done before."

Miss Marshall wheeled about.

"There's a limit to my ideal of service," she retorted. "I signed up to be a nurse, not a martyr."

Gordon glowered when she came in and snapped:

"You're five minutes late. Don't I pay enough to enjoy prompt if not efficient service?"

"I'm sorry," she answered as she raised the shades and let in a flood of sunlight. "Did you have a good night?"

"Rotten! That slab-sided harpy of a night nurse gets on my nerves—if they've left me any." And then, as he shifted his position: "I don't care what Carstairs and his associate butchers say; I tell you they've wrecked me!"

"Nonsense," Miss Marshall laughed. "You're almost well, and when you get away to that fishing place you'll find yourself as good as ever."

A look, almost of fear, flitted across Gordon's face and he turned away from the May sunshine and the glimpse of young green framed by the window-casing.

"Of course, you don't understand," he said rather gently—for him. "No woman can, although some of these bifurcated flappers make a stab at it. Fishing—trout-fishing on the Brant—takes everything a well man has—physically. It's no game for any one in my condition."

"I don't know much about fishing," Miss Marshall admitted. "But isn't there some nice shady place on the bank where you could do it quietly?"

A dull flush suffused Gordon's face and his hands flapped protestingly.

Miss Marshall shook down the mercury in her clinical thermometer and with a hasty "please," inserted it beneath his tongue in time to forestall the tirade which usually followed these temperamental collapses.

After a minute of enforced silence she withdrew the tube and turned it between her fingers against the light.

"Well?" Gordon asked impatiently.

"It's all right," she answered.

"What's the reading?" he demanded.

"It's all right," she repeated.

Gordon grasped her arm and despite her protest took the instrument from her. "Up a point!" he groaned, "and you call that 'all right.'"

Miss Marshall permitted herself a little stamp of a small foot. "If you do that again I'll tell Doctor Carstairs," she said. "It's temper not temperature that you have to worry about."

He thought it over when Miss Marshall left the room to prepare his breakfast tray.

There was something the matter with him—that was certain. Temper might account for his temperature but it could not account for the awful fear of fishing which had possessed him from the moment he began to realize that he was emerging into daylight from the dark ethery tunnel of unconsciousness. He was ashamed. Ashamed for himself, for his reputation, and afraid that his shame might become known. "If I'm *through*,"

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he muttered savagely, "I'll fight to protect what I *was*, even if it means a wheelchair and nurse for the rest of my life."

II

"Doctor," said Mrs. Arlington Cross, "I'm not satisfied with my brother's condition. He's so languid and mentally depressed. When I mentioned taking him up to Brantwater, he said if he had to go anywhere he might as well see the dear old river once more before he——"

She broke off and delicately touched her eyes with her handkerchief. "You don't think there is any real cause for apprehension, do you, doctor?"

Doctor Carstairs frowned.

"My dear Mrs. Cross, your brother is in excellent shape physically. Just now he may be experiencing a mental reaction not unusual in normal convalescence. A week on the Brant will clear him up."

"I hope so—sincerely," Mrs. Cross sighed. "Now about his nurse——"

"Nurse!" Doctor Carstairs exclaimed. "What does he want with a nurse?"

"I'm glad you feel as I do about it," Mrs. Cross sighed, "but Jason insists that something may happen at any time. Personally, I do not want a nurse—not Miss Marshall, in any event."

Doctor Carstairs stiffened. "Miss Marshall is one of my best nurses. I have yet to hear a justifiable complaint about her or her work."

"Oh, it isn't that she's not capable and kind and well-mannered. It's—this is very hard to say—it's that she is entirely too attractive. Of course, it's nonsense, but at my brother's age—he's forty, you know—and in his condition—men sometimes lose their heads and live to regret it."

Merrall.

Doctor Carstairs's mouth compressed for an instant. Then he raised his head and smiled. "I think," he said, "that I can relieve your mind on that score. Miss Marshall is quite unlikely to take other than a professional interest in her patients, but, if your brother insists on having a nurse, I would suggest Miss Bolt."

Mrs. Cross beamed. "You mean the tall, gaunt female, doctor; the one on night duty at the hospital?"

"Yes, Miss Bolt has been working very hard and I think the change will be beneficial both to her and to your brother. I will be glad to speak to her about it."

"Damn these woman complexes," Doctor Carstairs muttered when Mrs. Cross had departed with a pleased smile. "I wonder how Lucy will take it and won't old Jason yelp when he finds what sister and I have done to him?"

And Jason did "yelp" when the news of the impending change in nurses was gently, if firmly, broken by his foresighted

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sister. He yelped so effectively that he succeeded in producing a point of temperature followed by a sinking spell, during which he lay back on the couch and moaned terribly.

Miss Marshall, summoned from her rest as Mrs. Cross hurried to telephone Doctor Carstairs, arrived unflurried, but with her hair in unusual, if becoming, disarray. She calmly measured out a dose of spirits of ammonia and held it to her patient's lips.

Gordon gulped it down, and began to raise himself from the pillows.

"Keep still," Miss Marshall ordered with unusual sharpness.

"Promise you won't leave me," he gasped appealingly.

"Leave you! Why should I leave you? Keep quiet now and you'll feel better after a little."

"Promise you'll stay by me at Brantwater?"

Miss Marshall permitted herself to smile the amiable, humoring smile one bestows upon a sick child.

"All right," she agreed. "I'll promise to stay as long as you think you need me."

"Thank God. I couldn't stick it out with that other woman."

"What other woman?"

"Miss Bolt. Don't you know they're scheming to get rid of you and send me away with that cold-blooded fish of a night wrangler?"

The tone was querulous, but his voice showed increasing strength.

Miss Marshall's cheeks were pink with surprise and resentment, and she thrilled with righteous indignation.

"Miss Bolt!" she exclaimed, and then demanded: "Who? Why?"

Gordon turned his dull eyes upon her. "You know it tires me to talk," he said testily. "Miss Bolt, yes. Who? My sister and Doctor Carstairs. Why? Because they consider you good-looking enough to be dangerous—to me."

"Oh!" Miss Marshall's small hands clinched and she stamped a foot. "This is intolerable!"

"Not so intolerable as being run off the job by that corridor harpy," Gordon suggested. "Anyway, you promised."

He turned his head on the pillow and closed his eyes as the door opened quietly. Mrs. Cross, with a glance at the relaxed figure on the couch, beckoned to Miss Marshall. Outside, she said:

"I may as well be perfectly frank. This morning I consulted Doctor Carstairs as to the advisability of a change in nurses. We both agreed that for reasons —other than professional—such a change would be desirable. My brother, however, was so affected—physically—as you have seen, that I have just told Doctor Carstairs that I think it wise to retain you for the trip and until we see how his condition is influenced by a new environment."

"And Doctor Carstairs agreed—first and afterward?" Miss Marshall's voice was surprisingly cool and calm.

"Yes. And, by the way, the doctor wishes to see you at his office. He has some personal instructions as to your future—treatment of the case."

Judge Holcomb.

For a moment the crisp linen of Miss Marshall's uniform blouse reflected some tumult beneath. Then she said quietly: "I can go now. Mr. Gordon will be all right when he knows there is to be no change. It was that he dreaded."

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Mrs. Cross watched the slim, graceful figure as it tripped down the corridor. Her first thought was: "What wonderful hair." And then: "That girl will bear watching."

In her own room, while changing from uniform into street frock, Miss Marshall also thought two outstanding thoughts.

The first was half vocal and entirely whole-hearted. It was: "Cat! I guess that will keep her worrying."

And the second, addressed to the mutinously smiling reflection in her mirror: "But won't I make *him* pay for this if I ever *do* marry him. Just won't I though!"

III

THE arrival of Jason Gordon at Brantwater was always an event of importance. This year it bid fair to approach the dignity of a function, as several of Jason's friends and associates had foregone their afternoon fishing for the privilege of welcoming this sterling sportsman who, characteristically, had declined to permit even an operation to interfere with his June fishing.

But instead of a noisy cheering section it was a shocked and nonplussed delegation that stood quietly aside as the bent figure of Jason Gordon, supported by Mrs. Cross and a younger woman, emerged shakily from a big limousine and tottered up the path to the inn door.

"He never noticed us," Judge Holcomb almost whispered.

"Neither would I if I had a peach like that to look at," said Merrall, a newcomer. "Who is she?"

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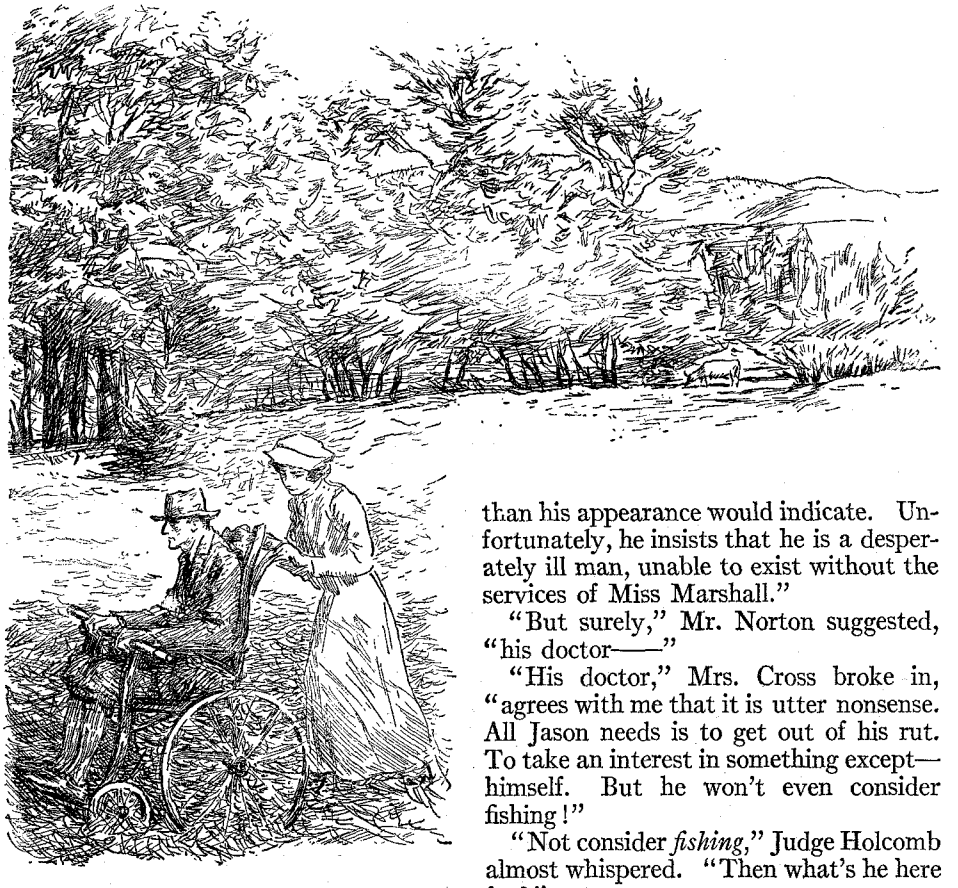

"*That*, sir," said the judge, with dignity, "undoubtedly is Mr. Gordon's trained nurse."

"Well," said the unabashed Merrall, "if he doesn't enjoy a lingering convalescence he's even worse than he looks. Anybody want to go fishing?"

The invitation was received in stony silence. Merrall grunted and strolled off, whistling.

Mrs. Cross found three of Jason's former companions sitting disconsolately on the steps of the rod-room an hour later.

"I want you to know," she said, after they had greeted her, "as Jason's old friends, something of my brother's condition."

"I can assure you, madam," said the judge, "that we all are deeply grieved—shocked, I might say, to see him still in the hands of a nurse."

Mrs. Cross winced. "My brother," she said, "is in better condition, physically, than his appearance would indicate. Unfortunately, he insists that he is a desperately ill man, unable to exist without the services of Miss Marshall."

"But surely," Mr. Norton suggested, "his doctor——"

"His doctor," Mrs. Cross broke in, "agrees with me that it is utter nonsense. All Jason needs is to get out of his rut. To take an interest in something except—himself. But he won't even consider fishing!"

"Not consider *fishing*," Judge Holcomb almost whispered. "Then what's he here for?"

There was something untender, almost hard, in Mrs. Cross's smile. "Ostensibly, to see the dear old river once more before he dies," she said. "Actually—" she hesitated: "I can't tell you what I fear, but as Jason's friends and as men of the world I ask you to *watch*, and form your own conclusions."

A trim, graceful figure in spotless white appeared on the inn porch and looked across to the group on the rod-room steps. Mrs. Cross called: "Very well, Miss Marshall, I'll be there in a moment." Then, as a parting shot to the sober-faced men: "You see! If Jason has anything the matter with him it's *that!*"

Judge Holcomb rumpled the gray hair above his tanned forehead. "I suggest," he said, "that we wander down to the bridge and go into executive session. So far as I can ascertain from the somewhat biassed testimony we have just heard, plus the indisputable evidence of our own eyes,

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the operation itself, while successful, has left a complication in its wake. Let's go."

In the days which followed, Jason, gaunt and spiritless, sat for hours in his wheel-chair, looking with dull eyes across the flat to the dwindling stream and the swelling green hills beyond.

Drought, with its consequent low water, kept the trout down and drought of the soul similarly affected Jason. Nothing could persuade him to make an effort. He simply refused to rise.

Judge Holcomb, Ames, and Norton frankly confessed themselves puzzled.

Miss Marshall's professional instinct warned her, likewise, that something was wrong with her patient.

"He doesn't seem to be getting anywhere," she admitted to Mrs. Cross. "I don't think it's medicine that Mr. Gordon needs, but a thorough shaking up, mental and physical."

"Perhaps Doctor Carstairs would run up for a week-end fishing," said Mrs. Cross. "It would relieve my mind to have his opinion."

Miss Marshall flushed. "I don't believe Doctor Carstairs would be interested in the fishing," she said carelessly. "He's awfully fussy and he hates to go out of town."

Mrs. Cross glanced at her. "She doesn't want Carstairs to come," flashed through her mind. "I wonder why?" Aloud she said: "I am going to write to him in any event. I'm not at all satisfied."

That afternoon Judge Holcomb sat for a long time with Jason and talked fish and fishing. Mrs. Cross had motored over to Brandon for tea and bridge, and Jason, on the arrival of the judge, had somewhat curtly suggested to Miss Marshall that she would not be needed for an hour or so.

"It's an impossible situation until the stream gets up again," said the judge, complaining bitterly of the apparent scarcity of fish. "They simply won't feed in the daytime. Why, there's a brute of a trout under that rock in the meadow pool. I've kicked him out twice after floating a fly right past his nose."

Jason slowly raised his head and looked across the sheep meadow to where the wide pool lay.

"Probably the one I had on last August," he said. "He belongs in that hole at the turn, but when the water gets low he moves up to the bridge pool. Evidently he's waiting for a spate before working through the rapids. I estimate him, this year, at full five pounds' weight."

This was like the Jason of old and the judge, delighted, pressed his advantage.

"He's still there, waiting for you; but what worries me is that one of these outlanders may snag him on bait."

Jason frowned. "Who's this Merrall?" he demanded. "Miss Marshall tells me that he brings in fish—big ones—every night."

"Merrall," the judge sighed, "is so blamed honest that I hate to criticise him. He's a dry-fly man, by inclination, but, on occasion he descends to spinners, spoons, minnows, and frogs, and he makes no bones about it either. The thing he's proudest of is *getting* 'em when the getting's hard."

"The damn fool gave Miss Marshall a lesson in casting the other day," Jason growled.

"Humph!" the judge grunted, with a calculating glance. "I presume she had to take what was offered. Pity you don't take her in hand yourself and ground her properly."

An eager light flashed for a moment in Jason's eyes. Then his mouth set stubbornly and he shook his head. "My fishing days are over," he said. "I'm through."

The judge's store of patience was sadly tried. To him it appeared that, whatever the motive, Jason's baffling attitude was deliberate.

"Have it your own way," he said shortly. "But I'll tell you one thing; before I permit that innocent girl to be misled by any dod-gasted bait fisherman I'll —I'll take her out and teach her the a-b-c's of sound fishing myself!"

Jason was startled almost out of himself. Heretofore his attitude had been accepted with regretful consideration. Was it possible that the judge and others suspected that he was shamming without understanding the hidden cause of his studied inactivity? For the first time the fear of being known for the quitter he was almost overshadowed the greater fear

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which had so long obsessed him. Physically he wanted to struggle—to fight—if only he could break through this appalling inhibition. He groaned dismally.

"Sorry, old man." The judge's voice was full of contrition. "Had no business to speak as I did—forget it. Only," he went on, "only, I—all of us—want to see you on your feet again. Won't you try?"

Jason pulled himself forward in his chair with arms that shook. His eyes were full of something akin to apprehension and he spoke slowly, as one forced against his will by some conflicting agency.

"Yes," he said, "damn it, I'll *try!* I'll try to teach that woman to handle a rod like a lady—if she has mentality enough to forget the muckerish tricks she's been picking up along the stream!"

IV

THE relation of mind to matter may be essentially a simple thing, but with the growth of the imagination, suggestion and inhibition, reflex and complex have further complicated an already intricate existence.

Jason Gordon, being a primal sort of person, only knew that he was afraid to fish, and his instinct told him to conceal this fear from others by playing dead, as it were. Stronger, however, than his fear of fishing was the fear that it might be discovered that he was afraid, and his first positive reaction in weeks came from the implied suggestion of Judge Holcomb that he might find it possible to do something if he would.

It had been a struggle and a half compromise at that, but, to save himself from utter degradation of spirit, he swore that he would teach Miss Marshall how to fish if it killed him.

As it happened, except for the nurse and himself, the house was deserted that Saturday afternoon. The men had all driven over to a mountain lake and Mrs. Cross was again motoring to Brandon.

"Shall I read?" Miss Marshall asked, as she pushed Jason's chair under the shade of a huge maple.

"No," he snapped. "Go to my room and bring me the fishing-rod in the leather case. Also the black tin box in the tray of my trunk."

"You're not——?"

"No, I'm *not!*" Jason said testily. "But I'm going to show you how it's done."

"Mr. Merrall—" Miss Marshall began, but Jason cut her short.

"Merrall!" he scoffed. "It's Merrall and his degenerate school I'm trying to save you from. Why, I can spot a bait caster by his wrist action even when he pretends to be a dry-fly man. You don't want to start tarred with *that* brush, do you?"

"No," Miss Marshall admitted hesitatingly, "but——"

"What's the use of arguing? You know it tires me. Run along and get that rod."

"I wonder," she said to herself, as she went, "if this means interest in me—or fishing? Anyway, something has waked him up."

Jason's hand trembled as his fingers touched the worn leather of the rod which she brought him. He was torn between a desire to caress it and an impulse to cast it away as a thing of danger—for him. With an effort he hung on to himself and the rod.

"Now," he said, "if you think you can manage to roll me down to the river we'll go."

It was to Miss Marshall's credit as a nurse, that she received this cool request with equanimity. She repressed whatever she may have thought as a woman, and accepted the task with a sense of professional elation that her patient was really getting somewhere at last.

A few yards from the bank, now high above the stream bed, she parked Jason in the shadow of an old elm and sank panting on the grass. The last fifty feet had been a rough up-grade.

Jason did not notice her. He was looking at the stream, broken by outcropping boulders into a series of pools and runs where once the water had flowed smoothly, if swiftly, to the turn below. Drought indeed! No wonder the trout hugged for safety the hollowed sides of protecting rocks and refused to stir.

Doggedly he began to set up the slender rod and to fix the reel. Then he summoned

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Miss Marshall to thread the tapered line through the guides and sent her down the bank to soak a nine-foot leader. When she scrambled back again he made her attach it to the line by means of an intricate figure-eight knot.

Miss Marshall was still warm and her fingers stiff from pushing Jason's chair across the field. "Bother!" she exclaimed as she fumbled awkwardly.

"It is," Jason admitted, "but I'm willing to do it for the sake of starting you right. Now hand me that fly-box."

Inwardly fuming, she obeyed him and with hot cheeks watched while he selected a fly and skilfully demonstrated the turle knot by which he affixed it to the leader point.

"Pink Lady," he said, holding up the fly. "It is," he added, "singularly, if unintentionally, appropriate to the occasion. Are you merely hot or just angry?"

Her reply was quick enough and sharp enough, but was greeted by silence.

Jason, sitting upright in his chair, was waving the rod back and forth, oblivious to everything but the Pink Lady which floated above him. Something in his intent pose, his new and evident sureness, held her as that master hand, working without effort from the wrist, tuned the impulse of the rod to perfect cadence with the graceful sweep of billowing line and leader.

Breathlessly she watched as the cast lengthened and each forward thrust sent the hovering fly across the rock-broken water.

And then, when it seemed impossible that even with this perfection of timing the slender rod could longer control the weight of line, Jason's wrist checked. His trance-like expression changed to one of amazed dismay and she turned in time to see the fly alight gently in the shadow of an exposed boulder far out in the stream. A glistening section of black rock seem to detach itself at the water level and the dusky shadow was shot with white.

Miss Marshall turned again at Jason's muffled exclamation to see her patient standing erect; his body tense, his eyes narrowed, and a look of fierce intentness on his face, as if an electric thrill had shot along the tight line and shocked Jason himself into life and action.

For Jason *was* alive and acting with the cool deliberation born of years of hard experience.

"Oh!" she cried, "you've caught a fish!"

"Shut up and keep out of the way," Jason hissed, and with every yard of recovered line he deliberately worked his way down the bank until he stood ankle-deep in the shallow water.

She knew that he was in no condition to so expose himself to physical and nervous strain, but she dared not protest. She stood, waiting for the expected collapse, and saw what experienced anglers would have given a week's fishing to see: Jason Gordon playing the heaviest fish of his career under exceptionally trying water conditions.

Above the boulder where the fish had taken the fly stretched a fairly deep and wide run, but outside this area danger lurked everywhere in shallow riff and rock-infested pool.

After the first flurry the big trout moved ponderously up-stream to the middle of the run, where Jason let him sulk under firm but gentle pressure while he studied the possibilities of controlling him when the inevitable rush began.

So far he had acted almost by instinct. Momentarily the false casts from his chair had hypnotized him to the extent of forcing the true cast without conscious intent on his part. The strike had been instinctive, and it was the old satisfying thrill from solidly set fly to every eager nerve that had brought the normal reaction. And as Jason stood, fast to the big trout, he knew that he needed that fish badly and that the coming minutes might well prove momentous.

Then the big trout moved, searching the limits of the pool, as if to determine the available fighting space before exploding into action.

Twice he completed the round, assisted by the steady urge of Jason's rod spring, which hastened rather than hampered his movements and subtly suggested the advisability of steering clear of rock and shallow.

On the third circuit the shadow of the rod fell across his path and a mad rush followed which carried him floundering through the broken water above into a

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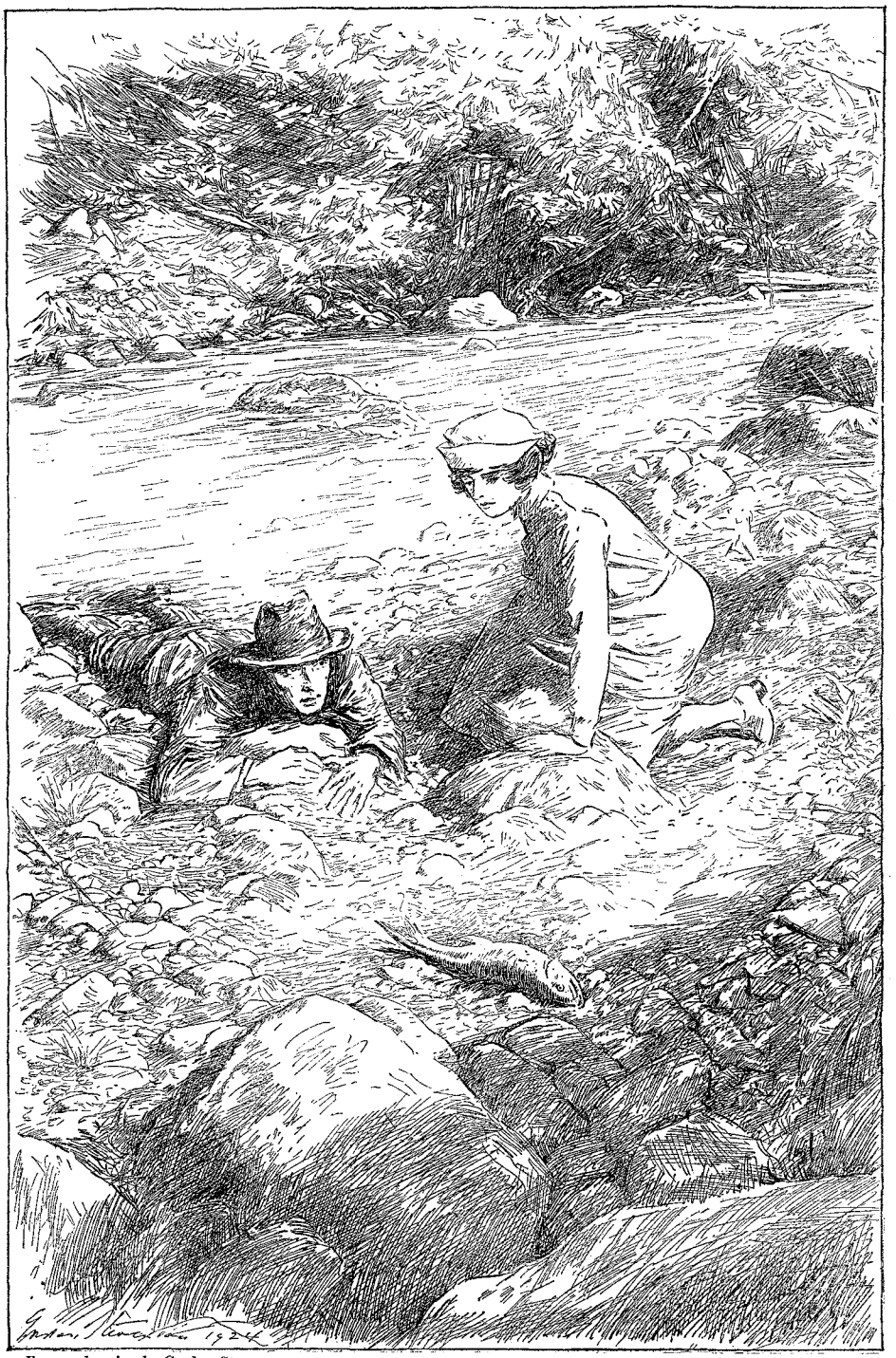

From a drawing by Gordon Stevenson.

She called out: "That settles him—he's through!"—Page 396.

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pocket where, head down and broad tail thrashing, he nosed against the bottom in an effort to remove the cause of the persistent drag which hampered and irritated him.

It was then that Jason appreciated the full bulk of the fish and the difficulty of the task before him. The only possible chance lay in persuading the trout to return to the heavier water of the run and there playing him to exhaustion—his or the trout's—for excitement and exertion were taking their toll of Jason, and his knees trembled and his hands were none too steady.

Painfully he made his way over the stream bed, sometimes knee-deep, at others standing dry on white, sun-baked bottom rocks, until he reached a point where he could exert a powerful side pull on the steadily working fish. Gradually the pressure told; the great head lifted, and the massive shoulder turned until it felt the influence of the current, and the curving body, swept in a half-circle, lumbered through the rapids and into the pool below while the reel screamed and Miss Marshall, thrilled and astonished, pressed her hand to her lips in order to prevent an equally shrill outcry.

Jason followed the fish, struggling and splashing, but always in touch through beautifully given or recovered line. Once he fell to his knees, but there was but an instant slackening of line. In a moment the rod sprung again and he reeled up the excess from the slack in his hand before staggering to his feet.

The excursion up and down the rapids —its enforced contact with hated and feared obstacles—had also taken something from the big trout. He lay midway between bottom and surface, in the sustaining water of the run, his gill-covers opening and closing as he fought against exhaustion.

And Jason, panting, fought not alone his own weakness, but *against* the possibility of recuperation in the fish. With all the power he dared exert, he pumped and harried the big trout, lifting, dragging, and turning the great bulk until it rolled and staggered with weariness and the gleam of shining under body displaced the dark shadow of the broad back.

At last the fish quit and began to drift down, tail first, the surface water lapping his working jaws. Jason had no landing net and there remained only the chance of drawing him to the bank and spanning the thick neck with quick grasping fingers. But Jason dared not submit the light leader to the necessary strain. With thumping heart he followed along the length of the run until, at the lower end, the trout grounded, and, feeling the alien touch on his under body, leaped into life with a flurry of scattered spray.

And Jason met each thrashing leap with the skill of a swordsman, his flashing rod keeping the line in perfect touch, where slack or instant strain might prove fatal.

There came a moment when the trout rested in deeper water and Jason's opportunity came. Aided by the current he swung the fish into a narrowing channel and, with rod bent like a bow, led him, head on, into a shallow pocket among the cobbles. With his last strength he staggered over to the fish and, sinking to his knees, spanned the head and sunk his eager fingers behind the plates of the panting gills. For a moment he knelt there, pressing heavily and oblivious to the drenching spray thrown by the thrashing tail.

His eyes fixed upon the draggled "Pink Lady," set in the tough undernose, and still in contact through leader and line with rod-tip and holding reel. He nodded as if satisfied. With a great effort he heaved the big trout far up on the sun-baked stones.

"Struck, played, and—*beached!*" he cried as the fish landed and lay quivering at Miss Marshall's feet. Then he slumped forward with his head on folded arms. He was very tired.

Miss Marshall had been watching the struggle breathlessly. Toward the end she realized that it was a question of endurance between man and fish and she feared for her patient. When the big trout thumped upon the stones her first thought was to assure the exhausted Jason that he had, without question, won the fight.

She called out: "That settles him—he's through!"

Jason's head had sagged as he waited for the darkness to compass his oblivion,

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but instead the fog of fatigue cleared and he began to see—light. He pushed his shoulders up from the stones.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"It's all right," Miss Marshall cried, "you got him! Don't try to stand up yet."

"What did you say?" he persisted. "Repeat the words—exactly."

"Why—why, what do you mean? I said, 'that settles him, he's through.' I meant the trout—I wanted to—" She broke off as Jason, gaunt, and wet, and dishevelled, got to his feet and stumbled to her.

"Listen," he said. "Think back and think clearly. I've heard those words before—in your voice—before the operation. Why did you say, 'that settles him, he's through'?"

She looked at him for a moment, puzzled. Then her face cleared. "Why, yes, I do remember," she said. "It was when they were giving you gas—before the ether. You made a great fuss and it was hard to control you. When you finally went under I did say *that*."

A great light of understanding came into his eyes. His hands reached out and grasped her shoulders. "Well, I'm cured," he said quietly. "Cured of—of—nothing at all." Then he kissed her.

Miss Marshall, with a little cry of dismayed protest, pushed him away. Jason regarded her thoughtfully.

"I say," he said. "You know you've been a brick—putting up with my idiosyncrasies and everything. I didn't realize how much you've stood for until I caught that fish and heard what you said and found I wasn't through. It's been hell—plain hell—thinking I'd lost the knack and afraid to make the test."

Miss Marshall's blue eyes flashed. "So that's what's been the matter with you!" she cried. "I'm glad you realize that it's been h— hard for me, too. It was!"

"I do realize it—I'm trying to make you understand. Didn't I kiss you a minute ago?"

"You did," said Miss Marshall, "I'm quite set up. I recognize that it was a toss-up between me and the fish."

Jason looked at the trout on the stones and then at the girl. The afternoon sun, striking across the pool, touched her hair and framed the downcast face in a golden glow. A shivery thrill not born of dripping garments played across his shoulders.

"No," he said slowly, "I never thought of the fish. I wanted to kiss you."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

Jason blinked at her. "Honestly, I don't know. I was so glad; a come-back and all that sort of thing—and you seemed pleased."

She knew he was telling the truth, but perhaps the truth was too impersonal. "Don't you know," she asked accusingly, "that a thing like that might make a nurse lose her job, even if it was no fault of hers?"

"It never occurred to me," Jason replied seriously. "You see, I never had a nurse before and I'm quite unfamiliar with the—er—rules."

"Rules!" Miss Marshall hovered between wrath and amusement. "Can't you see it's a thing above rules? It's a question of respect and—and—respectability."

"Oh!" said Jason. He walked away and picked up his rod, squinting along its length and testing its spring by the pull of the line. Handling the familiar implement seemed to straighten out more than the rod. He turned to the girl.

"That being the case," he said, with dignity, "I will endeavor to make amends. Will you marry me?"

"No, I will not!" And, at once, she was sorry that she had not tempered the abruptness of her refusal, for the expression on Jason's face made her feel as if she had slapped a child.

"So, I am as impossible as that," he said.

"Please forgive me, Mr. Gordon," she begged. "You're not impossible at all. It's only that it's impossible for *me*. I'm—I'm going to marry Doctor Carstairs."

"Carstairs! Does he know it?"

"Yes," she answered, smiling, "I think he does, although we had a tiff before I came here with you. I was angry because he was willing to let Miss Bolt replace me—at your sister's request."

"Oh," said Jason thoughtfully, "I'm sorry," and, as her eyebrows raised in question, "sorry for everything but your happiness. Carstairs is a good fellow—and fortunate."

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Miss Marshall's eyes were bright with understanding. "I am happy to see you well again, especially as I seem to have been responsible for the—complication."

"Strange," Jason mused, "almost unbelievable, now that it's over. But very real then and now."

He picked up the big trout. "That," he said, "is a record fish for this stream. He'll go nearer six than five pounds and he's an unusually perfect specimen; small head, deep body, and smooth lines. I'll have him mounted and present him to you as a token of all that I am unable to express in words, hoping that you will understand."

"But he means so much to you," Miss Marshall protested.

"That's why I want you to have him," Jason said. "It's the way I feel."

Miss Marshall wanted to laugh hysterically. It had been an emotional afternoon for her as well as for Jason. But Jason's utter simplicity touched her and she would not hurt him.

"It's a wonderful gift," she said steadily, "I just love it."

They scrambled up the bank to the meadow level. The wheel-chair confronted them. Also, across the yellowed field, two figures were approaching. One easily recognizable as Mrs. Arlington Cross, the other a man in town attire.

"George—Doctor Carstairs!" Miss Marshall gasped.

"Don't you want to see him?" Jason asked quickly.

Color flooded back into her cheeks. "Yes, of course. But I didn't expect him. Mrs. Cross must have sent for him to see *you*. You're supposed to be ill—an invalid. What will they think—how can we explain?"

Jason smiled. "Don't be afraid," he said soothingly, "it doesn't pay. It's foolish to worry about things until you've proved they're worth worrying about and even then, usually, they're not."

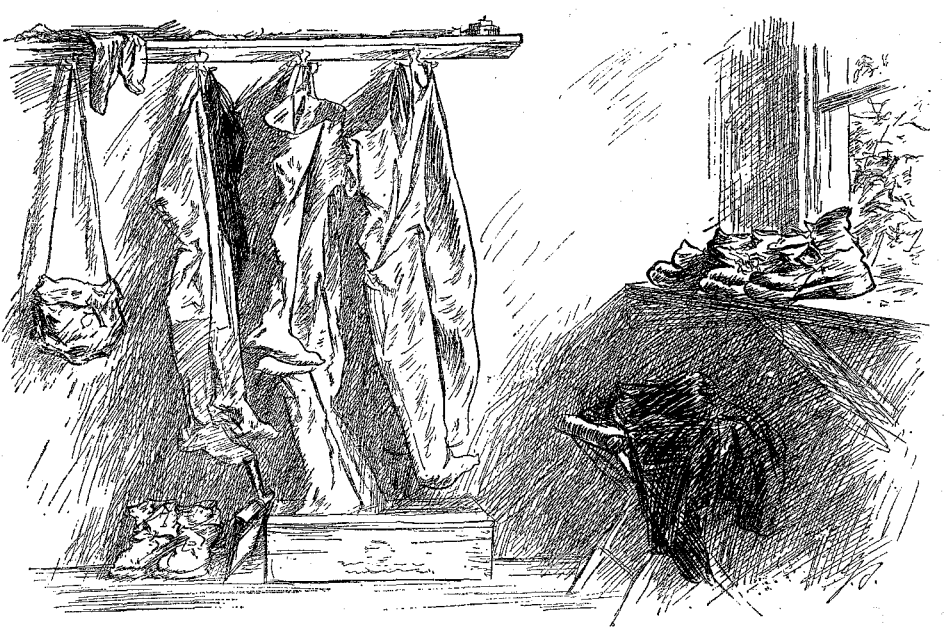
He took her hand in quite courtly fashion and seated her in the wheel-chair.

"But you, what are you going to do?"

"I," said Jason, "am going to stand on my feet with my fish in my hand and complex them into believing that it is *you* the doctor really came to see. After that, I shall lead my sister away and explain all that it is well for her to know."

She looked up at him wonderingly. "You are a most remarkable man."

"Oh, no," Jason said. "I'm an awful dub about a lot of things—you know that. But, there's one thing that helps a lot. I can catch trout."



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Child Labor as a National Problem

BY ERNEST J. EBERLING
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FOR the third time in eight years, Congress has very clearly expressed its belief in the thoroughly national character of the child labor problem by the passage of a proposed amendment to the Constitution, which upon ratification by thirty-six States, gives Congress "the power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." During the next two years at least there will be, throughout the country, prolific discussion of this problem as the various State Legislatures prepare to adopt or reject the amendment. One of the most important arguments that will be advanced against the proposed amendment is that the regulation of child labor is a matter for State and not federal control. It is the purpose of this article to point out the historical significance of this problem and show its present *national* character.

The problem of child labor is not a recent one by any means. The early history of modern industrialism in England bristles with irreparable injuries done to children. Long hours of work, insufficient wages, lack of educational opportunities, forced deprivation of pleasures that belong to youth, and exposure to many degenerating influences were among some of the many evils prevalent during this period. F. A. Walker in his book, "Political Economy," states that: "The beginning of the nineteenth century found children of five, and even three, years of age in England working in factories and brickyards, found the hours of labor whatever the avarice of the individual mill-owners might exact, found the air of the factories fouler than language can describe, even could human ears bear to hear the story."

The reasons for the development of these evils in connection with modern industrialism in England are not difficult to find. The new capitalistic system, which developed synchronously with the invention of machinery in England, made great demands on the labor supply of the country; moreover, as the mills depended on a water supply for power, most of them were built upon the rapid streams in the northwest part of England, where the population was scarce. To fill this lack of labor in industry, the parish poorhouses and workhouses in the larger cities were called upon. Manufacturers, noting the possibility of using the children living in these charitable institutions in their industries, quickly availed themselves of the opportunity, and soon a nefarious apprenticeship system developed. Children quartered in these institutions were taken into industry under a contract between their employers and the overseers of the poor, whereby employers were to furnish board, clothing, and instruction in return for the work of the child. These workers were quartered in apprenticeship houses constructed in the vicinity of the work-shops. Housing conditions were wretched, hours of labor excessive, and supervision was often inhuman. During periods of great industrial activity, child workers were organized in two shifts, each working twelve hours, one during the day and one at night. Probably the situation is adequately described by Mrs. Browning's famous poem, "Cry of the Children":

"Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.
. . . . . .

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"'For oh!' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.'
. . . . . .
They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
'How long,' they say, 'How long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailèd heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?'"

The arguments stated for and against child labor during this period might prove interesting because of their similarity to those quoted in the United States at the present time. Among the more important arguments against child labor heard during this period there was, first, the purely sentimental argument, the feeling that in wealthy, humane, Christian England, it was unendurable that little children should work longer hours and be condemned to greater hardships than the slaves of tropical countries; secondly, the fact that child labor for long hours cut off any possibility for any intellectual or moral training on the part of these children; thirdly, it was claimed that physical degeneracy of the race would follow. The arguments presented in favor of child labor were, first, such regulative laws were an unjust interference with business; secondly, such laws would make it impossible for England to compete with other countries which had no legal restrictions; thirdly, the individualistic *laissez-faire* policy of the time was opposed to such regulation.

Enough has been stated here to give an idea of conditions prevailing in England during the incipient stage of the modern capitalistic system of production. The purpose in this review of conditions has been to show the early development of the problem of child labor.

In the light of the brief discussion of the misery and suffering of children in the early English factories, we are prone to think that such conditions could possibly obtain in a country where there was not an abundance of land, and where there was a more rigid classification of social classes. In America, however, with a government founded on principles of justice and equity, no such conditions could be possible. Such a belief, however, is founded on ignorance of the true situation. It is only that the similar suffering of American workers at the same stage is less familiar. As one writer has aptly put it, "in both countries, the cradle and the home were robbed to secure victims for the natal sacrifice of new-born capitalism."

In Benton, "Abridgements of the Debates of Congress," vol. 5, page 638, we read that a member from New York expressed his gratification upon the floor of Congress, in 1816, that: "Arkwright's machinery has produced a revolution in the manufacture of cotton; the invention is so excellent, the effect in saving labor so immense, that 5 or 6 men are sufficient for the management of a factory of 2,000 spindles, spinning 100,000 pounds of twist yarn yearly; the other hands are *mere children*, whose labor is of little use in any other branch of industry." A Congressional committee, in the same year, estimated that of the 100,000 persons then employed in the cloth industry, only 10,000 were men, while 66,000 were women and female children, and 23,000 were boys.

Miss Edith Abbott, in her article on "Early History of Child Labor in America," printed in the *American Journal of Sociology*, vol. 14, pp. 15–37, states: "Evidence indicates that children from eight to fourteen years of age were employed, and that women and children frequently constituted the total working force."

A contemporary witness testified to the fact that all of the operatives in the first complete cotton factory in Rhode Island, built by Samuel Slater, "the father of American manufactures," were between seven and twelve years of age.

Alexander Hamilton, in his "Report on Manufactures," called attention to the usefulness of children in industry. It was a common argument that the work of manufacture could be best accomplished by children. As satisfactory statistics are not available for the period prior to the Civil War, it is impossible to determine the extent of child labor in the earlier period. However, there must have been an increase, as there was practically no regulation prior to the Civil War.

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mercial development after 1860, the employment of children became an important national problem. The first census which gave adequate statistics of the number of children gainfully employed was that of 1870. This census showed that 739,164 children between ten and fifteen years of age were employed, of whom 114,628 were in manufacturing plants. The 1880 census showed 1,118,356 children from ten to fifteen were employed, or 16 per cent of all in that age group, or during the decade an increase of 59 per cent in employment of children. The 1900 census gave the number of gainfully employed children as 1,750,178, or 18 per cent of the age group between ten and fifteen, with an increase of 56 per cent over total for 1880.

According to the census of 1910, 1,990,225 children were gainfully employed between ten and fifteen years of age. Of these 895,946 were under fourteen years of age. Of those between ten and thirteen 609,030 were boys, and 286,946 were girls. The 1920 census states that there were 1,060,858 child workers between ages of ten and fifteen, and that 1,437,000 children between ages of seven and thirteen were not attending any kind of educational institution. The great decline in child labor as shown by the 1920 census as compared with the figures given by the 1910 census, is explained first by the fact that the census date was changed from April 15 to January 1. This would make the total smaller, as fewer children are employed in agriculture in January than in April. Secondly, some decline can no doubt be explained as a result of the effectiveness of federal regulation during this period, coupled with the growing sense of the importance of the problem.

There are several conclusions to be drawn from this brief survey: first, child labor has always been a problem in industry; secondly, the possibilities of profit in the employment of children have stifled the adoption of drastic methods of reform; thirdly, there is need for a better understanding of this problem and its significance in our social system.

As has already been intimated, people are surprised when told there is a child-labor problem. Even supposedly well-informed persons, librarians and teachers, will tell you that practically all States have passed remedial legislation and that there is no child-labor problem in Christian America. A half hour's study of some of the literature published by the United States Children's Bureau will dispel such an attitude. When we are told by competent authorities that a million children leave school every year for work in mines, quarries, stores, factories, and on the farm without adequate training for their life-work, denied the possibility of a broad vision and a tolerant mind coupled with better mental equipment, we are bound to admit that we have a serious situation to face. The significance of this problem is emphasized by a statement recently made by one of our police court justices that the majority of our crimes for the past five years have been committed by persons under twenty-one years of age. What statistics are published do not reveal the whole story. It is estimated that more than one-eighth of the total population between ten and fifteen is employed in gainful occupations unregulated by State or federal child-labor laws.

I have before me a copy of the child-labor law of Alabama, passed in 1919. Alabama is conceded to have the most modern and progressive legislation on child labor of any Southern State. Yet I read the following, written into this law: "I. The Alabama child-labor law prohibits the employment of any child under fourteen years of age in any occupation, except that of *agriculture* or *domestic service*, at any time while public schools are in session, either during the hours of school or during the hours after school." While it is true that the law and its enforcement in Alabama were so efficient that federal authorities under the federal act of 1919 left the administration of the law entirely in the hands of local authorities under State law, yet in a bulletin published by the United States Children's Bureau, Alabama had 84,397 children in age group ten to fifteen employed and, of this total, 77,395 employed in agriculture. In other words, Alabama's law applied to only 8 per cent of its gainfully employed population in age group ten to fifteen.

Texas has like conditions, a fairly modern child-labor law applying to child labor in industry and commerce, but exempting

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children employed in agriculture, or a total of 80,872 children employed, of whom 69,031 are engaged in farm work. That is, the law applies to about 14 per cent of the total number of children employed. Of course, child labor on the farm may not be quite so bad as work in industries and commerce, with its close confinement, yet we are told by the National Child Labor Committee, in Pamphlet No. 284, March, 1919, that "wherever rural child labor is greatest, we find the highest percentage of illiteracy and the largest proportion of children not attending school."

The conditions in Alabama and Texas are typical of most of the Southern States, and many of the Northern ones. Such a condition leads to the conclusion that we need more effective educational laws as well as a wider application of the child-labor laws.

The problem of child labor is also serious in the newly settled sections of the country, especially in the northwest and the Western States, and on truck farms tilled by recent immigrants. Here we find a sort of padrone system, where the father of a family will hire out himself and his family to take care of a certain amount of truck-gardening on shares. This means that the father will very often work his children long hours at the most back-breaking toil, denying them education and pleasure, in order to make his venture a profitable one. This sort of system is, no doubt, the most serious aspect of the problem of child labor on the farms.

Due to extensive reports and investigation made by the United States Children's Bureau and by such organizations as the National Child Labor Committee, the American Association of University Women, the Federated Churches of America, and many others, a fairly adequate knowledge of conditions in the northeast section of the country is available. What we need to know is more about the evils of child labor on the farms, especially the truck-farms, of the country. The census of 1920 reports 185,333 children engaged in manufacturing and mechanical industries, 80,000 in some kind of clerical occupation, 63,000 in trade, and 7,191 in mining, as compared with 647,309 in agricultural pursuits. This certainly indicates the importance of this problem, especially when we remember that both federal and State legislation have exempted children so employed from any regulation or control.

Prior to the present proposed amendment Congress made two attempts to alleviate the evils of child labor. In 1916 it passed a statute prohibiting the shipment in interstate and foreign commerce of goods produced in mines or quarries in which children under sixteen years of age were employed, or in mills, canneries, workshops, factories, or manufacturing establishments in which children between fourteen and sixteen years of age worked more than eight hours per day, or six days a week, or between 7 P. M. and 6 A. M. This law was declared unconstitutional, and a second law was passed, which imposed a tax upon profits of all establishments employing children in violation of these standards. This statute also was declared unconstitutional.

So at the present time the situation is something like this: there is no federal regulation of child labor, and only eighteen States have laws that measure up to the standards set by federal legislation of 1916 and 1919. Nine States have no law prohibiting all children under fourteen from working in factories and stores, twenty-three States with a fourteen-year minimum wage limit have weakened their laws by permitting exemptions under which children not yet fourteen may work, thirty-seven States allow children to go to work without a common-school education, fourteen States permit children under sixteen to work from nine to eleven hours a day, two States do not regulate in any way the daily hours of labor of children, and five do not protect in any way children under sixteen from night work.

Moreover, since the last federal child-labor law was declared unconstitutional, the legislatures of forty-four States have been in session. Only eight of those State legislatures, however, made any improvement in the age and hour standards of their own child-labor laws, and none of them brought their laws up to the standards of the previous federal laws in every particular.

What is the result? The problem of

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child labor, relieved from federal regulation and with our State legislatures so lax in their attention to this question, has become more serious in the past two years. There has been an undeniable increase in the number of children prematurely employed. Then again States desiring to protect their children from this evil find their efforts nullified by the competition of other States having low standards. It is evident that what is needed is a national remedy to deal with this national problem. The construction of the federal Constitution, which distributes the powers of government between the States and the federal government, has fairly hindered the solution of many national problems, and child labor is no exception. Under the present interpretation of the Constitution by the United States Supreme Court, the regulation of child labor is a matter for State control and the hands of Congress are tied. Therefore further Congressional action is futile until the Constitution has been amended.

The amendment as proposed by Congress is an enabling act giving Congress the power to pass necessary laws for the regulation of child labor throughout the nation. This will mean the establishment of uniform standards for employment of children and make a national gauge from which progress made in child welfare can be determined. At the same time the right of the State to transcend these standards is completely safeguarded; in fact, it is the belief of many of those now advocating the amendment that Congress may never use the power which the amendment would give it, as many States would raise the level under which they are now operating, if only to keep the federal government from using its authority. No doubt, others would follow along because they would be ashamed to lag behind the advancing procession. The question is: are we ready for such a move, admitting its advisability on the part of those fully informed? If lack of understanding of the problem, the prejudice of parents who are still willing to exploit their children, or the class of employers who know nothing of recent studies of the efficiency of child labor and its economic and social waste, is to determine the question, then undoubtedly the answer would be—No! But it is to the intelligent, fair-minded, and thoroughly informed minority that we must look for action on this proposition. This means a definite drive to educate the people of the country to the economic and social waste of child labor, to broaden the minds of those parents who still entertain the Old World idea that children are to be wage-earners for the parents until they are of age, and hence while they are children they must support the preceding generation, instead of fitting themselves to support the succeeding one. Both the Republican and Democratic parties have announced in their platforms their belief in the need for the proposed amendment and "urge the prompt consideration of that amendment by the legislatures of the various States." Hence a drive should be made on our State legislatures to encourage them to ratify the proposed amendment, also to pass more enlightened educational laws. If America is to maintain its civilization and improve its society, it must begin with its children. In this day and age of marvellous industrial accomplishment why isn't it possible to achieve splendid social and moral development? Lethargy and inaction coupled with ignorance and narrow-mindedness will never improve such a situation. So let those who are interested in bettering these United States do their part in eradicating this one of our most important social problems.

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The Point of Recoil

BY CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD
Author of "Vive la France," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PORTIA NOVELLA

VERNON TREVOR was found done to death on his own golf-links, with a bullet-hole in the back of his head. He had gone out about noon on Thursday for his usual solitary golf practice, and was found lying on his face three hours afterward. No one had been seen near the course. There were no footprints, no marks of struggle. The sole clew to the identity of the assassin was the rifle-ball which had caused Trevor's death.

When the man about the place, who had come upon his still-warm body, stumbled into the veranda with the news, Stella Trevor, his wife, was away from home. In fact, she did not return from her shopping in the city until some time after six, when the police were in possession of the premises.

She met them carrying her husband's body in through the side-door, into the library, where they laid him on the leather couch. When they told her what had happened, she went a sick white and buckled up limply on the floor—a proceeding which belied various rumors concerning her and Lee Parmalee, for the Country Club sports were laying bets that the Trevor-Parmalee affair would furnish copy for the next divorce case.

Following up all possible clews, the police rounded up Lee Parmalee, and the newspapers fell upon him with joy. They took his alibi and dissected it, and tested the parts, and contrived by oblique methods peculiar to themselves to destroy his character completely in the process.

It was not a perfect alibi. Nor was Mr. Parmalee's character any more perfect than that of many who condemned him. And the press has a duty to watch-dog the public. Lee Parmalee bore no ill will for the liberties they took with his reputation. At least, their mishandling did not draw him out of the silence in which he had chosen to wrap himself.

Aside from a brief affidavit stating that he had spent the better part of Thursday afternoon at the Hotel Embassy, he made no effort to clear himself.

The clerk at the Hotel Embassy, who knew him, testified that he had seen him on the afternoon in question, on his way to the Russian tea-room. But, although he was well known to the habitués of the tea-room, no one else had seen him there, whence it was concluded that for some reason best known to himself he had "made himself scarce." The clerk was pretty positive that Mr. Parmalee had passed the desk "some time after four o'clock." As the murder must have been committed in the early part of the afternoon, Mr. Parmalee's alibi was admittedly weak.

Interviewed as to his whereabouts before four o'clock, he stated that his car was out of commission, and that he had spent the fore part of the afternoon on the train, coming in from Long Island, where he had been on a shooting-trip—a fact which the newspaper sleuths were not slow to co-ordinate with the crime. Mr. Parmalee, they pointed out, was known to be an expert marksman with the rifle.

A bit of gossip which lent a dramatic confirmation to public suspicion was dug up by an industrious reporter, and introduced as damaging evidence before the court of opinion. Vernon Trevor had been heard to say, when his wife's absorption in Parmalee was thrust upon his attention, that "he'd be d—d if he would whitewash those two with a divorce."

As for Mrs. Trevor, she remained in strict seclusion after the funeral. She issued a simple statement through her attorney to the effect that Mr. Trevor had

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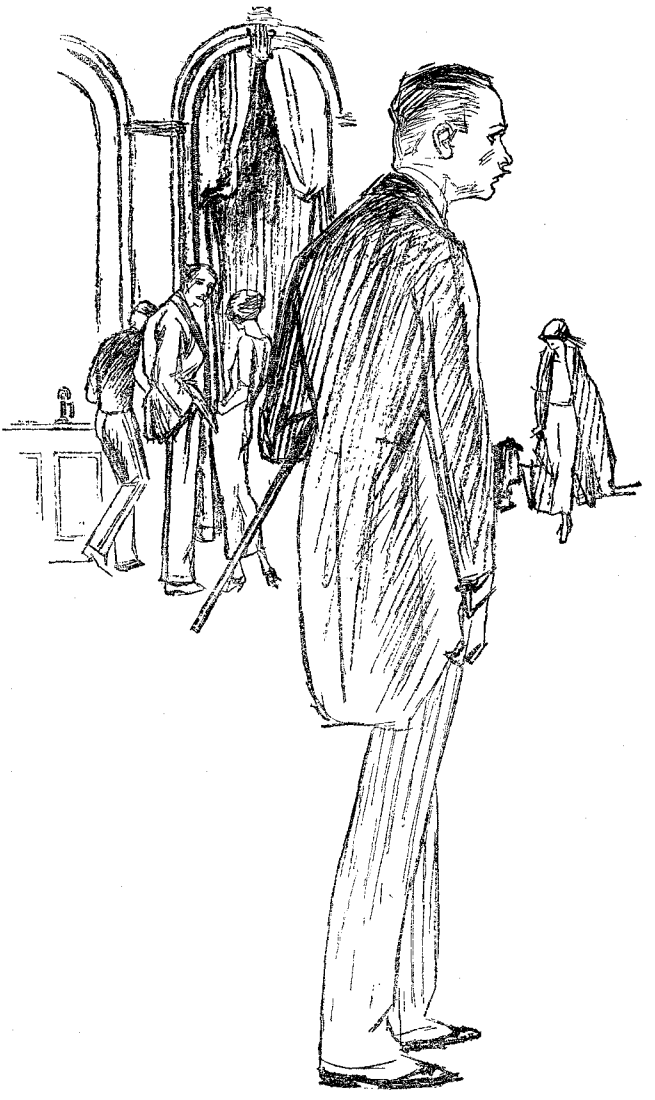
left for the links about noon on Thursday for his weekly golf practice. So far as she knew, he had no enemies. She herself



The clerk was pretty positive that Mr. Parmalee had passed the desk "some time after four o'clock."—Page 404.

had gone into town to do some shopping. She had not motored in, because it was the chauffeur's afternoon off. Finding herself taken faint, she had taxied to the Hotel Ambassadors for tea.

Her statement was borne out in part by an acquaintance who had seen and spoken with her at the Ambassadors shortly after four o'clock. This lady reported that Mrs. Trevor appeared to be waiting for some one. Finally, she had ordered tea for one.

The affair was still in the stage of daily press bulletins, when Lee Parmalee threw discretion to the winds and went to call on Mrs. Trevor.

His indiscretion was not shared by Mrs.

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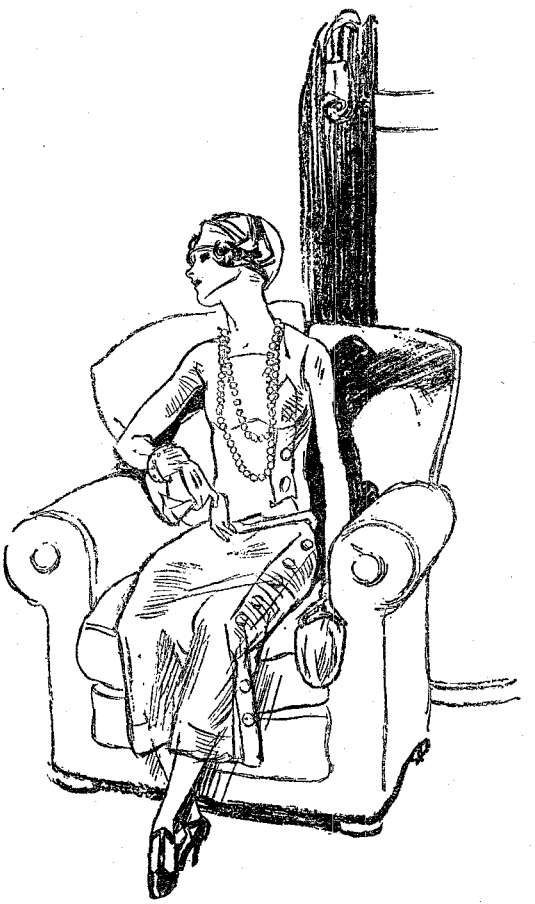
Trevor, however. The maid returned with his card to say that her mistress was indisposed and would on no account see any one. Whereupon, Parmalee scribbled a few words in French on the back of his card, and begged the girl to take it up again.

"office," the rather businesslike little sideroom in which she conducted her housekeeping. Stella had always prided herself on her efficient management of her domestic affairs. All but Vernon.

She looked up with surprise from the



Mrs. Trevor appeared to be waiting for some one.—Page 405.

Now, it happened that the maid was an up-to-date maid, a 1924 cinema model. She studied French at evening school, and she also knew how they do things in the silent drama. She made out the message on the back of the card. It said: "In God's name, let me see for myself how you are."

Slipping the card in her apron pocket, she tripped back to Parmalee, and asked him to "step up."

He found Stella in what she called her papers she was assorting, as Parmalee entered. The maid drew the door shut with celerity. But her chance to do some amateur sleuthing came to naught, and likewise her hope of front-page publicity. The door was furnished with a snap-lock, and there was no keyhole through which to observe her suspects.

One detail of the case which had caused some unfavorable comment was the fact that Mrs. Trevor had neglected to observe the decorum of the occasion and put on

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"You must be perfectly mad to come here like this."

black. She was not wearing it now. Her smartly tailored frock was of neutral shade, Parmalee noted, but at least she was not guilty of the hypocrisy of mourning.

"Why did you come?" was her low-voiced greeting.

"I had to see you. Tell me, have they frightened you?"

"No. They have been very considerate."

"Thank God! You have been spared the third degree."

She looked at him oddly.

"You must be perfectly mad to come here like this. Surely, you knew I would say nothing to incriminate you."

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"I know. I know. But I thought my coming here might help to divert suspicion from us."

"From us?" Her tone was cold.

"From you. Even if you hadn't received me, it would look as if we had nothing to fear."

She gripped the polished arms of her office chair, and cried out with sudden intensity:

"In God's name, where were you?"

"I? At the Embassy, waiting for you."

"The Embassy? I said the Ambassadors."

"No. The Embassy. I'm positive. I only just destroyed your note."

"I meant the Ambassadors, of course. It always was the Ambassadors!"

"That's why I thought you purposely meant to change."

Her composure suddenly gave way. She struck her clenched hands against her forehead, and rocked back and forth.

"Oh, what made you come? It's hard enough without seeing you. You might have known I would stand by you. Even in this!"

He was beside her now, yearning over her.

"I couldn't bear to leave you alone with your remorse."

She looked up at him. Something which each saw in the eyes of the other made them fall back in mutual horror.

"You think I did it!" rang from each pair of lips.

His first reaction was of anger.

"There's a woman's vanity for you!" His fierce laugh ended in a sharp intake of the breath. "My God! You thought I would kill to get you!"

Thrown on the defensive, she flung back:

"You knew he went out on the links alone on Thursdays."

"Was that all it took to make you think me a murderer?"

"You're a crack shot with the rifle."

"And you? How about the score you rolled up on the rifle-range last fall?"

"That was luck—and you looking on. I never did it but the once. Besides, you didn't keep our appointment."

"It was you who didn't keep it."

"But the show-down, when he wouldn't give us the divorce? When he said he was going to shame us before the whole world? You were going to kill him then."

"In the heat of anger, yes. And man to man. But a shot from the back! That's a woman's way."

"How dare you say that?"

"You seem to forget what you told me on a certain occasion—the last—at the Ambassadors. You said you would kill him if he ever approached you again."

"You—you accuse me of that! You! After all I've stood for your sake, all I've braved! To put this stain upon my love!"

"It's not the first stain there's been upon it!"

He wished he had bitten back the savage retort the next instant, she went so deathly. Something within him did leap forward to ask her pardon, but something stronger held him back. A mutually repellent force seemed to have sprung up between them from the moment they had beheld that blood-guilty self-picture in each other's eyes. Each had convicted the other of murder. Each had been ready to stand by the other, guilty. But neither could endure the blood-stained vision of self mirrored in the heart of the other. The point of recoil was reached.

It was at this moment that the telephone—a convenient disguise which the devil elects to assume in modern drama—buzzed briskly on the desk. Stella pulled herself together and answered it. Presently, she said:

"Mr. Parmalee is here. Will you kindly repeat to him what you have just told me?"

Parmalee took the receiver. The voice of her attorney came over the wire:

"You'll be relieved to hear it, Mr. Parmalee. A Mr. James North has confessed to the accidental shooting of Mr. Trevor. It seems he was out hunting on the afternoon of the accident, near the Trevor golf-course, and was horrified to learn that one of his bullets had probably killed Mr. Trevor. He has come forward like a man to relieve you of further embarrassment. Oh, yes! The police have accepted his story. He was able to identify the bullet."

The click of the receiver as it settled on the hook sounded very loud to them, so great was the stillness that had fallen between them. Parmalee picked up his hat, and hesitated a moment at the door. Then with a distant inclination of his head, he went out.

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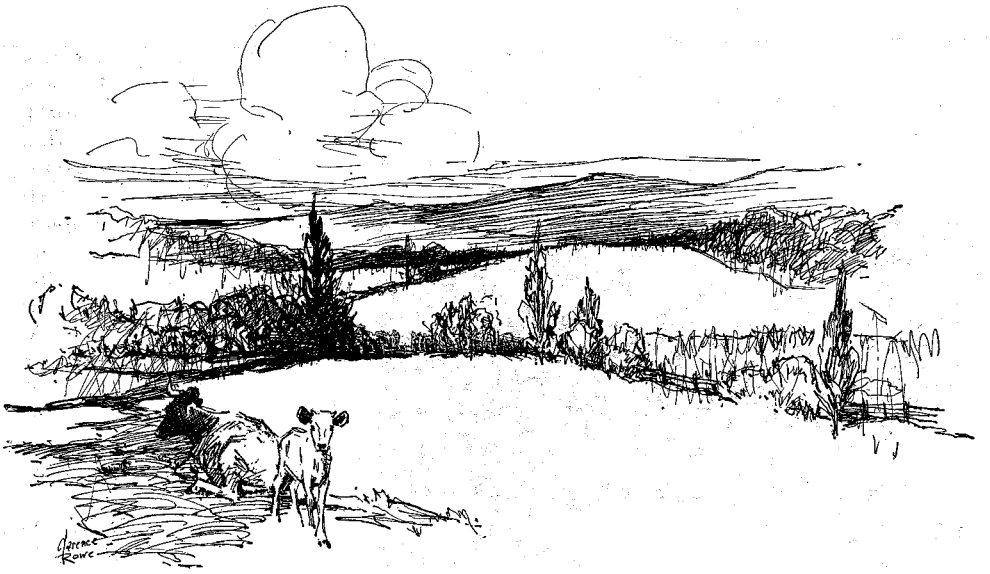

Albemarle County.

A Ramble in Virginia

BY CLARENCE ROWE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

IN looking at Albemarle County over a sketch-pad, very little imagination is needed to push back the hand of time and see it again as a country of romance and chivalry. The setting is there. The composition is done and, with the mere detail of a change in costume, one is back to ante-bellum days.

The quiet dignity, the simple grandeur, and the purity of the architecture of the old homes are most impressive. They speak so eloquently of the past, they still exude the faint delicate perfume of bygone days. The high-ceilinged halls resound to the steps of the minuet and the Roger de Coverley. Glimpses of a hunting breakfast; the egg-nog at Christmas time; an evening in May when the apple-trees are in bloom—all flit so easily across the pad.

No matter how nervously alive an artist's pencil may be, it is a slow medium to express one's ideas on being plunged into this wealth of material. I came down here in search of etching subjects. Just enough for one good plate would have sufficed, and here I was swamped at the start.

One look at the University of Virginia and I said: "Well, that's not to be trifled with—we'll just pigeonhole that layout for a separate trip."

Flivvering down Vinegar Hill in Charlottesville I longed for a blowout or a little dash of engine trouble—anything to give me a legitimate excuse to clamber out and roam among these quaint old streets. But with the deadly efficiency of this brand of car we whirled along hitting perfectly on all four. Monticello flew past—not a pause—a most interesting group appeared on the right—a beautiful old brick mansion with a cluster of outbuildings just as Rembrandt would have massed them. "Hey! let me out!" I was answered by silence—if there is such a thing as silence in a Ford going from thirty to thirty-five an hour. The speedometer clicked merrily along until a couple

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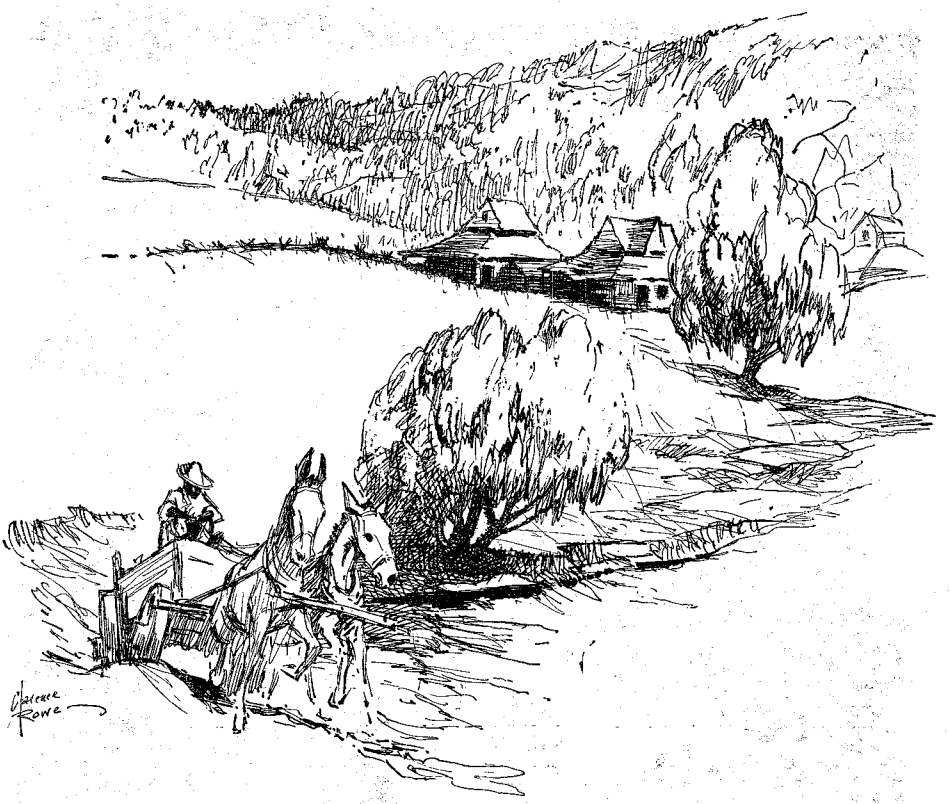

Tobacco Barns.

of tobacco barns loomed up on the left. They were clinging to a hillside up a gentle slope with a foreground of willow-trees. A ploughed field just back of them showed deep red, and this against the dark-green pine woods of the mountainside was more than I could stand. "Say!" I shrieked, "I let you get away with Monticello and that Rembrandt stuff on the right—now you've got to give me this."

I was quietly told to wait till I saw Estouteville, that I would go crazy over Tallwood, and that Woodville and Enniscorthy were just what I was after. Well, they were right, and wait I did in the literal sense of the word, for if one has serious motives as to work in Albemarle County he must reckon with the hospitality of these people—a characteristic which time has not changed. In fact, it is in such a flourishing condition one wonders if the gentlefolk do anything else but see to the comfort and amusement of their guests.

As a result the stranger within their gates is more than liable to be caught in a vortex of social pleasures that is sure to relegate work or study to a few odd moments snatched at much effort. The copper plates will bloom a purple blush from disuse, and the etching-needles take a coat of rust unto themselves, unless a firm stand is taken. Consequently, with much effort, I finally landed myself beneath the yew-trees of Tallwood.

It is a veritable cathedral of nature. Originally they were brought from England, but the date is not known. Certainly it was in Colonial times. The gnarled and twisted boughs intermingle in most intricate forms as they bend gracefully over and touch the ground. A few spots of sunlight splash a pattern on the carpet of needles beneath one's feet. Overhead the tangle of boughs is bewildering in its fascinating forms. One could go on indefinitely finding endless bits of beautiful drawing.

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With the mere detail of a change in costume one is back to ante-bellum days.—Page 409.

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Estouteville.

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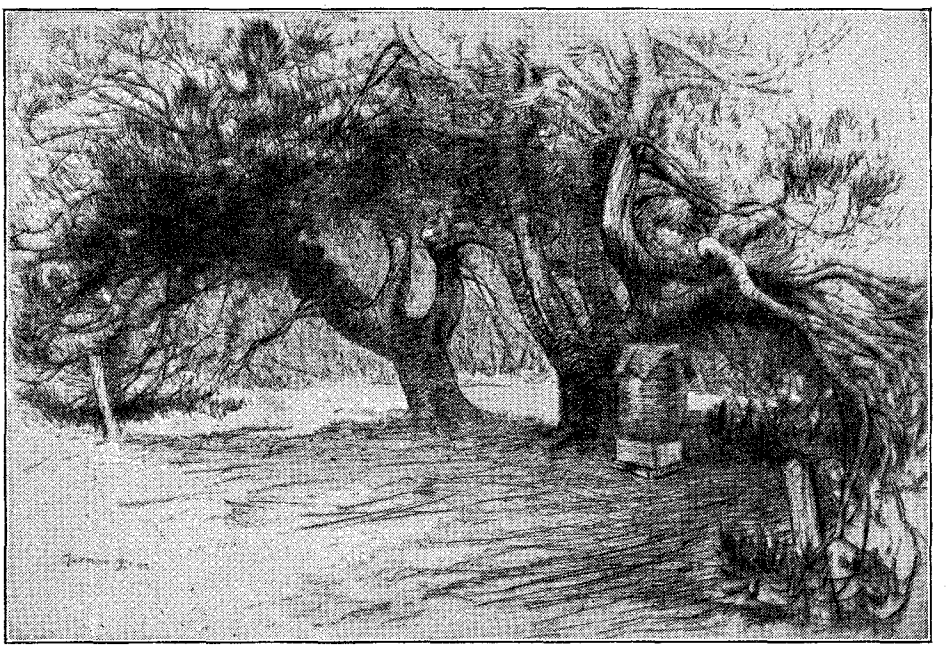
All through that long, quiet day I worked, the silence broken only by the hum of bees as they travelled to and fro about some ripening figs near by. Occasionally a mocking-bird would peer at me curiously, then disappear with a flash of white feathers. Toward evening I stole away, half convinced that should I linger till nightfall I would see tiny elfin



Yew-Trees at Tallwood.

faces appearing in the tangled forms. Fairies are sure to play in just such a place.

Estouteville is perched on a plateau surrounded on all sides by the lines of distant mountains. Tea is served in the friendly shade of a giant pine, and between its sweeping boughs one glimpses the majesty of the gleaming white pillars and the long sweeping lines of the roof. What dignity, what repose, and what grandeur are represented by the picture!

At Donegal I was busily engaged in solving the problem of the perspective of the long lines of a boxwood hedge. Nature surely put one over on me here. At the point nearest to me, where the hedge started, it was about five feet high, and gradually increased until where it reached the house it was fully ten or twelve feet in height. Thus, instead of obeying all the natural laws of perspective and diminishing with distance, it grew larger and larger. Absorbed in the problem, I turned to discover the source of a clicking sound, and there stood Bill, the peacock, on the running-board of a freshly washed car. He was gazing intently at his reflection in the polished surface of the body and gently pecking at it. I arose and drove him off; he circled the car and hopped on the far side. Driven from there he quietly walked around and resumed his position on the near running-board. Not wishing to spend the afternoon playing hide-and-seek with a peacock, I went back to my perspective. So there he strutted for a couple of hours, cocking his head first on one side and then on the other, and registering unbounded admiration at each new move. That bird should buy a ticket to Hollywood. "Vain as a peacock" is no idle jest. It's a fact.

It is impossible to attempt a description of all these beautiful old places. All of them have their individual charm and, instead of being relics of the past with a touch of sadness in the marks of decay, they are beautifully kept up and whisper of their histories and traditions in a most cheerful manner.

The outbuildings hold much interest for

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an artist—the kitchens, with sometimes a covered lane to the house, the laundries, the smoke-houses, and servants' quarters. One is liable to stumble across the most fascinating bits in poking around in odd corners. I discovered a laundry at Round Top with a wonderful old fireplace, Dutch oven, and crane. Could I have picked it up bodily and carried it North, I would have had a studio envied by all.

Negro Cabin.

The negro cabins gleaming white in the sunshine, the pickaninnies, the lines of fluttering clothes, and the gentle, civilized, highly cultivated aspect of the country give one a feeling of peace and repose. A freshly ploughed field of red soil rises to meet a cobalt sky, a vivid green meadow in the foreground, and one is tempted to abandon copper and needles and take to canvas and brush.

At Schuyler is the only soapstone-quarry in the United States. Here evidently originated the school pencils of some time back which maybe you, and certainly I, used to chew behind our geographies.

A camel's-back engine noses up to a passenger-car which I'm sure was on the job when white beaver hats were thought stylish. Gently it pushes the car from Esmont to Alberene. The engineer toots

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Donegal.

loudly at the crossings and exchanges friendly salutations with the passers-by. Time means nothing in Virginia. We arrive and gaze down the vast holes cut in the hillsides. The soapstone is sliced off straight down, and the saw marks give it much the appearance of a shining white checker-board.

My sketch made, we ambled down the track to meet the train. Around a sharp turn we heard it coming. Standing in the middle of the track the president of the road, who was our host of the afternoon, held up his hand, and old Camel's-back, which was doing all of eight miles an hour, came to a stop and we clambered aboard.

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I wonder if I could put that over on a subway train at Times Square?

Seated in the section reserved "for whites," I complimented the president of the Rockfish, Esmont, and Alberene Railroad on his equipment, road-bed, general efficiency, and entire absence of wrecks. He took the compliments lightly, and with a twinkle in his eye told me how delighted he was to furnish passes to the presidents of other roads when they had occasion to travel the eight miles of track traversed by old Camel's-back, but that he in turn was caused much embarrassment by the complete ignorance of well-versed railroad men as to the whereabouts of his road. Some time ago he had occasion to visit the vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad on a matter of business. Before the interview had begun the vice-president said "Do you mind telling me just where this railroad of yours is located? I've never even *heard* of it."

From this I judge that railroad presidents as well as artists have their petty worries.

My chief worry at the moment was hanging over my head like a black cloud. To-morrow I must leave this delightful country and must say good-by to these people, who, to my mind, have come nearer than I to the solution of how to live the ideal life. That was something really to worry about.

Outside Kitchen.

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The White Monkey

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

PART III

I

BANK HOLIDAY

WHITSUNTIDE Bank Holiday was producing its seasonal invasion of Hampstead Heath, and among the ascending swarm were two who meant to make money in the morning and spend it in the afternoon.

Tony Bicket, with balloons and wife, embarked early on the Hampstead Tube.

"You'll see," he said, "I'll sell the bloomin' lot by twelve o'clock, and we'll go on the bust."

Victorine squeezed his arm, and through her dress fingered a slight swelling just above her right knee. It was caused by fifty-four pounds fastened in the top of her stocking. She had little feeling, now, against balloons. They afforded temporary nourishment, till she had the few more pounds needful for their passage-money. Tony still believed he was going to screw salvation out of his blessed balloons; he was "that hopeful—Tony"; and they with their heads only just above water on his takings. She smiled. She, with her secret, could afford to be indifferent now to the stigma of gutter-hawking. She had her story pat. From the evening paper, and from communion on buses with those interested in the national pastime, she had acquired some necessary information about racing. She even talked of it with Tony, who had street-corner knowledge. Already she had prepared chapter and verse of two imaginary coups; a sovereign made out of stitching imaginary blouses, invested on the winner of the Two Thousand, and the result on the dead-heater for the Jubilee at nice odds; this with a third winner, still to be selected, would bring her imaginary winnings up to the needed sixty pounds odd she would so soon have saved now out of "the altogether." This tale she would pitch to Tony in a week or two, reeling off by heart the wonderful luck she had kept from him until they had the whole of the money. She would slip her forehead against his eyes if he looked at her too hard, and kiss his lips till his head was no longer clear. And in the morning they would wake up and take their passages. Such was the plan of Victorine, with five ten-pound and four one-pound notes in her stocking, attached to the pink silk stays.

"Afternoon of a Dryad" had long been finished, and was on exhibition at the Dumetrius Gallery, with other works of Aubrey Greene. Victorine had paid a shilling to see it; had stood some furtive minutes gazing at that white body glimmering from among grass and spiky flowers, at the face, turned as if saying: "I know a secret!"

"Bit of a genius, Aubrey Greene—that face is good!" Scared, and hiding the face, Victorine had slipped away.

From the very day when she had stood shivering outside the studio of Aubrey Greene she had been in full work. He had painted her three times—always nice, always polite, quite the gentleman! And he had given her introductions. Some had painted her in clothes, some half draped, some in that "altogether," which no longer troubled her, with the money swelling her stocking and Tony without suspicion. Not every one had been "nice"; advances had been made to her, but she had nipped them in the bud. It would have meant the money quicker, but—Tony! In a fortnight now she could snap her fingers at it all. And often on the way home she stood by that plate-glass window, before the fruits, and the corn, and the blue butterflies. . . .

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The White Monkey" will be found in "Behind the Scenes with Scribner's Authors," page 5.

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In the packed railway-carriage they sat side by side, Bicket, with tray on knee, debating where he had best stand.

"I fyvour the mokes," he said at last, "up by the pond. People'll have more money than when they get down among the swings and cocoanuts; and you can go and sit in a chair by the pond, like the seaside—I don't want you with me not till I've sold out."

Victorine pressed his arm.

Along the top and over on to the heath to north and south the holiday swarms surged, in perfect humor, carrying paper bags. Round the pond children, with thin, grey-white, spindly legs, were paddling and shrilly chattering, too content to smile. Elderly couples crawled slowly by, with jutting stomachs, and faces discolored by the unaccustomed climb. Girls and young men were few, for they were dispersed already on the heath, in search of a madder merriment. On benches, in chairs of green canvas or painted wood, hundreds were sitting, contemplating their feet, as if imagining the waves of the sea. Now and again three donkeys would start, urged from behind, and slowly tittup their burdens along the pond's margin. Hawkers cried their goods. Fat dark women told fortunes. Policemen stood cynically near them. A man talked and talked and took his hat round.

Tony Bicket unslung his tray. His cockney voice, wheedling and a little husky, offered his colored airs without intermission. This was something like! It was brisk! And now and again he gazed through the throng away across the pond, to where Victorine would be seated in a canvas chair, looking different from every one—he knew.

"Fine balloons—fine balloons! Six for a bob! Big one, madam? Only sixpence. See the size! Buy, buy! Tyke one for the little boy!"

No "aldermen" up here, but plenty in the mood to spend their money on a bit of brightness!

At five minutes before noon he snapped his tray to—not a bally balloon left! With six Bank Holidays a week he would make his fortune! Tray under arm, he began to tour the pond. The kiddies were all right, but—good Lord—how thin and pale! If he and Vic had a kid—but not they—not till they got out there! A fat brown kid, chysin' blue butterflies, and the sun oozin' out of him! Rounding the end of the pond, he walked slowly along the chairs. Lying back, elegant, with legs crossed, in brown stockings showing to the knees, and neat brown shoes with the flaps over—My! she looked a treat—in a world of her own, like that! Something caught Bicket by the throat. Christ! He wanted things for her!

"Well, Vic! Penny!"

"I was thinkin' of Australia."

"Ah! It's a gaudy long wait. Never mind—I've sold the bally lot. Which shall we do, go down among the trees, or get to the swings at once?"

"The swings," said Victorine.

The Vale of Health was in rhapsodic mood. The crowd flowed here in a slow, speechless stream, to the cries of the booth-keepers, and the owners of swings and cocoanuts. "Roll—bowl—or pitch! Now for the milky ones! Penny a shy! . . . Who's for the swings? . . . Ices . . . ices . . . fine bananas!"

On the giant merry-go-round under its vast umbrella the thirty chain-hung seats were filled with girls and men. Round to the music—slowly—faster—whirling out to the full extent of the chain, bodies bent back, legs stuck forward, laughter and speech dying, faces solemn, a little lost, hands gripping the chains hard. Faster, faster; slowing, slowing to a standstill, and the music silent.

"My word!" murmured Victorine. "Come on, Tony!"

They entered the enclosure and took their seats. Victorine, on the outside, locked her feet, instinctively, one over the other, and tightening her clasp on the chains, curved her body to the motion. Her lips parted:

"Lor, Tony!"

Faster, faster—every nerve and sense given to that motion! O-o-h! It *was* a feeling—flying round like that above the world! Faster—faster! Slower—slow, and the descent to earth.

"Tony—it's 'eaven!"

"Queer feelin' in yer inside, when you're swung right out!"

"Oh! I'd like it level with the top. Let's go once more!"

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"Right-o!"

Twice more they went—half his profit on balloons! But who cared? He liked to see her face. After that, six shies at the milky ones without a hit, an ice apiece; then arm in arm to find a place to eat their lunch. That was the time Bicket enjoyed most, after the ginger-beer and sandwiches; smoking his fag, with his head on her lap, and the sky blue. A long time like that; till at last she stirred.

"Let's go and see the dancin'!"

In the grass enclosure ringed by the running path, some two dozen couples were jigging to a band.

Victorine pulled at his arm. "I *would* love a turn!"

"Well, let's 'ave a go," said Bicket. "This one-legged bloke'll 'old my tray."

They entered the ring.

"Hold me tighter, Tony!"

Bicket obeyed. Nothing he liked better; and slowly their feet moved—to this side and that. They made little way, revolving, keeping time, oblivious of appearances.

"You dance all right, Tony."

"*You* dance a treat!" gasped Bicket.

In the intervals, panting, they watched over the one-legged man; then to it again, till the band ceased for good.

"My word!" said Victorine. "They dance on board ship, Tony!"

Bicket squeezed her waist.

"I'll do the trick yet, if I 'ave to rob the Bank. There's nothin' I wouldn't do for you, Vic."

But Victorine smiled. She had done the trick already.

The crowd with parti-colored faces, tired, good-humored, frowsily scented, strolled over a battle-field thick-strewn with paper bags, banana peel, and newspapers.

"Let's 'ave our tea, and one more swing," said Bicket; "then we'll get over on the other side among the trees."

Away over on the far side were many couples. The sun went very slowly down. Those two sat under a bush and watched it go. A faint breeze swung and rustled the birch leaves. There was little human sound out here. All seemed to have come for silence, to be waiting for darkness in the hush. Now and then some stealthy spy would pass and scrutinize.

"Foxes!" said Bicket. "Gawd! I'd like to rub their noses in it!"

Victorine sighed, pressing closer to him.

Some one was playing on a banjo now; a voice singing. It grew dusk, but a moon was somewhere rising, for little shadows stole out along the ground.

They spoke in whispers. It seemed wrong to raise the voice, as though the grove were under a spell. Even their whisperings were scarce. Dew fell, but they paid no heed to it. With hands locked, and cheeks together, they sat very still. Bicket had a thought. This was poetry—this was! Darkness now, with a sort of faint and silvery glow, a sound of drunken singing on the Spaniards Road, the whir of belated cars returning from the north—and suddenly an owl hooted.

"My!" murmured Victorine, shivering: "An owl! Fancy! I used to hear one at Norbiton. I 'ope it's not bad luck!"

Bicket rose and stretched himself.

"Come on!" he said: "we've 'ad a day. Don't you go catchin' cold!"

Arm in arm, slowly, through the darkness of the birch grove, they made their way upward—glad of the lamps, and the street, and the crowded station, as though they had taken an overdose of solitude.

Huddled in their carriage on the Tube, Bicket idly turned the pages of a derelict paper. But Victorine sat thinking of so much, that it was as if she thought of nothing. The swings, and the grove in the darkness, and the money in her stocking. She wondered Tony hadn't felt it, that it hadn't crackled—there wasn't a safe place to keep it in! What was he looking at, with his eyes so fixed? She peered, and read: "'Afternoon of a Dryad.' The striking picture by Aubrey Greene, on exhibition at the Dumetrius Gallery."

Her heart stopped beating.

"Cripes!" said Bicket. "Ain't that like you?"

"Like me? No!"

Bicket held the paper closer. "It *is*. It's like you all over. I'll cut that out. I'd like to see that picture."

The color came up in her cheeks, released from a heart beating too fast now.

"'Tisn't decent," she said.

"Dunno about that; but it's awful like you. It's even got your smile."

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Folding the paper, he began to tear the sheet. Victorine's little finger pressed the notes beneath her stocking.

"Funny," she said, slowly, "to think there's people in the world so like each other."

"I never thought there could be one like you. Charin' Cross; we gotta change."

Hurrying along the rat-runs of the Tube, she slipped her hand into his pocket, and soon some scraps of torn paper fluttered down behind her following him in the crush. If only he didn't remember where the picture was!

Lying in his arms that night, she thought:

"I don't care; I'm going to get the rest of the money—that's all about it."

But her heart moved queerly within her, like that of one whose feet have trodden suddenly the quaking edge of a bog.

II

OFFICE WORK

MICHAEL sat correcting the proofs of "Counterfeits"—the book left by Wilfrid behind him.

"Can you see Butterfield, sir?"

"I can."

In Michael the word Butterfield excited an uneasy pride. The young man fulfilled with increasing success the function for which he had been engaged, on trial, four months ago. The head traveller had even called him "a find." Next to "Copper Coin" he was the finest feather in Michael's cap. The Trade were not buying, yet Butterfield was selling books, or so it was reported; he appeared to have a natural gift of inspiring confidence where it was not justified. Danby & Winter had even intrusted to him the private marketing of that vellum-bound "Limited" of "Duet," by which they were hoping to recoup their losses on the ordinary edition. He was now engaged in working through a list of names considered likely to patronize the little masterpiece. This method of private approach had been suggested by himself.

"You see, sir," he had said to Michael: "I know a bit about Coué. Well, you can't work that on the Trade—they've got no capacity for faith. What can you expect? Every day they buy all sorts of stuff, always basing themselves on past sales. You can't find one in twenty that'll back the future. But with private gentlemen, and especially private ladies, you can leave a thought with them like Coué does—put it into them again and again that day by day in every way the author's gettin' better and better; and ten to one when you go round next, it's got into their subconscious, especially if you take 'em just after lunch or dinner, when they're a bit drowsy. Let me take my own time, sir, and I'll put that edition over for you."

"Well," Michael had answered, "if you can inspire confidence in the future of my governor, Butterfield, you'll deserve more than your ten per cent."

"I can do it, sir; it's just a question of faith."

"But you haven't any, have you?"

"Well, not, so to speak, in the author—but I've got faith that I can give *them* faith in him; that's the real point."

"I see—the three-card stunt; inspire the faith you haven't got, that the card is there, and they'll take it. Well, the disillusion is not immediate—you'll probably always get out of the room in time. Go ahead, then!"

The young man Butterfield had smiled.

The uneasy part of the pride inspired in Michael by the name was due to old Forsyte's continually saying to him that he didn't know—he couldn't tell—there was that young man and his story about Elderson, and they got no further. . . .

"Good morning, sir. Can you spare me five minutes?"

"Come in, Butterfield. Bunkered with 'Duets'?"

"No, sir. I've placed forty already. It's another matter." Glancing at the shut door, the young man came closer.

"I'm working my list alphabetically. Yesterday I was in the E's." His voice dropped. "Mr. Elderson."

"Phew!" said Michael. "You can give *him* the go-by."

"As a fact, sir, I haven't."

"What! Been over the top?"

"Yes, sir. Last night."

"Good for you, Butterfield! What happened?"

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"I didn't send my name in, sir—just the firm's card."

Michael was conscious of a very human malice in the young man's voice and face.

"Well?"

"Mr. Elderson, sir, was at his wine. I'd thought it out, and I began as if I'd never seen him before. What struck me was—he took my cue!"

"Didn't kick you out?"

"Far from it, sir. He said at once: 'Put my name down for two copies.'"

Michael grinned. "You both had a nerve."

"No, sir; that's just it. Mr. Elderson got it between wind and water. He didn't like it a little bit."

"I don't twig," said Michael.

"My being in this firm's employ, sir. He knows you're a partner here, and Mr. Forsyte's son-in-law, doesn't he?"

"He does."

"Well, sir, you see the connection—two directors believing me—not *him*. That's why I didn't miss him out. I fancied it'd shake him up. I happened to see his face in the sideboard glass as I went out. *He's* got the wind up all right."

Michael bit his forefinger, conscious of a twinge of sympathy with Elderson, as for a fly with the first strand of cobweb round his hind leg.

"Thank you, Butterfield," he said.

When the young man was gone, he sat stabbing his blotting-paper with a paper-knife. What curious "class" sensation was this? Or was it merely fellow-feeling with the hunted, a tremor at the way things found one out? For, surely, this was real evidence, and he would have to pass it on to his father, and "Old Forsyte." Elderson's nerve must have gone phut, or he'd have said: "You impudent young scoundrel—get out of here!" That, clearly, was the only right greeting from an innocent, and the only advisable greeting from a guilty man. Well! Nerve did fail sometimes—even the best. Witness the very proof-sheet he had just corrected:

THE COURT MARTIAL

"See 'ere! I'm myde o' nerves and blood
The syme as you, not meant to be
Froze stiff-up to me ribs in mud.
You try it, like I 'ave, an' see!

"Aye, you snug beauty brass hats, when
You stick what I stuck out that d'y,
An' keep yer ruddy 'earts up—then
You'll earn, maybe, the right to s'y:

"'Take aht an' shoot 'im in the snow,
Shoot 'im for cowardice! 'E who serves
His King and Country's got to know
There's no such bloody thing as nerves.'"

Good old Wilfrid!

"Yes, Miss Perren?"

"The letter to Sir James Foggart, Mr. Mont; you told me to remind you. And will you see Miss Manuelli?"

"Miss Manu— Oh! Ah! Yes."

Bicket's girl wife, whose face they had used on Storbert's novel, the model for Aubrey Greene's—! Michael rose, for the girl was in the room already.

"I remember that dress!" he thought: "Fleur never liked it."

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Bicket? How's Bicket, by the way?"

"Fairly, sir, thank you."

"Still in balloons?"

"Yes."

"Well, we all are, Mrs. Bicket."

"Beg pardon?"

"In the air—don't you think? But you didn't come to tell me that?"

"No, sir."

A slight flush in those sallow cheeks, fingers concerned with the tips of the worn gloves, lips uncertain; but the eyes steady—really an uncommon girl!

"You remember givin' me a note to Mr. Greene, sir?"

"I do; and I've seen the result; it's topping, Mrs. Bicket."

"Yes. But it's got into the papers—my husband saw it there last night; and, of course, he doesn't know about me."

Phew! For what had he let this girl in?

"I've made a lot of money at it, sir—almost enough for our passage to Australia; but now I'm frightened. 'Isn't it like you?' he said to me. I tore the paper up, but suppose he remembers the name of the Gallery and goes to see the picture! That's even more like me! He might go on to Mr. Greene. So would you mind, sir, speaking to Mr. Greene, and beggin' him to say it was some one else, in case Tony did go?"

"Not a bit," said Michael. "But do you think Bicket would mind so very

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much, considering what it's done for you? It can be quite a respectable profession."

Victorine's hands moved up to her breast.

"Yes," she said, simply. "I have been quite respectable. And I only did it because we do so want to get away, and I couldn't bear seein' him standin' in the gutter there sellin' those balloons in the fogs. But how would you like it, sir, for Mrs. Mont?"

Michael stared.

"My God!" he said; "money's an evil thing!"

Victorine smiled faintly. "The want of it is, I know."

"How much more do you need, Mrs. Bicket?"

"Only another ten pound, about, sir."

"I can let you have that."

"Oh! thank you; but it's not that—I can easy earn it—I've got used to it; a few more days don't matter, now."

"But how are you going to account for having the money?"

"Say I won it bettin'."

"*Thin!*" said Michael. "Look here! Say you came to me and I advanced it. If Bicket wants to repay it from Australia, I can always put it to your credit again at a Bank out there. I've got you into a hole, in a way, and I'd like to get you out of it."

"Oh! no, sir; you did me a service. I don't want to put you about, telling falsehoods for me."

"It won't worry me a bit, Mrs. Bicket. I can lie to the umteenth when there's no harm in it. The great thing for you is to get away sharp. Are there many other pictures of you?"

"Oh! yes, a lot—not that you'd recognize them, I think, they're so square and funny."

"Ah! well—Aubrey Greene has got you to the life!"

"Yes; it's like me all over, Tony says."

"Quite. Well, I'll speak to Aubrey, I shall be seeing him at lunch. Here's the ten pounds! That's agreed, then? You came to me to-day—see? Say you had a brain wave. I quite understand the whole thing. You'd do a lot for him; and he'd do a lot for you. It's all right—don't cry!"

Victorine swallowed violently. Her hand in the worn glove returned his squeeze.

"I'd tell him to-night, if I were you," said Michael, "and I'll get ready."

When she had gone he thought: "Hope Bicket won't think I received value for that sixty pounds!" And, pressing his bell, he resumed the stabbing of his blotting-paper.

"Yes, Mr. Mont?"

"Now let's get on with it, Miss Perren."

"'DEAR SIR JAMES FOGGART,

"'We have given the utmost consideration to your very interesting—er—production. While we are of opinion that the views so well expressed on the present condition of Britain in relation to the rest of the world are of great value to all—er—thinking persons, we do not feel that there are enough—er—thinking persons to make it possible to publish the book, except at a loss. The—er—thesis that Britain should now look for salvation through adjustment of markets, population, supply and demand, within the Empire, put with such exceedingly plain speech, will, we are afraid, get the goat of all the political parties; nor do we feel that your plan of emigrating boys and girls in large quantities before they are spoiled by British town life, can do otherwise than irritate a working-class which knows nothing of conditions outside its own country, and is notably averse to giving its children a chance in any other.'"

"Am I to put that, Mr. Mont?"

"Yes; but tone it in a bit. Er——"

"'Finally, your view that the land should be used to grow food is so very unusual in these days, that we feel your book would have a hostile Press except from the old Guard and the Die-hard, and a few folk with vision.'"

"Yes, Mr. Mont?"

"'In a period of veering—er—transitions'—keep that, Miss Perren—'and the airy unreality of hopes that have long gone bust'—almost keep that—'any

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scheme that looks forward and defers harvest for twenty years, must be extraordinarily unpopular. For all these reasons you will see how necessary it is for you to—er—seek another publisher. In short, we are not taking any.

"'With—er'—what you like—'dear Sir James Foggart,

"'We are your obedient servants,

DANBY & WINTER.'"

"When you've translated that, Miss Perren, bring it in, and I'll sign it."

"Yes. Only, Mr. Mont—I thought you were a Socialist. This almost seems—forgive my asking?"

"Miss Perren, it's struck me lately that labels are 'off.' How can a man be anything at a time when everything's in the air? Look at the Liberals. They can't see the situation whole because of Free Trade; nor can the Labor Party because of their Capital levy; nor can the Tories because of Protection; they're all hag-ridden by catchwords! Old Sir James Foggart's jolly well right, but nobody's going to listen to him. His book will be waste paper if anybody ever publishes it. The world's unreal just now, Miss Perren; and of all countries we're the most unreal."

"Why, Mr. Mont?"

"Why? Because with the most stick-fast of all the national temperaments, we're holding on to what's gone more bust for us than for any other country. Anyway, Mr. Danby shouldn't have left the letter to me, if he didn't mean me to enjoy myself. Oh! and while we're about it—I've got to refuse Harold Master's new book. It's a mistake, but they won't have it."

"Why not, Mr. Mont? 'The Sobbing Turtle' was such a success!"

"Well, in this new thing Master's got hold of an idea which absolutely forces him to say something. Winter says those who hailed 'The Sobbing Turtle' as such a work of art, are certain to be down on him for that; and Mr. Danby calls the book an outrage on human nature. So there's nothing for it. Let's have a shot:

"'MY DEAR MASTER,

"'In the exhilaration of your subject it has obviously not occurred to you that you've bust up the show. In "The Sobbing Turtle" you were absolutely in tune with half the orchestra, and that—er—the noisiest half. You were charmingly archaic, and securely cold-blooded. But now, what have you gone and done? Taken the last Marquesan islander for your hero and put him down in London town! The thing's a searching satire, a real criticism of life. I'm sure you didn't mean to be contemporary, or want to burrow into reality; but your subject's run off with you. Cold acid and cold blood are very different things, you know, to say nothing of your having had to drop the archaic. Personally, of course, I think this new thing miles better than "The Sobbing Turtle," which was a nice little affair, but nothing to make a song about. But I'm not the Public, and I'm not the critics. The young and thin will be aggrieved by your lack of modernity, they'll say you're moralizing; the old and fat will call you bitter and destructive; and the ordinary Public will take your Marquesan seriously, and resent your making him superior to themselves. The prospects, you see, are not gaudy. How d'you think we're going to "get away" with such a book? Well, we're not! Such is the fiat of the Firm. I don't agree with it. I'd publish it to-morrow; but needs must when Danby & Winter drive. So, with every personal regret, I return what is really a masterpiece.

"'Always yours,

MICHAEL MONT.'"

"D'you know, Miss Perren, I don't think you need translate that?"

"I'm afraid it would be difficult."

"Right-o, then; but do the other, please. I'm going to take my wife out to see a picture; back by four. Oh! and if a little chap called Bicket that we used to have here, calls any time and asks to see me, he's to come up; but I want warning first. Will you let them know downstairs?"

"Yes, Mr. Mont. Oh! didn't—wasn't that Miss Manuelli the model for the wrapper on Mr. Storbert's novel?"

"She was, Miss Perren; alone I found her."

"She's very interesting-looking, isn't she?"

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"She's unique, I'm afraid."

"She needn't mind that, I should think."

"That depends," said Michael; and stabbed his blotting-paper.

III

"AFTERNOON OF A DRYAD"

FLEUR was still gracefully concealing most of what Michael called "the eleventh baronet," now due in about two months' time. She seemed to be adapting herself, in mind and body, to the quiet and persistent collection of the heir. He knew that from the first, following the instructions of her mother, she had been influencing his sex, repeating to herself, every evening before falling asleep, and every morning on waking, the words: "Day by day, in every way, he is getting more and more male," to infect the subconscious which, everybody now said, controlled the course of events. She was abstaining carefully from the words: "I *will* have a boy," for this, setting up a reaction, everybody said, was liable to produce a girl.

Michael noted that she turned more and more to her mother, as if the French, or more naturalistic side of her, had taken charge of a process which had to do with the body. She was frequently at Mapledurham, going down in Soames' car, and her mother was frequently in South Square. Annette's handsome presence, with its tendency to black lace, was always pleasing to Michael, who had never forgotten her espousal of his suit in days when it was a forlorn hope. Though he still felt only on the threshold of Fleur's heart, and was preparing to play second fiddle to "the eleventh baronet," he was infinitely easier in mind since Wilfrid had been gone. And he watched, with a sort of amused adoration, the way in which she focussed her collecting powers on an object that had no epoch, a process that did not date.

Personally conducted by Aubrey Greene, the expedition to view his show at the Dumetrius Gallery left South Square after an early lunch.

"Your Dryad came to me this morning, Aubrey," said Michael in the cab. "She wanted me to ask you to put up a barrage if by any chance her husband blows round to accuse you of painting his wife. It seems he's seen a reproduction of the picture."

"Umm!" murmured the painter: "Shall I, Fleur?"

"Of course you must, Aubrey! Think!"

Aubrey Greene's smile slid from her to Michael.

"Well, what's his name?"

"Bicket."

Aubrey Greene fixed his eyes on space, and murmured slowly:

"An angry young husband called Bicket
Said: 'Turn yourself 'round, and I'll kick it;
You have painted my wife
In the nude to the life,
Do you think, Mr. Greene, it was cricket?'"

"Oh! Aubrey!"

"Chuck it!" said Michael, "I'm serious. She's a most plucky little creature. She's made the money they wanted, and remained respectable."

"So far as I'm concerned, certainly."

"Well, I should think so."

"Why, Fleur?"

"You're not a vamp, Aubrey!"

"As a matter of fact, she excited my æsthetic sense."

"Much that'd save her from some æsthetes!" muttered Michael.

"Also, she comes from Putney."

"There you have a real reason. Then, you *will* put up a barrage if Bicket blows in?"

Aubrey Greene laid his hand on his heart. "Here we are!" he said.

For the convenience of the eleventh baronet Michael had chosen the hour when the proper patrons of Aubrey Greene would still be at lunch. A shock-headed young man and three pale-green girls alone wandered among the pictures. The painter led the way at once to his masterpiece. For some minutes the three stood before it in a suitable paralysis. To speak too soon in praise would never do; to speak too late would be equally tactless; to speak too fulsomely would jar; to mutter coldly: "Very nice—very nice indeed!" would blight. To say bluntly: "Well, old man, to tell you the truth, I don't like it a little bit!" would get his goat.

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At last Michael pinched Fleur gently, and she said:

"It really is charming, Aubrey; and awfully like—at least——"

"So far as one can tell. But really, old man, you've done it in once. I'm afraid Bicket will think so, anyway."

"Dash that!" muttered the painter. "How do you find the color values?"

"Jolly fine; especially the flesh; don't you think so, Fleur?"

"Yes; only I should have liked that shadow down the side a little deeper."

"Yes?" murmured the painter: "Perhaps!"

"You've caught the spirit," said Michael. "But I tell you what, old man, you're for it—the thing's got meaning. I don't know what they'll do to you."

Aubrey Greene smiled. "That was the worst of her. She led me on. To get an idea's fatal."

"Personally I don't agree to that; do you, Fleur?"

"Of course not; only one doesn't say so."

"Time we did, instead of kowtowing to the Café Crillon. I say, the hair's all right, and so are the toes—they curl as you look at 'em."

"And it *is* a relief not to get legs painted in streaky cubes. The asphodels rather remind one of the flowers in Leonardo's 'Virgin of the Rocks,' Aubrey."

"The whole thing's just a bit Leonardoish, old man. You'll have to live that down."

"Oh! Aubrey, my father's seen it. I believe he's biting. Something you said impressed him—about our white monkey, d'you remember?"

Aubrey Greene threw up his hands. "Ah! That white monkey—to have painted that! Eat the fruit, and chuck the rinds around, and ask with your eyes what it's all about."

"A moral!" said Michael: "Take care, take care, old man! Well! Our taxi's running up. Come along, Fleur; we'll leave Aubrey to his conscience."

Once more in the cab, he took her arm.

"That poor little snipe, Bicket! Suppose I'd come on *you* as he'll come on his wife!"

"I shouldn't have looked so nice."

"Oh! yes; much nicer; though she looks nice enough, I must say."

"Then why should Bicket mind, in these days of emancipation?"

"Why? Good Lord, ducky! You don't suppose Bicket—! I mean, we emancipated people have got into the habit of thinking we're the world—well! we aren't; we're an excrescence, small, and noisy. We talk as if all the old values and prejudices had gone; but they've no more gone, really, you know, than the rows of villas and little grey houses."

"Why this outburst, Michael?"

"Well, darling, I'm a bit fed up with the attitude of our crowd. If emancipation were true, one could stick it; but it's not. There isn't ten per cent difference between now and thirty years ago."

"How do you know? You weren't alive."

"No; but I read the papers, and talk to the man in the street, and look at people's faces. Our lot think they're the tablecloth, but they're only the fringe. D'you know, only one hundred and fifty thousand people in this country have ever heard a Beethoven Symphony? How many, do you suppose, think old B. a back number? Five thousand, perhaps, out of forty-two millions. How's that for emancipation?"

He stopped, observing that her eyelids had drooped.

"I was thinking, Michael, that I should like to change my bedroom curtains to blue. I saw the exact color yesterday at Harton's. They say blue has an effect on the mind—the present curtains really are too jazzy."

The eleventh baronet!

"Anything you like, darling. Have a blue ceiling if it helps."

"Oh, no! But I think I'll change the carpet too; there's a lovely powder-blue at Harton's."

"Then get it. Would you like to go there now? I can take the Tube back to the office."

"Yes, I think I'd better. I might miss it."

Michael put his head out of the window. "Harton's, please!" And replacing his hat, he looked at her. Emancipated!

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IV

AFTERNOON OF A BICKET

JUST about that moment Bicket entered his sitting-room and deposited his tray. All the morning under the shadow of St. Paul's he had relived Bank Holiday. Exceptionally tired in feet and legs, he was also itching mentally. He had promised himself a refreshing look from time to time at what was almost like a photo of Vic herself. And he had lost the picture! Yet he had taken nothing out of his pockets—just hung his coat up. Had it joggled out in the crush at the station, or had he missed his pocket-opening and dropped it in the carriage? And he had wanted to see the original, too. He remembered that the Gallery began with a "D," and at lunch-time squandered a penny-halfpenny to look up the names. Foreign, he was sure—the picture being naked. "Dumetrius?" Ah!

Back at his post, he had a bit of luck. "That alderman," whom he had not seen for months, came by. Intuition made him say at once: "Hope I see you well, sir. Never forgotten your kindness."

The "alderman," who had been staring up as if he saw a magpie on the dome of St. Paul's, stopped as though attacked by cramp.

"Kindness?" he said; "what kindness? Oh, balloons! They were no good to me!"

"No, sir, I'm sure," said Bicket humbly.

"Well, here you are!" muttered the "alderman"; "don't expect it again."

Half a crown! A whole half-crown! Bicket's eyes pursued the hastening form. "Good luck!" he said softly to himself, and began putting up his tray. "I'll go home and rest my feet, and tyke Vic to see that picture. It'll be funny lookin' at it together."

But she was not in. He sat down and smoked a fag. He felt aggrieved that she was out, this first afternoon that he had taken off. Of course she couldn't stay in all day! Still—! He waited twenty minutes, then put on Michael's suit and shoes.

"I'll go and see it alone," he thought. "It'll cost half as much. They charge you sixpence, I expect."

They charged him a shilling—a shilling! One fourth of his day's earnings, to see a picture! He entered bashfully. There were ladies who smelled of scent and had drawling voices, but not a patch on Vic for looks. One of them, behind him, said:

"See! There's Aubrey Greene himself! And that's the picture they're talking of—'Afternoon of a Dryad.'"

They passed him and moved on. Bicket followed. At the end of the room, between their draperies and catalogues, he glimpsed the picture. A slight sweat broke out on his forehead. Almost life-size, among the flowers and spiky grasses, the face smiled round at him—very image of Vic! Could some one in the world be as like her as all that? The thought offended him, as a collector is offended finding the duplicate of a unique possession.

"It's a wonderful picture, Mr. Greene! What a type!"

A young man without hat, and fair hair sliding back, answered:

"A find, wasn't she?"

"Oh! perfect!—the very spirit of a wood nymph; so mysterious!"

The word that belonged to Vic! It was unholy. There she lay for all to look at, just because some beastly woman was made like her! A kind of rage invaded Bicket's throat, caused his cheeks to burn; and with it came a queer sensual jealousy. That painter! What business had he to paint a woman so like Vic as that—a woman that didn't mind lyin' nyked! They and their talk about cahryscuro, and paganism, and a bloke called Leneardo! Blast their drawling and their tricks! He tried to move away, and could not, fascinated by that effigy, so uncannily like memory of what he had thought belonged to him alone. Silly to feel so bad over a coincidence, but he felt like smashing the glass and cutting the body up into little bits. The ladies and the painter passed on, leaving him alone before the picture. Alone, he did not mind so much. The face was mournful-like, and lonely, and—and teasing, with its smile. It sort of haunted you—it did! "Well!" thought Bicket, "I'll get home to Vic. Glad I didn't bring her, after all, to see herself-like. If I was an alderman, I'd buy the blinkin' thing, and burn it!"

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And there, in the entrance-lobby, talking to a "Dago," stood—his very own "alderman"! Bicket paused in sheer amazement.

"It's a rithing name, Mr. Forthyte," he heard the Dago say; "hith prithes are going up."

"That's all very well, Dumetrius, but it's not everybody's money in these days—too highly finished, altogether!"

"Well, Mr. Forthyte, to *you* I take off ten per thent."

"Take off twenty and I'll buy it."

That Dago's shoulders mounted above his hairy ears—they did; and what a smile!

"Mithter Forthyte! Fifteen, thir!"

"Well, you're doing me; but send it round to my daughter's in South Square—you know the number. When do you close?"

"Day after to-morrow, thir."

So! The naked image of Vic had gone to that "alderman," had it? Bicket uttered a savage little sound, and slunk out.

He walked with a queer feeling. Had he got unnecessary wind up? After all, it wasn't Vic. But to know that another woman could smile that way, have frizzy-ended short black hair, and be all curved the same! And at every woman's passing face he looked—so different, so utterly unlike Vic's!

When he reached home she was standing in the middle of the room, with her lips to a balloon. All around her, on the floor, chairs, table, mantelpiece, were the blown-out shapes of his stock; one by one they had floated from her lips and selected their own resting-places: puce, green, orange, purple, blue, enlivening with their color the dingy little space. All his balloons blown up! And there, in her best clothes, she stood, smiling, queer, excited.

"What the hell!" said Bicket.

Raising her dress, she took some crackling notes from the top of her stocking, and held them out to him.

"See! Sixty-four pounds, Tony! I've got it. We can go."

"*What!*" said Bicket.

"I had a brain wave—went to that Mr. Mont who gave us the clothes, and he's advanced it. We can pay it back, some day. Isn't it a marvel?"

Bicket's eyes, startled like a rabbit's, took in her smile, her excited flush, and a strange feeling shot through all his body, as if *they* were taking *him* in! She wasn't like Vic! No! Suddenly he felt her arms round him, felt her moist lips on his. She clung so tight, he could not move. His head went round.

"At last! At last! Isn't it fine? Kiss me, Tony!"

Bicket kissed; his vertigo was real, but behind it, for the moment stifled, what sense of unreality! . . .

Was it before night, or in the night, that the doubt first came—ghostly, tapping, fluttering, haunting—then, in the dawn, jabbing through his soul, turning him rigid? The money—the picture—the lost paper—that sense of unreality! This story she had told him! Were such things possible? Why should Mr. Mont advance that money? She had seen him—that was certain; the room, the secretary—you couldn't mistake her description of that Miss Perren. Why, then, feel this jabbing doubt? The money—such a lot of money! Not with Mr. Mont—never—he was a gent! Oh! Swine that he was, to have a thought like that—of Vic! He turned his back to her and tried to sleep. But once you got a thought like that—sleep? No! Her face among the balloons, the way she had smothered his eyes and turned his head—so that he couldn't think, couldn't go into it and ask her questions! A prey to dim doubts, achings, uncertainty, thrills of hope, and visions of "Austrylia," Bicket arose haggard.

"Well," he said, over their cocoa and margarined bread; "I must see Mr. Mont, that's certain." And suddenly he added: "Vic?" looking straight into her face.

She answered his look—straight, yes, straight. Oh! he was a proper swine! . . .

When he had left the house Victorine stood quite still, with hands pressed against her chest. She had slept less than he. Still as a mouse, she had turned and turned the thought: "Did I take him in? Did I?" And if not—what? She took out the notes which had bought—or sold?—their happiness, and counted them once more. And the sense of injustice burned within her. Had she wanted to stand naked before other men? Hadn't

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she been properly through it about that? Why, she could have had the sixty pounds three months ago from that sculptor, who was wild about her; or—so he said! But she had stuck it; yes, she had. Tony had nothing against her really—even if he knew it all. She had done it for him—Well! mostly—for him, selling those balloons day after day in all weathers! But for her, they would still be stuck, and another winter coming, and unemployment—so they said in the paper—to be worse and worse! Stuck in the fogs and the cold, again! Ugh! Her chest was still funny sometimes; and he always hoarse. And this poky little room, and the bed so small that she couldn't stir without waking him. Why should Tony doubt her? For he did—she had felt it, heard it in his "Vic?" Would Mr. Mont convince him? Tony was sharp! Her head drooped. The unfairness of it all! Some had everything to their hand, like that pretty wife of Mr. Mont's! And if one tried to find a way and get out to a new chance — then — then — this! She flung her hair back. Tony *must* believe—he should! If he wouldn't, let him look out. She had done nothing to be ashamed of! No, indeed! And with the longing to go in front and lead her happiness along, she got out her old tin trunk, and began with careful method to put things into it.

V

MICHAEL GIVES ADVICE

MICHAEL still sat, correcting the proofs of "Counterfeits." Save "Jericho," there had been no address to send them to. The East was wide, and Wilfrid had made no sign. Did Fleur ever think of Wilfrid now? He had the impression that she did not. And Wilfrid—well, probably he was forgetting her already. Even passion required a little sustenance.

"A Mr. Forsyte to see you, sir."

Apparition in bookland!

"Ah! Show him in."

Soames entered with an air of suspicion.

"This your place?" he said. "Well, I've looked in to tell you that I've bought that picture of young Greene's. Have you anywhere to hang it?"

"I should think we had," said Michael. "Jolly good, sir, isn't it?"

"Well," muttered Soames, "for these days, yes. He'll make a name."

"He's an intense admirer of that White Monkey you gave us."

"Ah! I've been looking into the Chinese. If I go on buying—" Soames paused.

"They *are* a bit of an antidote, aren't they, sir? That 'Earthly Paradise'! And those geese—they don't seem to mind your counting their feathers, do they?"

Soames made no reply; he was evidently thinking: "How on earth I missed those things when they first came on the market!" Then, raising his umbrella, and pointing it as if at the book trade, he asked:

"Young Butterfield—how's he doing?"

"Ah! I was going to let you know, sir. He came in yesterday and told me that he saw Elderson two days ago. He went to sell him a copy of my father's 'Limited'; Elderson said nothing and bought two."

"The deuce he did!"

"Butterfield got the impression that his visit put the wind up him. Elderson knows, of course, that I'm in this firm, and your son-in-law."

Soames frowned. "I'm not sure," he said, "that sleeping dogs—! Well, I'm on my way there now."

"Mention the book, sir, and see how Elderson takes it. Would you like one yourself? You're on the list. E, F—Butterfield should be reaching you today. It'll save you a refusal. Here it is—nice get-up. One guinea."

"'A Duet,'" read Soames. "What's it about? Musical?"

"Not precisely. It's a sort of catcalling between the ghosts of the G. O. M. and Dizzy."

"I'm not a reader," said Soames. He pulled out a note. "Why didn't you make it a pound? Here's the shilling."

"Thanks awfully, sir; I'm sure my father'll be frightfully bucked to think you've got one."

"Will he?" said Soames, with a faint smile. "D'you ever do any *work* here?"

"Well, we try to turn a doubtful penny."

"What d'you make at it?"

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"Personally, about five hundred a year."

"That all?"

"Yes, but I doubt if I'm worth more than three."

"H'm! I thought you'd got over your Socialism."

"I fancy I have, sir. It didn't seem to go with my position."

"No," said Soames. "Fleur seems well."

"Yes, she's splendid. She does the Coué stunt, you know."

Soames stared. "That's her mother," he said; "I can't tell. Good-by! Oh! I want to know: what's the meaning of that expression 'got his goat'?"

"'Got his goat'? Oh, raised his dander, if you know what that means, sir; it was before my time."

"I see," said Soames; "I had it right, then. Well!" He turned. His back was very neat and real. It vanished through the doorway, and with it seemed to go the sense of definition.

Michael took up the proofs, and read two poems. Bitter as quinine! The unrest in them—the yearning behind the words! Nothing Chinese there! After all, the ancients—like old Forsyte, and his father in a very different way—had an anchor down. "What is it?" thought Michael. "What's wrong with us? We're quick, and clever, cocksure, and dissatisfied. If only something would enthuse us, or get *our* goats! We've chucked religion, tradition, property, pity; and in their place we put—what? Beauty? Gosh! See Walter Nazing, and the Café Crillon! And yet—we must be after something! Better world? Doesn't look like it. Future life? Suppose I ought to 'look into spiritualism,' as old Forsyte would say. But—half in this world, half in that—deuced odd if spirits are less restive than we are!"

To what—to what, then, was it all moving?

"Dash it!" thought Michael, getting up. "I'll try dictating an advertisement!"

"Will you come in, please, Miss Perren? For the new Desert volume—Trade Journals: 'Danby & Winter will shortly issue "Counterfeits," by the author of "Copper Coin," the outstanding success of the last publishing season.' I wonder how many publishers have claimed that, Miss Perren, for how many books this year? 'These poems show all the brilliancy of mood, and more than the technical accomplishment of the young author's first volume.' How's that?"

"Brilliancy of mood, Mr. Mont? Do you think?"

"No. But what am I to say? 'All the pangs and pessimism?'"

"Oh, no! But possibly: 'All the brilliancy of diction, the strangeness and variety of mood.'"

"Good. But it'll cost more. Say: 'All the brilliant strangeness': that'll ring their bells in once. We're nuts on 'the strange', but we're not getting it—the *outré*, yes, but not the strange."

"Surely Mr. Desert gets——"

"Yes, sometimes; but hardly any one else. To be strange, you've got to have guts, if you'll excuse the phrase, Miss Perren."

"Certainly, Mr. Mont. That young man Bicket is waiting to see you."

"He is, is he?" said Michael, taking out a cigarette. "Give me time to tighten my belt, Miss Perren, and ask him up."

"The lie benevolent," he thought; "now for it!"

The entrance of Bicket into a room where his last appearance had been so painful, was accomplished with a certain stolidity. Michael stood, back to the hearth, smoking; Bicket, back to a pile of modern novel, with the words "This great new novel" on it. Michael nodded.

"Hallo, Bicket!"

Bicket nodded.

"Hope you're keeping well, sir?"

"Frightfully well, thank you." And there was silence.

"Well," said Michael, at last, "I suppose you've come about that little advance to your wife. It's quite all right; no hurry whatever."

While saying this he had become conscious that the "little snipe" was dreadfully disturbed. His eyes had a most peculiar look, those large, shrimp-like eyes which seemed, as it were, in advance of the rest of him. He hastened on:

"I believe in Australia myself. I think you're perfectly right, Bicket, and the

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sooner you go, the better. She doesn't look too strong."

Bicket swallowed.

"Sir," he said, "you've been a gent to me, and it's hard to say things."

"Then don't."

Bicket's cheeks became suffused with blood: queer effect in that pale, haggard face.

"It isn't what you think," he said; "I've come to ask you to tell me the truth." Suddenly he whipped from his pocket what Michael perceived to be a crumpled novel-wrapper.

"I took this from a book on the counter as I came by, down-stairs. There! Is that my wife?" He stretched it out.

Michael beheld with consternation the wrapper of Storbert's novel. One thing to tell the lie benevolent already determined on—quite another to deny this!

Bicket gave him little time.

"I see it is, from your fyce," he said. "What's it all mean? I want the truth—I must 'ave it! I'm gettin' wild over all this. If that's 'er fyce there, then that's 'er body in the Gallery—Aubrey Greene; it's the syme nyme. What's it all mean?" His face had become almost formidable; his cockney accent very broad. "What gyme 'as she been plyin'? You gotta tell me before I go aht of 'ere."

Michael's heels came together. He said quietly:

"Steady, Bicket."

"Steady! You'd be steady if *your* wife—! All that money! *You* never advanced it—you never give it 'er—never! Don't tell me you did!"

Michael had taken his line. No lies!

"I lent her ten pounds to make a round sum of it—that's all; the rest she earned—honorably; and you ought to be proud of her."

Bicket's mouth fell open.

"Proud? And how's she earned it? Proud! My Gawd!"

Michael said coldly:

"As a model. I myself gave her the introduction to my friend, Mr. Greene, the day you had lunch with me. You've heard of models, I suppose?"

Bicket's hands tore the wrapper, and the pieces fell to the floor. "Models!" he said: "Pynters—yes, I've 'eard of 'em—Swines!"

"No more swine than you are, Bicket. Be kind enough not to insult my friend. Pull yourself together, man, and take a cigarette."

Bicket dashed the proffered case aside.

"I—I—was stuck on her," he said passionately, "and she's put this up on me!" A sort of sob came out of his lungs.

"You were stuck on her," said Michael; his voice had sting in it. "And when she does her best for you, you turn her down—is that it? Do you suppose she liked it?"

Bicket covered his face suddenly.

"What should I know?" he muttered from behind his hands.

A wave of pity flooded up in Michael. Pity! Blurb!

He said dryly: "When you've quite done, Bicket. D'you happen to remember what *you* did for *her?*"

Bicket uncovered his face and stared wildly. "You've never told her that?"

"No; but I jolly well will if you don't pull yourself together."

"What do I care if you do, now—lyin' nyked, for all the men in the world! Sixty pound! Honorably? D'you think I believe that?" His voice had desolation in it.

"Ah!" said Michael. "You don't believe simply because you're ignorant, as ignorant as the swine you talk of. A girl can do what she did and be perfectly honest, as I haven't the faintest doubt she is. You've only to look at her, and hear the way she speaks of it. She did it because she couldn't bear to see you selling those balloons. She did it to get you out of the gutter, and give you both a chance. And now you've got the chance, you kick up like this. Dash it all, Bicket, be a sport! Suppose I tell her what you did for her—d'you think she's going to squirm and squeal? Not she! It was damned human of you, and it was damned human of her; and don't you forget it!"

Bicket swallowed violently again.

"It's all very well," he said, sullenly; "it 'asn't 'appened to you."

Michael was afflicted at once. No! It hadn't happened to him! And all his doubts of Fleur in the days of Wilfrid came hitting him.

"Look here, Bicket," he said, "do you doubt your wife's affection? The whole

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thing is there. I've only seen her twice, but I don't see how you can. If she weren't fond of you, why should she want to go to Australia, when she knows she can make good money here, and enjoy herself if she wants? I can vouch for my friend Greene. He's dashed decent, and I *know* he's played cricket."

But, searching Bicket's face, he wondered: Were all the others she had sat to as dashed decent?

"Look here, Bicket! We all get up against it sometimes; and that's the test of us. You've just *got* to believe in her; there's nothing else to it."

"To myke a show of herself for all the world to see!" The words seemed to struggle from the skinny throat. "I saw that picture bought yesterday by a ruddy alderman."

Michael could not conceal a grin at this description of "Old Forsyte."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "it was bought by my father-in-law as a present to us, to hang in our house. And, mind you, Bicket, it's a fine thing."

"Ah!" cried Bicket, "it *is* a fine thing! Money! It's money bought her. Money'll buy anything. It'll buy the 'eart out of your chest."

And Michael thought: "I can't get away with it a bit! What price emancipation? He's never heard of the Greeks! And, if he had, they'd seem to him a lot of loose-living foreigners. I must quit." And, suddenly, he saw tears come out of those shrimp's eyes, and trickle down the hollowed cheeks.

Very disturbed, he said hastily:

"When you get out there, you'll never think of it again. Hang it all, Bicket, be a man! She did it for the best. If I were you, I'd never let on to her that I knew. That's what she'd do if I told her how you snooped those 'Copper Coins.'"

Bicket clenched his fists—the action went curiously with the tears; then, without a word, he turned and shuffled out.

"Well," thought Michael, "giving advice is clearly not my stunt! Poor little snipe!"

VI

QUITTANCE

Bicket stumbled, half-blind, along the Strand. Naturally good-tempered, such a nerve-storm made him feel ill, and bruised in the brain. Sunlight and motion slowly restored some power of thought. He had got the truth. But was it the whole and nothing but the truth? Could she have made all that money without—? If he could believe that, then, perhaps—out of this country where people could see her naked for a shilling—he might forget. But—all that money! And even if all earned "honorable," as Mr. Mont had put it, in how many days, exposed to the eyes of how many men? He groaned aloud in the street. The thought of going home to her—of a scene, of what he might learn if there *were* a scene, was just about unbearable. And yet—must do it, he supposed. He could have borne it better under St. Paul's, standing in the gutter, offering his balloons. A man of leisure for the first time in his life, a blooming "alderman" with nothing to do but step in and take a ticket to the ruddy butterflies! And he owed that leisure to what a man with nothing to take his thoughts off simply could not bear! He would rather have snaffled the money out of a shop-till. Better that on his soul than the jab of this dark fiendish sexual jealousy. "Be a man!" Easy said! "Pull yourself together! She did it for you!" He would a hundred times rather she had not. Blackfriars Bridge! A dive, and an end in the mud down there? But you had to rise three times; they would fish you out alive, and run you in for it—and nothing gained—not even the pleasure of thinking that Vic would see what she had done, when she came to identify the body. Dead was dead, anyway, and he would never know what she felt post-mortem! He trudged across the bridge, keeping his eyes before him. Little Ditch Street—how he used to scuttle down it, back to her, when she had pneumonia! Would he never feel like that again? He strode past the window, and went in.

Victorine was still bending over the brown tin trunk. She straightened herself, and on her face came a cold, tired look.

"Well," she said, "I see you know."

Bicket had but two steps to take in that small room. He took them, and put his hands on her shoulders. His face was

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close, his eyes, so large and strained, searched hers.

"I know you've myde a show of yerself for all London to see; lyin' nyked before men: what I want to know is—the rest!"

"The rest!" said Victorine—no question; just a repetition, in a voice that seemed to mean nothing.

"Ah!" said Bicket hoarsely; "the rest— Well?"

"If you think there's a 'rest,' that's enough."

Bicket jerked his hands away.

"Aoh! for the land's sake, daon't be mysterious. I'm 'alf orf me nut!"

"I see that," said Victorine; "and I see this: You aren't what I thought you. D'you think I liked doing it?" She raised her dress and took out the notes. "There you are! You can go to Australia without me."

Bicket cried hoarsely: "And leave you to the blasted pynters?"

"And leave me to myself. Take them!"

Bicket recoiled against the door, and stared at the notes with horror. "Not me!"

"Well, *I* can't keep 'em. I earned them to get you out of this."

There was a long silence, while the notes lay between them on the table, still crisp if a little greasy—the long-desired, the dreamed-of means of release, of happiness together in the sunshine. There they lay; neither would take them! What then?

"Vic," said Bicket at last, in a hoarse whisper, "swear you never let 'em touch you!"

"Yes, I can swear that."

And she could smile, too, saying it—that smile of hers! How believe her—living all these months, keeping it from him, telling him a lie about it in the end! He sank into a chair by the table and laid his head on his arms.

Victorine turned and began pulling an old cord round the trunk. He raised his head at the tinny sound. Then she really meant to go away! He saw his life devastated, empty as a cocoanut on Hampstead Heath. All defense melted out of his cockney spirit. Tears rolled from his eyes.

"When you were ill," he said, "I stole for you. I got the bird for it."

She spun around. "Tony—you never told me! What did you steal?"

"Books. All your extra feedin' was books."

For a long minute she stood looking at him, then stretched out her hands without a word. Bicket seized them.

"I don' care about anything," he gasped, "so 'elp me, so long as you're fond of me, Vic!"

"And I don't neither. Oh! let's get out of this, Tony!—this awful little room, this awful country. Let's get out of it all!"

"Yes," said Bicket; and put her hands to his eyes.

(To be continued.)

Unreality

BY LOUISE SAUNDERS

THERE is in me a pattern, light and shade,
As shadowed branches moving on a moonlit wall;
The complex tracery that you have made
Upon my heart, it is but shadow after all.

But lovelier far than sunlight and green leaves
Can be,—this lacy silhouette in black and white;
This flowing scarf of imagery, that weaves
A dream and sings the soundless music of the night.

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Radicalism in the United States

HOW IMPORTANT IS THE RED MENACE?

BY EDWIN W. HULLINGER
Formerly Correspondent of the United Press in Russia

A CHANGING wave of "radicalism," which in one form or other has moved over the greater part of the civilized world, came into existence following the close of the European war. Quickly reaching a crest in Russia during the war itself, it spread to Germany in a less prolonged and somewhat less intense shape, and later appeared in the still milder outline of a socialistic movement in England, France, and the Scandinavian countries. Even Japan reports a rising current of social unrest among its working classes.

To connect the war and the spread of radicalism on all points as cause and effect would be overstepping the bounds of logic. That the war had a part in the formation of this social development, however, is unquestionable. It created a spirit of unrest. It awakened the drowsy "lower classes" of the world to realization of the fact that they were not merely a passive but a dynamic factor in the social arrangement. That turned their thoughts to a more direct expression of their group desires. But be this as it may, the widely recurring appearance of radicalism is one of the outstanding post-war social phenomena.

It is not surprising that this movement leaped across the Atlantic in search of a similar response in America. Its first impact on this side was rather sensational, in that a small group of ultra-Reds became so exceedingly demonstrative that the official part of our country, as well as many of its citizenry, became frightened, fearing that an attempt was to be made to convert the United States into another Bolshevik Russia. A period of frantic raids, arrests, and deportations ensued. This first hysteria over the presence of Reds in the country has now abated; yet our government still continues quite on the alert for crimson top-feathers, and the subject is still a live topic in various parts of the country—especially in the widely distributed system of patriotic societies still clamoring for the suppression of all "Bolsheviks."

It is now four years since that small band of communist and anarchist Reds was deported from Ellis Island. (The Red movement did not cease abruptly on their departure!) In the Old World, during this period, Europe has witnessed a steady advance of a form of socialism more moderate, of course, than the Russian variety. At the moment, political parties that generally go under the name of "radicals" hold governmental authority in England, France, Germany, and Denmark, and have representation on cabinets in a number of other countries.

It is now six years since radicalism—in its various hues—came to the fore as a social phenomenon in the United States. It is possible, then, with some measure of thoroughness to venture a stock-taking of the results. What, in short, is the radical movement as it exists in America? Has the deep crimson programme actually gained a foothold among us; does it exist as a factor of sufficient strength to figure in the social arrangement here during the next few decades? Is America in danger of actually becoming "red" in any near future? What form has the radical wave taken in America? How have the earlier claims of the Reds and the first fears of their political opponents tallied with real developments? All these are queries of more than passing social and political import.

Two years ago, in Moscow itself, capital of Red Russia, I listened for many months to tales about the "reddening of America." In the prosaic, bleak cham-

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bers of the Luxe Hotel, headquarters of the Third Internationale, I sat as a visitor among communists who had been through both Russian and Hungarian revolutions, were Red clear through, and saw the world Red. They told startling stories about the growth of the radical movement in the United States, how the communists and I. W. W.'s were capturing labor, how the working classes were on the point of rising; how near America was to a good dose of Red paint!

I went out upon the romantic highways of Moscow—the streets of Moscow, somehow, never lost their thrill for me during all the time I was in Russia—climbed into my sleigh and sped along over the snow toward the golden cupolæ of the Kremlin. My driver twisted his increasing rotundity around on the seat in front of me—the drivers grow rounder and rounder, with each additional layer of clothing, as the winter progresses!—to ask if it really were true that there was going to be a revolution in Washington! During my daily rounds for news during the year I spent in Russia, that question in one form or other was put to me a number of times, by persons in varied stations of life. At the same time occasional copies of American newspapers, reaching Moscow, told of the "war on the Reds" from New York to San Francisco.

Thus it was that when, in 1923, I finally returned to the United States, after an absence of five years (including the year in Russia), one of the questions uppermost in my own mind was "what is the actual foundation for all this?" When I left shortly for the Pacific Coast, headquarters of the Red movement in America, I decided to try to find out for myself, if possible; to study men and conditions, using as a yardstick what I had seen of "reddism" and Reds in their original home in Russia.

I chatted with working people and shopkeepers, visited union headquarters, and talked with the men lounging in the pool-rooms and at card tables. I went to the Santa Fé shops at San Bernardino, the largest on the system, where hardly two years before a big strike had been crushed, one supposedly instigated by the I. W. W.'s. I worked several weeks among the fruit-pickers in the apple orchards of Yucaipa Valley, and listened to the conversation in the trees around me. In Los Angeles I interviewed the judge who gained some prominence over a year ago by sentencing more than a hundred I. W. W.'s to the penitentiary. I attended an afternoon tea of California's parlor Bolshevik colony in Pasadena, held in the beautiful home of a millionaire Red. In San Francisco I talked with labor leaders and veteran socialists. Coming East, gathering material on the political situation, I took advantage of the opportunity at the same time to study the Red situation in a dozen cities (and their districts) visited along my line of travel.

During this coast-to-coast canvass, four truths forced themselves upon me, with increasing sharpness the further I went.

II

THE first was that, as for the "Bolshevik" movement in America (the truly Red development along Russian lines), it does not present any serious possibilities so far as any immediate future is concerned. The Red "menace" is a product of exaggerated fear. (And if, as a nation, we are able to adjust our social and economic problems with the sagacity and spirit of humanity that they demand, I trust such a prospect may never arise!)

As a class, the working people in our country not only are not thinking about a revolution, but are actively antagonistic to such an idea, and to the Moscow kind of radicalism in general. The American proletariat was exposed, but the germ did not "take"! An uprising of force against certain social and economic injustices in our present order (which unquestionably exist) is not in their minds. Leaders of labor and the more clear-minded of the "radicals" know this, if their "capitalistic adversaries" do not; know that the American workingman is not in a receptive mood at present toward the idea of a *radical change* in the *form* of our economic order.

In Chicago the editor of one of the country's leading labor organs, himself a radical at heart, went so far as to say that labor as a class to-day is "swinging toward the *Right* rather than the Left!"

Politically, the Reds' hold on the work-

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ing people may virtually be ignored. At St. Paul, last June, the ultra-crimsons again swept into command of the old Farmer-Labor Party of 1920. Through parliamentary dexterity they succeeded in gaining control of the convention machinery, although the feat nearly caused an immediate break-up of the party—so indignant were the farmer delegates at this "usurpation" of party authority! But the real significance of the incident did not extend much further than the amount of publicity which it gained for the communists.

Even in California, the "Workers' Party," the communist body which imposed itself upon the Farmer-Labor organization, has no position in labor. At the Los Angeles Temple of Labor I wandered from office to office in vain, on two afternoons, to try to find where the local representative of the party could be located. Most of the working men in the club-rooms of the Temple disclaimed knowledge of the existence of such a party! They were engrossed, moreover, in poker and shop humor! The second day a secretary verified the report that the local Red had once had a room in the Temple, five months back. He directed me to a locked door in a corridor at the rear. The men in the next room had forgotten that there was a Workers' Party in the city!

The place where I finally found the elusive Workers' Party "boss" was at a meeting of "parlor Bolsheviks" in Altadena, some time later! He was there, in the drawing-room of one of Pasadena's most beautiful residences, enjoying the lively repartees and metaphysical discussions which I shall describe later.

I happened to make a trip to one of California's finest apple valleys to visit a former high-school teacher. Oil had been found on his little plot near Long Beach, and almost overnight his income had jumped from several thousand a year to as many thousand a month. He had resigned from the faculty and was fulfilling a lifelong ambition: to live on a ranch. He told me of the joys of apple picking, how a few weeks of aching muscles could build up a physical vigor that would make life a new thing! I resolved to test his theory, recalling at the same time that I had been told that there were many I. W. W.'s among that rather heterodox army of migrators who garner California's fruit crop every year.

I learned how to "set" a ladder so that it wouldn't fall, when to and when not to fasten the bucket to the hook attached to the shoulder-strap. I learned how to twist the beautiful fruit from the bough without tearing the stem from the socket (thereby making it a "second," or inferior grade). But more than that, for three weeks I lived among the fruit tramps. I talked with them in the trees and listened to their conversation among themselves. We chatted after the meals (our meals were silent, earnest affairs where conversation was seldom permitted to interfere with food!). And I found that if there was one thing they were not thinking of, much less talking about, it was revolution and communism. Most of the arboreal conversation was devoted to racy stories. Sex appealed to them much more directly than communism! Also, of the eighteen in our picking crew, half were automobile owners! Three had driven all the way from Boston. Two were working their way to Honolulu.

There was only one I. W. W. in the crowd, and I did not find him out until we had picked together a week. He, by the way, was the brightest of the "gang"—a wiry, energetic little man, with snapping black eyes and a whimsical smile. He was the fastest picker in the orchard. One afternoon, as he emptied his pail at the foot of my ladder, he announced that so far as he was concerned, he had "little use for the American Federation of Labor." He was a member of the "only real workingman's union in America, the I. W. W." He held a card from a Seattle branch.

Yet he was far from the revolutionary, fanatical type. He did not believe in force, had no confidence in it. "Of course it's all wrong the way things are now," he remarked, "but what can you do about it? It always has been this way, possibly always will be!" Anything but the outburst of a "Bolshevik"!

Among the dock-workers and seafaring people at San Pedro, however, there are I. W. W.'s. The organization's almost sole strength is among the seafaring men

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up and down the Coast. It is a peculiar feature of the Red movement throughout the world, this susceptibility of sailors to communist propaganda. The German socialist revolt, it will be recalled, broke among the sailors at Kiel. The Russian revolution itself gained its first foothold in the Russian navy. Is it due to the nature of the existence in which their profession keeps them? Is it the communal character of life on a ship at sea? This has been an interesting feature of the social revolutionary movement the world over.

It is not possible to give the exact strength of the I. W. W. in California, owing to the fact that membership in the organization is illegal. J. H. Ryckman, a prominent Los Angeles lawyer, who has taken on Job Harriman's toga of defender of the Reds, estimated that in Los Angeles County the total membership roll is about 6,000, with perhaps half this number in San Francisco and adjacent ports. The I. W. W. has a few members in ports elsewhere up and down the Coast, and a few scattering adherents in ports on the Great Lakes. It maintains open headquarters in Chicago. But viewed from the standpoint of numbers and of prestige in labor as a class, it is insignificant. As an organization, the I. W. W. is looked upon with disapproval by workingmen as a group throughout the country. Workmen in Kansas City registered only disgust when I asked them what they thought of the Reds. Small shopkeepers in California passed them up with a gesture of hopelessness.

As a social programme, the Red movement has failed to appeal to the American proletariat. As a social factor, it has no power. With the exception of this very, very small group—the I.W.W.'s and the Workers' Party—the Red movement here does not include the proletariat! The Red part of America is pre-eminently a "parlor Bolshevik" phenomenon.

There are a number of reasons why communism has failed to get its roots into the labor stratum. One is the fact that our present economic order still retains a measure of elasticity. The caste system has not implanted itself completely. In the United States, if a workingman shows marked executive ability—and it is only those thus equipped who can become leaders!—the tendency is to absorb him into the capitalistic mechanism above, in which position he usually alters his point of view. His success, of course, stirs the ambitions of his fellows. This element of opportunity is continually growing smaller. But in a land where it exists at all, the adroit will usually go after these capitalistic gains instead of utilizing their faculties in the interests of their class.

The American system does not encourage development of great labor leaders. In America the Thomases, the MacDonalds, and the Smillies would, as a rule, be occupying remunerative positions in some large corporation.

Second, the manual laborers, especially skilled artisans, are receiving higher pay to-day than ever before. This soothes the revolutionary instincts of those portions of labor which have profited, and serves to preserve hope among the underpaid. Skilled artisans at the moment receive higher pay than many lawyers and much more than bank clerks!

Third, both labor and capital have had the object lesson of Russia. The average workingman has no keenness to bring a similar cataclysm down upon his head.

There are in America signs of a spirit of social unrest, it is true. As already said, this spirit is symptomatic of the day the world over. In America this spirit has created a mood of which we may well take heed while there is still time. This development, however, is not restricted to the laboring classes. It is even more pronounced in other social groups which, roughly, correspond to the lower middle class in England, and—more important yet—the American farmers. At the moment these latter are much more vocal than the laborers. But this spirit, whether manifest in factory or field, has failed to show any signs of a communistic orientation.

Up to the present, the *scarlet* American is largely a drawing-room product, attracted to the idea by *intellectual*, not *economic*, urge.

That is the crux of the situation. In America, Red radicalism has failed to develop a *vocational* form, the only form that can make it dynamic. No social idea can become aggressive until it is taken up by

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a group to whom it is—or who think it is—a matter of vital personal advantage. The entire foundation of the Bolshevik idea is class interest. Without this class support, class fanaticism almost, it is nowhere. In the United States, the movement has not been able to develop this force. Communism need never be feared so long as it remains in the drawing-room!

It is further interesting to note that for the most part the people in this phase of the movement—the intellectual Reds—belong to another wing of the world revolutionary body from the Bolsheviks, namely the wing which favors obtaining its ends through evolutionary rather than revolutionary means. The social revolutionary school the world over is split over the question of use of force. So even if our present Red intellectuals were to extend their leadership over the American proletariat, it would not be an influence for violence. And as a group they utterly lack cohesion. Even as regards abstract theory, they cannot agree among themselves. Unison of action would be out of the question.

To the student of thought, this small circle of crimson intellectuals is interesting. Individuals in it are often picturesque. But it is not dangerous. . . .

It was drizzling rain when I alighted from the Altadena car one Sunday afternoon and turned into a large driveway. California and wealth had been lavished on the grounds about me, to produce an effect which only that combination can achieve. Despite the rain, it seemed like a fairyland as I walked up between the palms, shrubs, and flowers to the doorway of the residence of one of the State's leading "Bolsheviks," to attend one of the weekly conclaves of the parlor Reds. Through one slit in the foliage I saw a small fountain. Another vista held a little rustic footbridge. A number of sedans were parked in the driveway near the side entrance.

The drawing-room was crowded. The hostess, a millionaire communist, sat in a mahogany chair behind the speaker. While she was not watching him, her glance could move across the audience to the broadside of French windows opening upon a wide veranda which commanded one of California's most magnificent views. The house was on the slope leading up to Mount Lowe, and the valley lay in panorama below.

After the lecture, the meeting was turned into an open forum. There were Reds of all hues and intensities: socialists, communists, anarchists, pacifists, single-taxers, atheists, and an occasional garden-variety liberal. Each group was quite vocal. Nobody agreed with any one else. The majority possessed what psychologists call "one-track" minds. And very few seemed to run along the same track! All was in an atmosphere of good humor, however, sharp as the words themselves sometimes became, and an atmosphere of good breeding. They were simply indulging in a little intellectual and forensic spree. They talked about Russia, communism, socialism, atheism, anarchism, war, peace, metaphysics, European affairs, the war of classes, patriotism, everything! And that was all. It was quite agreeable to listen to.

There was even an occasional gleam of wholesomeness. I recall the universal exclamation of amused relief when one good soul rose to remark that in his opinion the "most important thing that had occurred that afternoon was the rain which was saving California's crops!"

Finally an Englishman got up, when the arguments were threatening to grow acidic, and announced he was hungry for tea. So we tea-d.

As we adjourned, the setting sun broke through the clouds in the west, revealing the grounds below us, glistening with moisture and beauty.

Upton Sinclair was not there. He came once in a while, but for the most part kept rather closely to himself and to his work in his bungalow overlooking the Arroyo Seco and the mountains further down the valley. With the exception of his tennis and his auto, Sinclair leads a concentrated life, his whole existence sunk in his work.

He had just returned from a picnic, the first time I met him. I was surprised at the radiant, boyish face that greeted me from the front seat of his auto. He had to leave again in a moment. He was working on a newspaper article the next time, and Mrs. Sinclair entertained me for a few minutes. She is the balance

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wheel of the Sinclair unit. Temperamentally a conservative, she is a radical by conviction only. She is a valuable asset to her husband in many ways. Hers is the business head of the publishing house. She is the restraining influence on her husband's impetuosity, both in business and political matters.

"I try to keep him out of jail all I can!" she observed once. The remark seemed to come from the heart!

Sinclair entered, smiling. Personally he is a charming fellow, and the longer you talk with him the more convinced you become of his sincerity. His mind moves rapidly. It is of the fanatical type. But Sinclair is not a protagonist of force. As an individual, he will fight. He is game. But he is opposed to class violence and change through force—the keystone of the Bolshevik plan of action.

He exerts an appreciable influence on the radical Red groups outside the intellectual circles. He is the connecting link between the latter and the real proletarian radicals, the I. W. W. and the Workers' Party. He holds court in both camps. In the latter his influence is on the side of restraint and against attempted violence.

He answered me with directness. I found it necessary to shape my questions pointedly. But once a query was put point-blank, the reply usually came in the same fashion.

From the general character of his comments, it soon became evident that he realized that the Reds had no real power in America. Finally he said outright:

"All we can do at the moment is to wait and see what capital will do. Capital has the power in its hands."

He also admitted that American labor as a whole had not "reacted" to the tenets of communism. He insisted, however, that a convulsion would be precipitated if there were another world war.

We branched off into his personal life. He told of his experiences as a publisher (of his own books), how he had slowly built up his business, adding, unaffectedly: "I have to earn my living, of course . . ."

"It doesn't pay to be too radical. You won't get anywhere!"

These were the words of Magnus Johnson, America's leading Senatorial Red, in an interview some weeks later in Washington. We were sitting on a bench in the lobby of the Capitol, but his soft "t's," his missing "h's," and his rising cadences carried one back to the gentle Swedish farmers of the Middle West. Johnson was not exactly the farmer type, however. He would have looked more at home, to my notion, in a dry-goods store on Main Street than behind the plough. He was a trifle too round for the furrows! Or he might have run the town elevator. His eyes were kindly. His demeanor was full of good humor. He was a jolly sort, even if he did look a little unusual in his surroundings. That was one thing that attracted you: his personal honesty. He never pretended to be what he was not; he put on no airs. He was simply Magnus Johnson, lifted out of the great Scandinavian plains of America and dropped into the National capital. And having been dropped there by Fate, Magnus Johnson proceeded on about his business, "shoost" where he left off.

We talked about a number of things, chiefly political. The point here, however, is that one remark. It was the key to his make-up.

III

My second conclusion was that our present method of dealing with the more aggressive radical elements—our attempt to stamp out the movement by means of suppression, imprisonment (virtual oppression)—is a mistake, a mistake for which, if continued, we may have to pay dearly some day.

First of all, such tactics in the long run have exactly the opposite effect to that intended. They do not remedy, but aggravate. Nothing so glorifies a cause, good or bad, as oppression. In California more than a hundred men are in the penitentiary to-day for the crime of belonging to a political society. This society publicly advocates a programme of social revolution; it is proscribed by the statutes of the State. But preaching doctrines and committing acts of violence are two different things. The men in jail to-day were not convicted of any act of vio-

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lence or even connected with any. Before sentence was passed the trial judge —I talked with him in his office in the Superior Court building—offered all of them freedom if they would simply renounce their revolutionary doctrines and go quietly to work. To quote the judge's words, "each defiantly refused, with the fire of fanaticism in his eyes. Several shouted that we might imprison their bodies but we could never imprison their souls!" Such men are fanatics, it is true, but not criminals—not yet, at least. And this treatment not only fails to divert them from their determination; it solidifies them in it!

The men prominent in the I. W. W. in California are not the type of human being that can be intimidated. The fanatic is not that kind. His morale is immeasurably stiffened by force. History has shown this repeatedly. Each of these political convicts to-day glories in his incarceration.

That the verdict was a purely political matter, based on political, not criminal, considerations, soon became clear as I listened to the justice's account of the trial. His version of the climax of the proceedings, the "turning point" in the attitude of the jurors toward the accused, clinched matters. He was a youngish man to be on a superior court bench, but his mind was keen. And he was a just judge; he wished to be humane. He made no attempt to defend the syndicalism law under which the men were convicted, volunteering the remark that as a judge he was bound to pass sentence on the strength of the existence of the statute, be it good or bad. And on that basis I agreed with him. He did not make the law.

"As a human and psychological drama, the trial was gripping," he related. "From the beginning, I watched the faces of both jurors and accused. I noted their reactions to various phases of the trial. It was fascinating.

"I remember the day the turning point came. I have forgotten what the occasion was, but one afternoon all the Red sympathizers who were attending the trial—there were about a hundred—marched into the courtroom with red flowers in their buttonholes. Shortly afterward the prisoners filed in, each likewise sporting a crimson patch on his lapel. There was an instantaneous reaction through the entire jurors' panel. Nearly every face openly registered its sharp disapproval. It was evident from their expressions that the jurors felt that these men were wrong, that they had the wrong idea. From then on I knew that the prisoners were going to be convicted!"

To put such people in jail, furthermore, casts around them a halo of martyrdom and arouses for them a sympathy which they otherwise could not enjoy. It makes heroes of men who, nine times out of ten, would otherwise appear to the average workingman as so many "crazy nuts"! It invests their causes with an unnecessary seriousness.

As a matter of fact, the court's action actually doubled the membership of the I. W. W. in California, according to Attorney Ryckman!

Liberal opinion generally is not behind the syndicalism law in California.

By use of force in this way, we are also lending material and quite unnecessary weight to the I. W. W. campaign assertion that force offers the only method by means of which any new system, good or bad, could be introduced in America!

I believe the issues the I. W. W.'s raise must be met. But I am convinced that force is not the way to meet them.

Moreover, I am convinced that, given a chance to choose, the American workingman has enough sense to pick between a rational course and fanaticism.

Nor can I see policy in unnecessarily advertising the Reds, giving them a publicity far out of proportion to the importance of their movement. And in shadow-boxing around this Red bubble, for such it is, we are consuming energy as a nation which could better be applied to solving some of the conditions which alone could make Bolshevism possible.

The best way of all to counter the activities of the Red agitators—the safest way—is to cut the foundation from under their arguments by trying to remedy the social and economic injustices upon which they must base their entire appeal. For, be it always remembered, Bolshevism is a social phenomenon that *springs only from despair*. It cannot live except in this soil.

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IV

EAST of the Rocky Mountains, in the great Middle West, there is a so-called radical movement, however, which has a real existence, but which has nothing in common with the crimson kind we have been discussing. When the Middle Westerner says "radical," he means an entirely different thing from what the Westerner or the Easterner means by the same word. In the Middle West the term has nothing to do with communism. When the Kansas farmer says a man is a "radical" he means he is a man who is thoroughly indignant over certain existing injustices, a man who is so exasperated that he insists on vigorous, straight-from-the-shoulder moves. He feels that things must be changed radically before they can be right, and will be satisfied with nothing less than sharp reform. By this he does not mean any attempt to employ force. He is still convinced of the efficacy of legislative action. But he wants *action!*

This spirit of protest is the "radical" movement of the Middle West. It is less spectacular than the radicalism referred to before; but what it may lose on that count, it makes up for on another. For it is based on fundamental economic considerations. It has a vocational urge, and is dynamic.

"Yes, I'm a radical. I'm a thorough-going radical!" The words came from a blue-eyed young farmer-lawyer in a small Kansas town. They startled me. I had known him for years. He was a university graduate, had "worked his way through." Returning to his "home town," he began practising law, farming on the side to keep his credit intact until his clientele sufficed. He married. He had succeeded in his profession; was prominent in the district Young Men's Democratic League. In type, he was far from the Moscow "Bolshie"! On its surface his next remark would seem paradoxical:

"No, I'm not a socialist. I should say not! I'm against that sort of thing. We're fighting it; don't want that kind of folks coming here. But I'm a radical, all right. There are lots of things that have got to be fixed, and no 'half way' about it. They've got to stop pinching us at both ends. We're mad clean through. And there's lots of us radicals around here!"

(Some of his elders, old substantial pioneers of the State, went even further, in words at least, in voicing their indignation.)

He was typical of the spirit which has furnished both cause and form to the so-called radical movement of the plains.

"The farmers are thoroughly angry," Governor Jonathan M. Davis of Kansas replied when I talked with him in Topeka a year ago. He was a "dirt farmer" (whatever that is!), so his campaign literature informed, and he had been put into the State House by Kansas "radical" votes. I saw him again this last spring. It was interesting to note the sobering influence of a year in office, plus the prospect of practical politics at the convention (he later was one of the candidates for the vice-presidency at Madison Square Garden, it will be recalled). And when I finally asked him outright just "how radical" he really was, he looked out of the window and answered:

"I'm not a radical!"

Governor Sweet of Colorado and Governor Ross of Wyoming, however, are the type that keep the courage of their convictions. Both are typical Westerners. Neither is Red in the Russian sense. Both are thorough "radicals."

This form of radicalism—neither communistic nor socialistic in orientation—has a large spread in the Middle West. Nor is it limited to the plains. It may be found among classes in various regions, in cities as well as villages, that are suffering from economic maladjustment—bank clerks, underpaid salaried employees of all kinds, the middle class! At the moment, the farmers are the most demonstrative.

This protest movement will find expression—through political channels. The present Third Party, the "Progressive Party," is trying very hard to exploit this situation to its political advantage. La Follette, himself, is a "radical" of this type. In the present party he has made common cause, it is true, with some of the more moderate Reds. The party is, for this reason, a hodge-podge. In some of its pronouncement—moderate as it is compared with what was expected before the convention at Cleveland on July 4,—it

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goes somewhat further than some of the "radical" farmers might have preferred. Just how large a portion of the "radical" electoral bloc in the Middle West the new party will be able to take from the two established parties, the elections will tell. For from the political viewpoint, the Middle West radical element is still comparatively disorganized. Nearly all have been accustomed for years to voting in one of the old parties, and many doubtless still expect relief through one of these political bodies.

But irrespective of its present political compactness, the radical movement in the Middle West has dynamic qualities and will make itself felt.

In this sense, the Middle West is becoming pink. But it is genuine American pink. Not Moscow Red!

V

To summarize, briefly:

1. Red radicalism (Bolshevism) does not present a menace in the United States so far as the immediate future is concerned.

2. Our present policy of forceful suppression of the aggressive extremist elements tends to strengthen rather than weaken their position. It is a mistake.

3. There is a spirit of protest preeminently manifest in the "radical" movement of the Middle West. This movement calls not for communism or socialism, but for adjustment of various economic injustices in our present order.

4. As a corollary both of what I saw of the workings of communism in Russia and of what I have observed in America since my return, I believe that this readjustment must be made, but it must be a slow process of evolution. I believe it will have to be an adjustment that will go far deeper than the external form of society. I have seen more terrible injustices under a régime of communism than under any capitalistic society. It is not a question of external form. That is where the communists blunder. Their remedy is too superficial (radical as they think it is) even if it could be instituted. It does not make a great deal of difference what *external form* society has *if* the men controlling the social and economic organism are self-seeking men.

The important thing is the *human* element. Before we can hope for permanent relief, there must be an improvement in this human element. This is not vague or theoretical. It is the only practical hope. Mankind must awaken to the realities of life as a whole. One of the greatest of these is: co-operation and fellowship represent the only possible social relationship in which men can live together with much happiness or peace. Without this spirit, social reform is almost futile.

The story of social advance during the coming decades will have to be along these lines, if there is to be an advance. And there must be. The demand for industrial justice has been raised. It is arousing sections of the populace that were comparatively passive before. In America, these people are not calling for socialism. But they do demand justice. It is a demand that requires attention, putting aside all considerations of humanitarianism. If not satisfied, it will eventually bring despair. And despair brings violence.

The point is that at the moment those who are suffering from economic maladjustment in America have not abandoned themselves to despair, nor have they shown signs of hysteria. The American proletariat, rural and urban, is still steady.

There is still ample opportunity to attack the problem of fitting sound social ethics and sound business principles together in our social order, without the unsettling presence of hysteria and Bolshevism at our doors.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

OF the innumerable anecdotes I have heard and read about Thackeray, I can truthfully say that none was uninteresting; I therefore recommend to all Scribnerians "Thackeray and His Daughter: The Letters and Journals of Anne Thackeray Ritchie, with Many Letters of William Makepeace Thackeray." Thackeray was not only one of the greatest of novelists, he was one of the best of men. His courage in facing the unspeakable tragedy of his life, his tenderness toward his children and solicitude in their training, his large-minded, civilized attitude, combined to make him an irresistible person. On his lecturing tour, he was immensely impressed, as visitors are still, by the amiability and gusto of Americans. Thackeray wrote to a friend from Richmond in 1853:

A great good wh. an Englishman who has seen men and cities gets by coming hither is that he rubs a deal of Cockney arrogance off, and finds men and women above all as good as our own. You learn to sympathise with a great hearty nation of 26 millions of English-speakers, not quite ourselves but so like, the difference is not worth our scorn certainly; nay I'm not sure I don't think the people are our superiors. There's a rush and activity of life quite astounding, a splendid recklessness about money wh. has in it something admirable too. Dam the money says every man. He's as good as the richest for that day. If he wants champagne he has champagne. Mr. Astor can't do more. You get an equality wh. may shock ever so little at first, but has something hearty and generous in it. I like the citizenship and general freedom, and in the struggles wh. every man with whom you talk is pretty sure to have had, the ups and downs of his life, the trades or professions he has been in—he gets a rough and tumble education wh. gives a certain piquancy to his talk and company.

There's beautiful affection in this country, immense tenderness, romantic personal enthusiasm and a general kindliness and serviceableness and good nature wh. is very pleasant and curious to witness for us folks at home, who are mostly ashamed of our best emotions, and turn on our heel with a laugh sometimes when we are most pleased and touched. If a man falls into a difficulty a score of men are ready to help.

While he was on this tour, his daughter Anne, aged fifteen, wrote him a letter containing an unanswerable question: "I wonder what makes people cry when they are unhappy, and when they are happy too, and when they are neither the one nor the other?"

In May, 1912, I had the pleasure of a long talk with this querist in her hospitable home in London. We drew books at random from the shelves: there was "Henry Esmond," filled with marginal notes and pictures in Thackeray's hand; out of another volume a letter fluttered to the floor, which I was asked to read aloud. It was a playful missive written in ink as black as his blood by Alfred Tennyson, telling "dear Annie" to be ready at the appointed hour, as the Laureate was coming to take her for a walk. At a desk in the room had sat the gigantic figure of Turgenev, scribbling something for her; and she permitted me to read a long intimate letter from Browning—altogether too intimate for publication, I suppose—which explained exactly how he felt when he saw the famous passage about his wife in FitzGerald's letters, and why he had made his terrible and—to many—inexplicable outburst.

Browning was as impulsive as Roosevelt; and he could never speak of his wife with calmness. Lady Ritchie told me an illustrative story. There was a rumor that Browning was going to marry again; and in his absence she mentioned it. The next day Browning heard of it in a way that made him suppose she had originated the fable; that night they met at a large dinner, and he was assigned to take her out to the dining-room. She greeted him in their customary friendly manner, took his arm, and then, to her amazement, found that he would not speak to her, but almost spiked her with his elbow every time she turned toward him. At dinner, he devoted himself exclusively to the lady on his left, and if

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Anne Thackeray spoke to him, he made no reply. When the ladies withdrew, she asked one of them if Robert Browning had gone mad. "Why, don't you know? He heard that you started a story of a second marriage, and he will never forgive you." This state of affairs continued for months. They constantly met at dinner parties, but he ignored her. In the following summer, she, Browning, and his most intimate friend, the Frenchman Milsand, were staying in the same town in Normandy. One day Milsand turned on Browning and told him he was behaving outrageously; that Annie Thackeray had never meant any harm, had merely repeated what she had heard, and was now heartbroken. Browning was smitten with contrition; he immediately started running at full speed to the opposite end of the town, where lodged Miss Thackeray. He must have been a curious spectacle, for he was short and heavy, and not used to sprinting. "I was sitting in the window of the second story," Lady Ritchie told me, "in a despondent mood, when I saw Browning running violently toward my lodging. I rushed down-stairs, leaped into his arms, we both cried together, and had a lovely time."

Lady Ritchie's conversation was always interesting, filled as it was with allusions to many interesting people; but I confess the chief interest to me was in her own radiant personality. She was one of the most charming women I ever met, an enormous but sincere superlative. The drawing by John Sargent, reproduced in this volume, is very like.

In Compton Mackenzie's novel "The Heavenly Ladder," the story reaches its conclusion in Italy and the hero is received into the Roman Catholic Church, where he certainly belongs. He finds port after stormy seas. I recommend all those who take religion seriously and are interested in various forms of worship to read this trilogy straight through—"The Altar Steps," "The Parson's Progress," "The Heavenly Ladder." It is written from the heart of a believer, and by the hand of an accomplished literary artist. Furthermore, one becomes so minutely acquainted with every mood, thought, speech, and action of Mark Lidderdale that one knows the man as one knows an intimate friend. In the third volume, the Cornish environment and the villages are sharply delineated. I believe these three books to be a contribution both to literature and to mysticism.

For a point of view equally religious but totally different in emphasis, read Doctor Frank Crane's new book, "Why I am a Christian." Written in a crisp, forthright, journalistic style, this is a confession from a man to whom Mackenzie's point of view would be more remote than Sirius; but it is a good, plain statement of what the Christian religion can do when all the "nonsense" (for so it seems to the Doctor) has been taken out of it. It is a first-rate evangelistic tract, which will inspire many thousands, though, as Mrs. Browning said, "there is much to dissent from among the dissenters."

Then, having read this, read Paul More's latest work, "The Christ of the New Testament." Mackenzie is a literary artist; Doctor Crane is an adroit journalist; Paul More is one of the most learned men in the world. Yet this book is written so that any intelligent person, whether scholarly or not, will read it with enjoyment. I read it with more than enjoyment; I read it with enthusiasm. And how heartily I agree with his denunciation of pragmatism, that worst rag-baby of philosophy! To those students who maintain that, although the Gospels are not true, we should live *as though they were*, and thus find satisfaction, Mr. More says: "The doctrine that we need not believe but must act as if we believed—very ingenious, very pretty, but impracticable, and at heart a lie which the world will not tolerate: men will not long act as if they believed. The alternative is the faith of the Greek tradition or no religion of Christ."

Here is Mr. More's summary: "If the divine nature has at any time in anywise directly revealed itself to man, if any voice shall ever reach us out of the infinite circle of silence, where else shall we look but to the words of the Gospel? Not Christianity alone is at stake in our acceptance or rejection of the Incarnation, but religion itself." Brave words and true; and they come from one who is a

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profound student of comparative religions.

It is significant that after twenty centuries the person of Jesus should cast so absolute a spell over three men so totally unlike: a sophisticated, consummate literary craftsman, a practical, hard-headed man of the world, and a scholar made lonely by immense erudition, who would rather die than write a knowingly inaccurate statement. One, made sensitive by beauty, dwells in an atmosphere of art; one, a hand-to-mouth journalist, dwells in the atmosphere of practicality; one, having climbed an almost inaccessible peak of scholarship, dwells in the atmosphere of pure thought.

It would be difficult to win the unqualified respect of any one of the three, so accustomed are they to test beauty, efficiency, and truth; yet here we find all three kneeling.

Another interesting new book on religion, tall and lean like an English prelate, is "Catholic and Protestant Elements in Christianity," by the Reverend Oliver Chase Quick, Canon of Carlisle. This work, which can be read through in two hours, is marked by deep learning and a temper the opposite of controversial.

In the nineteenth chapter of I Kings, we are informed that Elijah "found Elisha the son of Shaphat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth." I had always supposed that this meant that Elisha and the hired hands were out plowing with twelve yoke; I did not suppose he was driving twelve yoke of oxen in front of him, though the Bible seemed to say so. The Reverend F. Kurtz, missionary in India, writes me a letter that ought to interest all lovers of the Bible, all dirt farmers, and many others: "I am living in an Oriental land where oxen still do all the plowing. I had seen frequently seven yoke of oxen plowing the same field, but a few days later I was travelling through the country on my tours and as I came over a little rise of ground what did I see but *eighteen yoke* of oxen plowing a field, one following the other, just as in Elisha's time! . . . We missionaries who are accustomed to use the Bible in these Oriental lands are continually getting new light on old truths. The West has gotten so far away from the Orient that many things in the Bible seem to be out of place until one can see the Bible incidents in real life. No Indian Christian would have doubted the twelve yoke of oxen story."

The Reverend James A. McWilliams, of Honey Brook, Pennsylvania, thinks that I am wrong in saying that there are only two grammatical errors in the Authorized Version; and he suggests the use of "which" for "who," "them that" for "those who," and Romans 5: 12, "where the comparison stumbles and does not get on its feet again in a balanced sentence." As I enjoy hearing one of my correspondents answer another, I referred this letter to Professor Albert S. Cook, who wisely remarks that in the above cases there is a confusion of three things: bad grammar, archaism, and involved or perplexed constructions. Archaisms are not bad grammar; "drave" for "drove," and many others. I was afraid McWilliams had me on "which," and I feel relieved. In the passage in Romans, the original is confused; Professor Cook says the Latin Vulgate is perplexed in this verse, doubtless owing to the Greek. He adds: "Bad grammar, like 'whom' for 'who,' is indefensible, even when perfectly explicable. If one were very charitable, one might go even further and repeat: '*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.*'"

Let us now pass from the sacred to the secular. Lawrence Rising's new novel, "Proud Flesh," contains the best description of the San Francisco fire of 1906 that I have seen. Furthermore he takes us through the smart set and through the slums of that interesting city, and calls things by their names. His heroine and hero are unusual, yet I can wish he had omitted the cave man motion-picture episodes at the close; but the book contains a good story, well told. Everything I read by Lawrence Rising convinces me both of his ability and of his progress.

Herbert Asquith's "Wind's End" is an excellent mystery novel, with another clever amateur detective. Little children commit murder in a charmingly inconsequential manner.

Among the innumerable books of reminiscence I recommend Ralph Nevill's

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"Unconventional Memories" and "The World of Fashion, 1837–1922," also E. A. Brayley Hodgetts's "Moss from a Rolling Stone." He has surely rolled. Such continual travel ought to have either shortened his life or ruined his health, but, like Antæus, every time he hits a new spot on the earth, he rises with increased vigor. It is strange that exposure seems to produce no more ill results than its opposite.

When I sit down in front in the theatre, and I never sit anywhere else if I can help it, and feel the terrific icy draught hit me in the face when the curtain rises, I wonder how the actors and actresses live through it. They get the very worst of it night after night. They live in draughts. Even in the coldest weather, Mrs. Patrick Campbell would never allow any heat on the stage. I asked Walter Hampden about this exposure to currents of cold air, and he said that, so far as he knew, he had never suffered any ill effects by it. Often he had gone to the theatre with an aggressive cold acquired elsewhere, and he believed that he had cured it by "talking through it." Furthermore, he gave even more startling testimony when he said that in his company there had been many times when an actor or an actress had been forced to leave a sick bed and go to the theatre, and in no single instance had the result been other than beneficial.

Look at Gladstone, for whom it was a common experience to be heatedly engaging in public debate at a quarter to four in the morning, and who never wore an overcoat outdoors. He died at the age of eighty-eight.

In a recent number I asked if there really were in Philadelphia a church called the Church of Charles the Martyr. Here comes Harry Boland of Philadelphia, who informs me:

> There is in Philadelphia a R. C. ch. of St. Charles Borromeo. There was a P. E. ch. of the Evangelist situated on Catherine midway between 7th and 8th sts. About a score of years ago I was present at the ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling of a life-size portrait of St. Charles Martyr, who as Charles I, I early learned, had died of throat trouble.

Upon my asking this sprightly correspondent for further details, he enclosed a post-card received from a lady, at the bottom of which were the mystic initials P. T. O., which, upon reflection, seemed to mean "Please turn over." I dare say he immediately performed this acrobatic feat. Well do I remember the day in college when a particularly dull preacher, in the course of his discourse, said: "Let us now turn to the other side," and every student immediately turned over. The church seemed like a Swedish gymnastical school. A curious and inexplicable fact: if a dull preacher continues to make edifying statements, no one hears them; yet if he makes a single "break," it is instantly appreciated.

But to resume. Boland asked the lady, "Is there a church of St. Charles the Martyr?" She replied: "We observe his day." And later she wrote: "Fr. Gorgas does not know of any Church of S. Charles the Martyr—only the *Society* of that name. The Church of the Evangelist is now an Art School, occupied by the Graphic Sketch Club."

Boland adds: "I toasted His Majesty in Poland Water. It *was* rather flat." Being in a playful mood, he wrote me a few days later: "A lady here serves this brief sentence: "The A-SOLO Club is an organization against Soloism."

The members of that recently exclusive Fano Club bid fair to become as the leaves in Vallombrosa. But I still welcome them individually in these pages. Professor A. J. Armstrong of Waco, Texas, who is one of the best American authorities on Browning, has this summer gazed on the picture; also Professor and Mrs. Charles E. Bennett of Amherst; also Mary D. Davenport and Alice F. Poor of Boston, and Pauline I. Duff of Chicago. Professor Kenneth McKenzie, of the University of Illinois, a leading scholar in Italian literature, wishes to know if he can be admitted, for, although he did not stop there himself, his train did. I reply that to pass through Fano and not leave the train is really worse, from the club's point of view, than never going to Italy at all.

Other and nearer places: Ben Baer of Wheeling writes me that I never stood on the real Y bridge at Zanesville. Three years ago, after an interval of forty, he

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stood on the present bridge and thought of the old covered structure of wood.

> I can remember when a crowd of boys made it a practice to go down to the Y bridge to meet haywagons. We could hear the haywagons approaching, the loose flooring and the horses' hoofs making a sound you do not hear nowadays. First the team would pass, with their rumps covered with white lather, the tangy horsy smells, then the load of hay would come with an odor that was delicious. We were crowded into a space of a few inches, with the hay swishing in our faces; that surely was a thrilling experience. The river is the same but . . . you should have seen it through the two inch cracks in the flooring of the old bridge.

I quote this, not only for its interest to all lovers of Zanesville and "Valley Waters," but because it will bring back to so many people the old wooden covered bridges with their noises, and (despite Mr. Hudson) their smells. There used to be one of these bridges over the Housatonic River at Stratford; in a rowboat beneath, we could hear the irregular sound of hoof-beats of horses; when the animals were exactly overhead, we would let out a blood-curdling yell. Then it was interesting to hear the new tempo of the hoof-beats, going instantly from *adagio* to *allegro vivace*, and so *fortissimo* that we could not hear the words of the driver, though he was saying something.

One of the best Little Theatres in the country is the Hedgerow, at Rose Valley, near Philadelphia. It was because I expressed a wish to hear "Richard II" that I learned of this. The company will produce it in the near future. Their repertory, under the direction of Jasper Deeter, includes not only Shakespeare but "Androcles and the Lion," "Candida," "The Master Builder," and "The Emperor Jones," from which an idea of their aims may be obtained. While I was pondering on this, there came a letter from Edward Longstreth, who had just returned from a performance at the Hedgerow of "The Master Builder," with that admirable actress Eva Le Gallienne as Hilda. "The company which supported the leads is local stuff from the colony of highbrows there and they did remarkably well."

Mr. Longstreth adds that he had just seen a bell-boy of the Philadelphia Country Club reading intently out of a book, which proved to be Hudson's "The Purple Land."

Hattie Rebecca Anderson, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, joins the Faerie Queene Club, as she has read the entire work twice: once for college thesis purposes, and once again for fun. She won a master of arts degree by writing about it, and she remarks that the poem itself is vastly more interesting than the various scholarly commentaries which the professor made her examine. So indeed it is.

An anonymous correspondent likes the pronunciation *Peps* better than *Peeps*, which I recommended. I recommended *Peeps* because it is the only pronunciation used at Cambridge, where Pepys was a student, and where his Diary reposes. To all I recommend a reading of "Mrs. Pep's Diary," in *Life*.

I do not see how any one can fail to enjoy Ring W. Lardner's book, "How to Write Short Stories," containing first-rate specimens from that master of the art. Its immediate success has been sensational, but deserved. The book has just those *Dramatis Personæ* that Browning would have mightily enjoyed.

Another new book of short stories, entirely different, but nevertheless interesting, is by the English novelist Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and is called "Eve's Lover." You will agree with me that one of these tales, "Thief," is particularly well done. It ought to be, as the author is an expert.

Looking in *The Herald Tribune* last Sunday, I saw in the literary pages something I never saw before. It was a list of eight best-sellers, and every one was a work of art. Never before have I seen a list of best-sellers that did not contain some trash. This contained: "How to Write Short Stories," by Ring Lardner; the four novels of New York by Edith Wharton; "So Big," by Edna Ferber; "Sandoval," by Thomas Beer; well, I forget the rest. But they were all worth reading.

It is good news that the Englishman Maurice Drake is about to publish a new novel. He is a professional glass-painter, and lives in Exeter. His story, "WO_2," is both ingenious in plot and original in characterization. If you don't know it, let me advise you to read it, both for its

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own sake and for the amazing fact that its was published in 1913! You will see why I call the date amazing when you have got about half-way through the book.

To collectors of myths, I will present three:

First, that cigarettes are alloyed with opium and other deadly drugs. Any one who knows anything about the relative price of tobacco and of opium ought not to receive meekly this oft-reiterated statement.

Second— But on second thoughts, I will omit the second. It is, however, a most interesting and widely accepted myth.

Third, that belts are more dangerous for men than suspenders. I read a long and apparently scientific article that attemped to prove that the American custom of wearing belts produced appendicitis. The essay was so carefully written that it seemed impressive. But I found out later that the author was a manufacturer of suspenders. Doubtless he was inspired only by humanitarian motives, but somehow I lost interest in his argument.

The reason why Englishmen wear coats while playing golf is not merely because the average English day is too cold for comfort; it is because the Englishman wears braces, and nothing looks more grotesque than knickerbockers upheld by visible suspenders.

It will please Mrs. Shapleigh, who nominated the poetry of Horace for the Ignoble Prize, to learn that she is supported by Arthur E. Bostwick of St. Louis, one of the leading librarians of America. He writes: "I am greatly interested in Mrs. Shapleigh's estimate of Horace, which you disapprove, because it has long been my own. I beg to add the name of Virgil, whom I consider decidedly second rate. . . . When we were reading Latin in college, it was not until we met Catullus that we seemed to feel any enthusiasm. Here, indeed, was a real fellow!" Mr. Bostwick believes that the whole of Latin literature suffers from its efforts to copy the Greek. Well, no one except a Latin enthusiast would believe for a moment that the literature of Rome was equal to that of Athens. But comparisons do not destroy the lesser lights. Horace has a place all his own. As a stylist, Virgil is nearly impeccable; it was natural that Tennyson idolized him.

When I was an undergraduate, a teacher told us that the Romans were the greatest people of antiquity because they were greatest in the greatest things—government, law, colonization. But I dissented, because I did not and do not think those are the greatest things.

I have received a brilliant and charming letter from Mrs. Jesse Turner of Van Buren, Arkansas, saying she knows as interesting and cultivated people there as anywhere else. It is true. Culture is more diffused in some places than in others; but the individual mind is quite independent of both place and time. It is a rather startling fact that from the earliest dawn of history to the present moment the individual human mind has increased not one grain in power and intelligence.

Turning from men to beasts. I have contributed so much animal lore to these pages that I am thinking of setting up as a naturalist. I suppose all animals are personalities to those who know and understand them. When I was a child in Hartford, it was a pleasure to enter the beautiful garden of that hospitable gentleman, Pliny Jewell. There was a little lake, and in winter he distributed to the boys of the neighborhood free skating-tickets, which we highly appreciated. In summer evenings the old gentleman would sit in a chair on the edge of this pond and ring a bell. At the mellow tones of this instrument, the frogs would come out of the lake and group themselves about Mr. Jewell, who offered them bits of food, which they received courteously. I had never discriminated particularly among frogs; but to this man every one of those frogs was an individual, and he had named them all. The largest was called Laura Matilda, and was the owner's favorite. I have seen Laura draw near her master's chair, take a bit of bread delicately from his fingers, eat it, and then wipe her mouth daintily, like the Prioresse in Chaucer.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

SOME man of imagination, half philologist, and half poet, should give his mind to the renaming of the categories of architecture. These are, no doubt, accurately enough designated as they stand. When you talk of domestic or ecclesiastical architecture you know pretty well where you are, though it must be admitted, as regards the first, that there is a certain organic difference between a suburban bungalow and a house like Chatsworth. But what are you to do about that particular kind of architecture which has been developed by the business conditions in American life? It is called "commercial," and against that possibly convenient but nevertheless pinched and inadequate essay in nomenclature I disgustedly rebel. It takes no account of the particular and peculiarly artistic characteristics of the kind of building to which I wish in this paper to refer. Within a period of a scant thirty-five or forty years American architects have been tackling so-called "commercial" problems in a spirit of their own and with results unique in the world. They have taken one of the raciest aspects of the American genius and interpreted it in terms of beauty, producing a body of architecture meet for honorable description. I want some word which will ally it not only to the things of the market-place but to the things of the soul, a word worthy of the new creative art which it represents, a word as spiritually indicative as "romantic" or "classical." This architecture is rooted in the most practical phase of our civilization, but you cannot call it a prosaic thing, for it has brought out a fairly inspired audacity in designers and it constitutes an achievement not only in ingenuity but in taste. Was there anything partaking of the ordinary nature of prose in the imagination of Cass Gilbert when he conceived the Woolworth Building? He had there, rather, the poetic inspiration of his life. Yet I dare say the questions that pressed upon him as he sat down to his plan began with the hard issues of engineering and embraced all manner of demands for those things that are summed up in the phrase "renting-space." Your "commercial" architecture misses its destiny if it does not "pay." The triumph of the American architect has consisted in his extorting from that obligation a type of architectural beauty.

♣ ♣ ♣

IT has all happened within the memory of living men. As recently as the eighties, in fact, they were still putting up terrible façades of cast iron, façades all the more terrible because they played ducks and drakes with the classical orders. But it was in that period, too, that the change began. It was a swift affair, part and parcel of that instinct for speed and mutability which is the very life-blood of the American people. We are nothing if not rapid in our movements, and I recall with some chagrin an instance of this in the very chapter of evolution with which I am dealing to-day. It was in the eighties that McKim, Mead & White erected the Columbia Bank on the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. The façade on the avenue was narrow, that on the street was long. The first stages were rusticated stone. Brick and terra-cotta carried up to the cornice. The design was that of a Florentime palazzo with loggias at the top, and it was a little gem, one of the gracefulest monuments the city ever possessed. Where is that building now? It was razed to make way for a broader structure about double its height. But if the reader wants to see how our renaissance in this field was begun he may happily still do so by looking at the building of the De Vinne Press, in Lafayette Street, which dates from 1881. The late Theodore L. De Vinne was himself a man of high ideals, a printer who took typography for what it is, one of the greatest of the arts; and when he set out to house his business he went to architects of distinction, to Babb, Cook & Willard.

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They made him a design which to this day proudly maintains a standard of beauty amid its commonplace surroundings. The building is beautiful in its true proportions, in its distribution of the apertures, in its fine lines, and in its expression of the strength and the simplicity befitting the purpose for which it was constructed. Consider the dignity and the positive charm of this building and then ask if there is not something lacking in the designation of it as merely "commercial" architecture. Of course I'll admit that the designation is reasonable, but I repeat that I hanker after a phrase which would somehow transcend the signification of the term to which we are at present confined.

From a photograph by Mattie Edwards Hewitt.

The De Vinne Press Building in New York City.
Designed by Babb, Cook & Willard.

Work like that done in the De Vinne Building has been going on in the United States ever since; and I make not the smallest pretense of touching in these brief remarks upon anything like the generous proportion of the landmarks in our architectural progress which industry and business have developed all over the country. I can, instead, glance at only a few representative monuments. But those few have tremendous meaning. I don't think it would be possible to exaggerate the import of Russek's, formerly the Gorham Building, which Stanford White completed in 1906—its intrinsic beauty and its influence upon American architecture. White built their marble Venetian palazzo for the Tiffanys at about the same time, and for artistic quality it is hard to choose between the two; but as the years have gone on and I have gazed with delight upon them both thousands of times, I have found myself more and more coming back to the gray stone walls of the old Gorham Building as making a masterpiece apart. Here, to begin with, was an inspiring problem: the housing of a business dedicated to one of the precious metals. The build-

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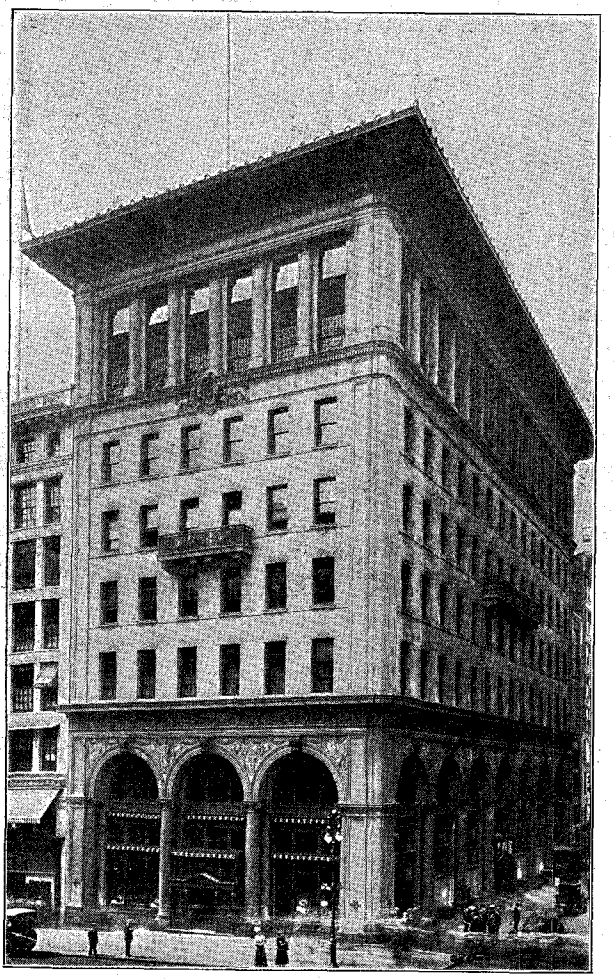
ing had to possess both weight and delicacy. A certain elegance was to preside over its bulk. White saw to that with unerring taste and felicity in the columns and arches with which he started, in the cornice surmounting them, and in the sculptured decoration he introduced. Then he struck the nicest balance in the four stories above them, using just the right restrained touch in his shallow pilasters at the corners, in his balconies, in the sills for the windows, and in the heraldic ornamentation crowning this part of the façade; and for his final stage he set his tall grilled windows between columns that support a deep and gloriously decorative cornice. The thing is superb and it has two especially outstanding merits. In the first place, it is original, a work of great personal style, a building unlike anything that had come before and unsurpassed since. Secondly, it is a consummate affirmation of the American genius, practical, contemporaneous, a perfect fulfilment of every-day utilitarian needs, a work of usefulness which is a work of beauty. Imagination boggles at the idea of our ever having to give up *this* building for a taller one.



Russek's, formerly the Gorham Building, in New York City. Designed by McKim, Mead & White.

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THE merely tall building will always be with us, but it is interesting to note that tallness by itself no longer has anything talismanic about it, is no longer an obsessing preoccupation—and this I say in spite of the fact that rumors about the vast building which is to take the place of the old Madison Square Garden promise a higher altitude than that of the Woolworth Building. From the beginning American architects have been feeling their way toward a mitigation of pure vertical dimensions. Years ago I heard a story of what John W. Root dreamed of when he and his partner, Dan Burnham, pioneering in the erection of skyscrapers, built one of their first compositions, I think it was the Monadnock Building in Chicago. He wanted to do something about the coloration of the simple façade which would simulate the upward rush of flame. Root would have made some interesting experiments, I imagine, if he had lived; he would have done something to romanticize the subject. As it happened, when Burnham went on alone he was sometimes grandiose, but only through sheer bulk; and if there is anything romantic about the Flatiron Building in New

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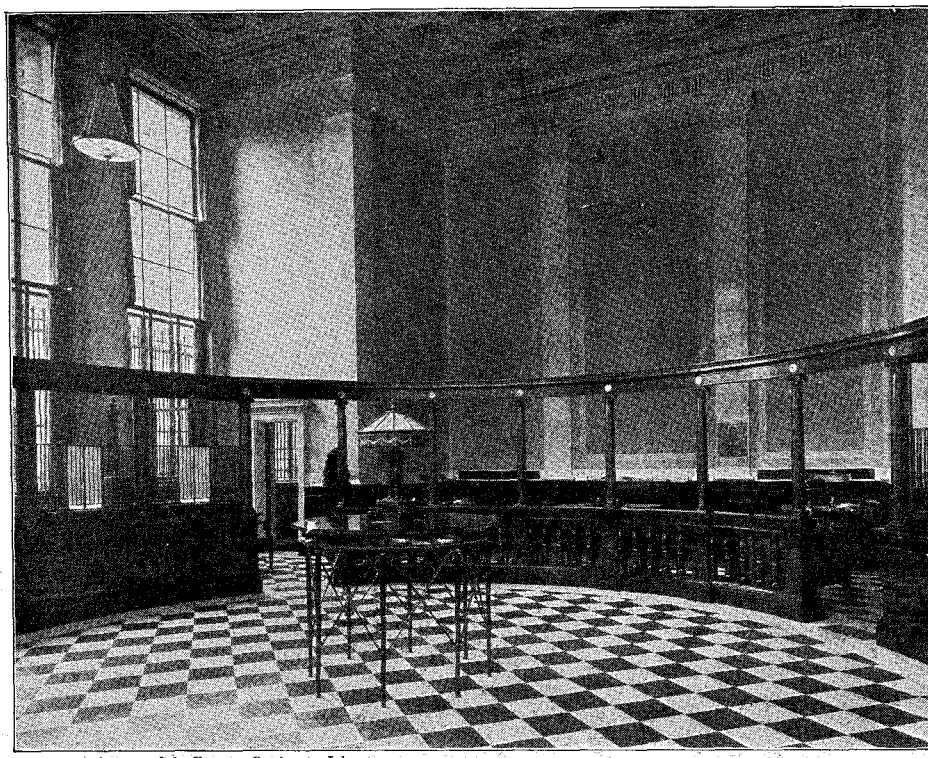

From a photograph by Frances Benjamin Johnston.

Interior of the Madison Avenue Branch Office of the Guaranty Trust Company in New York City.
Designed by Cross & Cross.

York it is an accidental imposition due to the eccentric nature of the site rather than to the expression of any emotion in the architect. Burnham did a great deal of distinguished work, but he did it, like most of his colleagues, within the rather rigid confines of an accepted formula. The difference between his régime and the new is defined very effectively by the Hanna Building in Cleveland, designed by Charles A. Platt. It is not so tall as the Flatiron, but it is tall enough. Like the Flatiron, it stands at a corner coming almost to a point; and though the two façades extend to a much greater breadth, the idea of the prow of a ship asserts itself as you stand on Euclid Avenue and study the great gray mass. This is one of the major buildings in the country, subtly Renaissance in style but, like the old Gorham Building, possessing an essentially personal quality. As a mass it has great power, great force, and this is tinctured by a singular beauty in all the linear elements that lend relief to bulk and add charm to strength. It is an illustration of "commercial" architecture studied in the finest spirit, with warmth, delicacy, and flexibility.

The zoning laws came to lend aid to the architect in New York when they determined that a façade should be recessed above a certain height, and the city is already rich in examples of the taste and skill with which the new opportunity has been exploited. Our sky-line has entered upon a period of transformation during which almost any picturesqueness may be expected. I can cite no better design in illustration of this latest advance than that which Benjamin Wistar Morris gave us when he erected the Cunard Building at that point at which Broadway emerges from contact with Bowling Green. There is a noble landmark if ever there was one. He had in the firm and its great fleet an historic institution to commemorate, and he went about it

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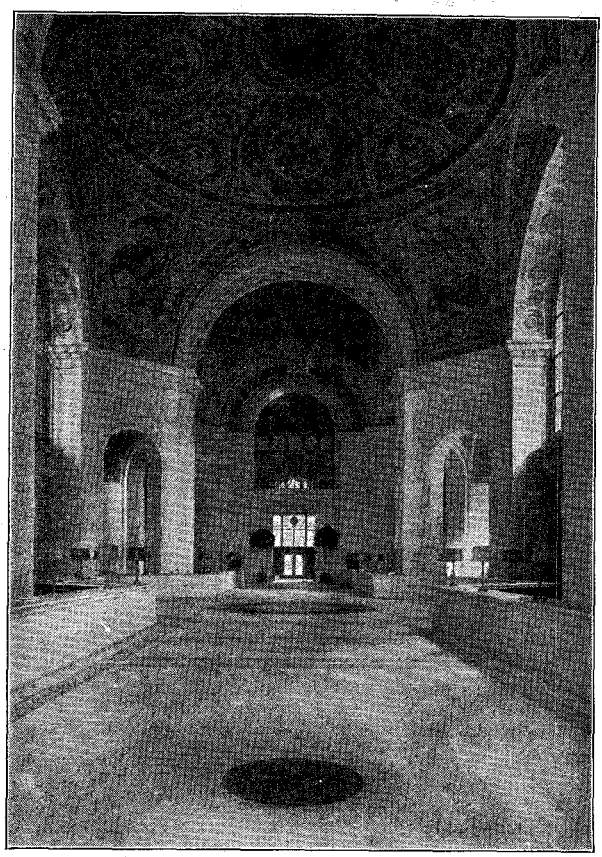
matching heroic scale with a fairly majestic inspiration. The immense façade rests upon a rusticated base, with arches, columns, and cornice modifying its grimness; and it soars dizzily until it reaches the prescribed height, then recedes thrice until it reaches the roof. Twenty-five years ago this problem would have bewildered an architect, and he would have been practically defeated by the task. Morris grappled with it out of a fund of originality, and—the all-important point—he saw his gigantic façade as a whole, refused to be baffled by his necessarily serried windows, and developed an organic unit of architectural interest and beauty. I don't wonder that our sublime British brethren, so patronizing in their reception of things like "the great American novel," forget to condescend when they are confronted by such an achievement as the Cunard Building. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world, and I cannot too often point out that what makes such architecture inpressive is not by any means its scale alone but the superimposition of beauty upon scale and the exact correspondence between these things and the needs of our time. Could anything be racier, more modern, more true? It is the American soul in architecture. We are a busy, hard-working people, clear-eyed and energetic, worshipping efficiency, tending instinctively to bigness in enterprise, and widely occupied not only in the piling up of money but in the spending of it with a well-nigh imperial gesture. You read it all in the might and splendor of a Cunard Building. There is momentary amusement in the reflection that here a British organization is subdued to the stuff in which it works. With its business as American as it is English, the Cunard Line adjusts its tradition to the New York environment, falls into line with our whole movement, and finds itself expressed in the terms of an intensely American architecture.



Great Hall of the Cunard Building in New York City.
Designed by Benjamin Wistar Morris.

I do not mean that there are no gorgeous business buildings in England. The Cunard offices in Liverpool are not by any means negligible from an architectural point of view. But they are a flea-bite compared to the offices in New York. The observer will smile again if, as he enters the latter, he will let his mind revert to those canonical quarters with which, according to generations of English writers, the English business man has always been content. If, when you are writing a romance of life in London, you want to be impeccable as to your "local color" you know well enough what to do. Pursue your famous solicitor up a flight of creaking steps in a dingy

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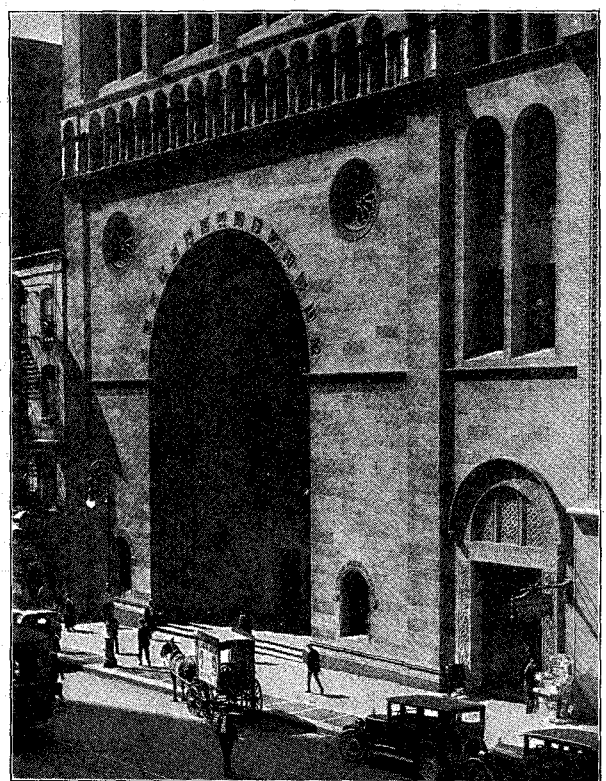
little building, follow him down a dark passage, and, when you have placated a snuffy clerk in a poverty-stricken anteroom, come to speech with the great man among japanned boxes looking even more antique than they are in the light that filters dimly through unwashed windows. You are in the presence of the oracle of dukes. That, at all events, is what we have been led to believe, along with the circumstance that if an English millionaire sometimes functions in an office of the American style, he is as likely to be discovered in a den that would be repudiated by a small retail merchant in South Bend, Ind. Well, cherishing these memories, as I say, let the reader visit the great hall in the Cunard Building. I verily believe that if a certain type of British business man were to do so he would fall in a fit. Almost you might be in the Vatican. The deep-domed chamber goes clear through to the back of the building. The walls are of mellow travertine. The domes rest on piers which are themselves pierced by arches, so that repeated swelling curves lighten the austerity of a hall well over 150 feet deep. On the walls there are huge maps of the Cunard routes, painted by Barry Faulkner, and on ceiling and pendentives Ezra Winter has brilliantly painted decorations reviving in an enchanting harmony the traditions of Raphael and Pinturicchio. This more than spacious room is Medicean in its stateliness and sumptuous character.



From a photograph by Kenneth Clark.

Entrance to the Bowery Savings Bank Building in New York City. Designed by York & Sawyer.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

IT will be remarked that in this apotheosis of "commercial" architecture the enhancement of the interior has kept pace with the creative development of the façade, and in this the banking business has played a distinctive part. Every one, I am sure, has noticed it, and I might cite evidence from almost any direction. What first impressed it upon me was not, to tell the truth, a design of spectacular dimensions, but a bijou of a bank designed by Cross & Cross for a branch of the Guaranty Trust Company at Madison Avenue and Sixtieth Street. It is much used by women, and though it is an absolutely businesslike place, it has the delicate, even exquisite, traits which would be sympathetic to its clientele. The depositor here might come from her Adam drawing-room or from some such surroundings to the bank and not feel that she had stepped out of her atmosphere. The black-and-white scheme is as cool and serene as flawless taste could make it, and there is no detail anywhere that does not fit into the picture. The place has the finish of the proverbial Swiss watch. One would think that such a finish was only attainable in a building of limited dimen-

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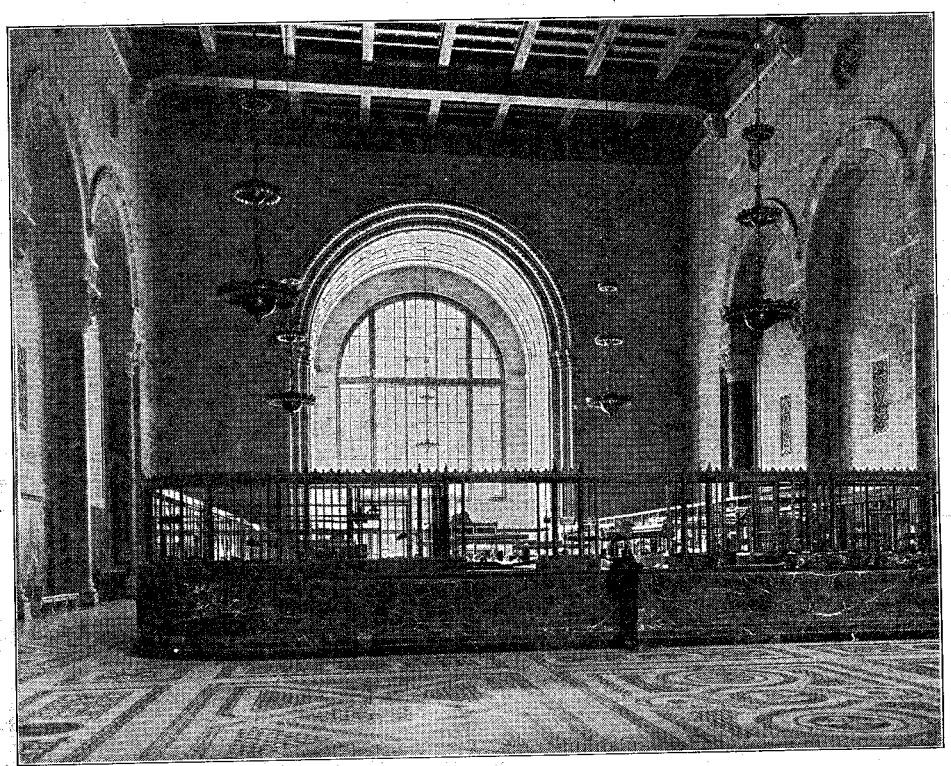
sions, but, as I have indicated, the note of grandeur recurs again and again in the architectural development we are considering, and it strongly marks the work of the architects, who have in some sort brought the subject to a culmination.

Thirty-odd years ago Philip Sawyer was a young architect in the office of McKim, Mead & White. So was Edward P. York. They did together some jobs of their own and some time in the late nineties launched forth definitely as the firm of York & Sawyer. Later the partnership included Louis Ayres and L. M. Franklin, both likewise McKim men, and in still another partner, F. S. Benedict, they have a graduate from the office of Babb, Cook & Willard. It is perhaps worth noting that among the five there is a voice which occasionally remembers the accents of the École des Beaux-Arts, but the important point is denoted in my allusions to McKim and Babb. This younger force, in short, has been trained in the American tradition, its use of Italian Renaissance motives having been determined chiefly by experience at home. The style which York & Sawyer have formed for themselves is a style pure and scholarly, spiritually classical but never academic or muscle-bound. It is embodied in buildings of many kinds and uses, all of them distinguished; but on this occasion I would pay tribute to these architects chiefly as designers of banks. Two of them in New York without question give to York & Sawyer a status incomparable here or abroad. One is the Bowery Savings Bank, on Forty-second Street just east of Park Avenue. The other is the Greenwich Savings Bank, the site of which stretches from Broadway to Sixth Avenue on Thirty-sixth Street. The façades in both cases are beautifully designed. The three of the Greenwich, of reasonable height, are purely classical,



From a photograph by Kenneth Clark.

Interior of the Bowery Savings Bank Building in New York City.
Designed by York & Sawyer.

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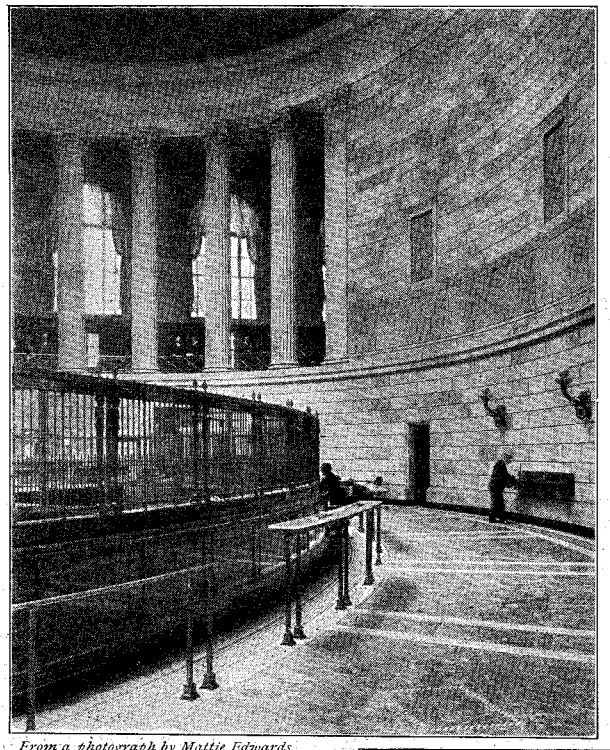


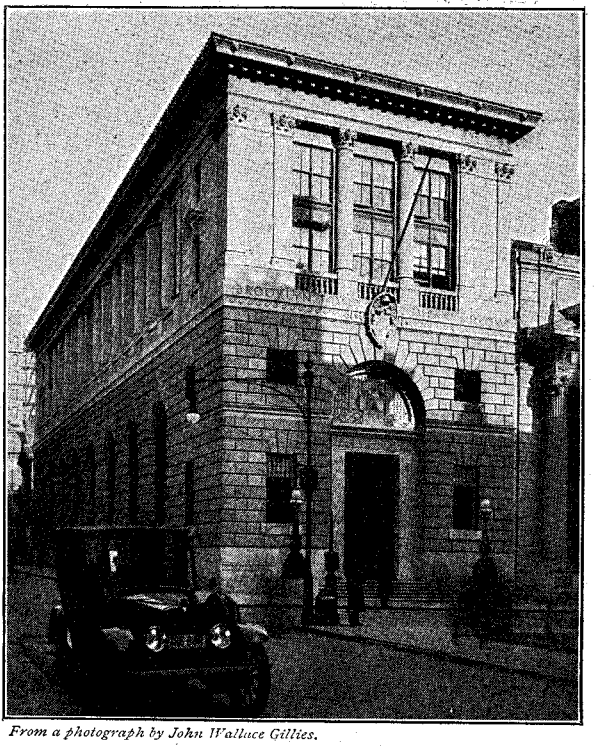
From a photograph by Mattie Edwards Hewitt.

Interior of the Greenwich Savings Bank Building in New York City.

Designed by York & Sawyer.

using the Corinthian order, with a simple attic rising above the columns. The Bowery is of Romanesque origin, and for all its historic derivation presents a very fresh and unconventional effect. You could not pass either building without an impulse of admiration. Enter either of them and you behold banking architecture *in excelsis*.

I have figured the surprise of the British business man seeing the Cunard Building for the first time. Downright stupefaction would overtake old Meyer Rothschild if the founder of that famous fortune could revisit the glimpses of the moon and pass into the building of the Bowery Savings Bank, memories clustering thick about him of his ancient and obscure Frankfort lair. "This isn't a banking-room," he would exclaim in his bewilderment. "It is a hall belonging to a Roman Emperor." Only it *is* a banking-room, one brought to the highest point of everything that spells efficiency in banking processes. The room is 200 feet long and nearly 80 feet in width, but there isn't an inch of waste space in it. The network of compartments for the staff is islanded on the great marble floor, and around it the area for the circulation of the public is exactly proportioned to the scale of the whole. The ceiling, 65 feet high, looks down on a scene in which there is nothing



From a photograph by John Wallace Gillies.

Building of the Brooklyn Trust Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Designed by York & Sawyer.

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haphazard but in which each detail has a function and completes a balance. The ceiling is itself richly decorated. It is borne by walls in which engaged columns of varied marbles support massive arches. All along on either side the walls are panelled in mosaic as discreet in tone as so much ivory. There is no undue emphasis anywhere. The columns, as I have said, are of different marbles and with the same substance the floor is as richly bedight as that of many an Italian church. Gold gleams from the sculptured counter screen. The architects have had a perfect Sardanapalian debauch of marble and bronze, and in the walls themselves they have sought richness of surface, mixing Ohio sandstone with Indiana variegated limestone. It sounds of Byzantium. But it is sanely and magnificently of New York in 1924. These gifted men have always known when and how to restrain themselves, and they have painted their glowing picture so harmoniously that as the light comes through wide expanses of amber glass at either end and falls through the lofty roof panes, one is first aware of it as adequate illumination and then delighted with the mellowness of its revelation. The room falls into one reposeful tone, like a chord of organ music.

Lovers of art make pilgrimages to see renowned pictures and cathedrals. I urge them to make pilgrimage to this work of American architecture and when they conclude, as I know they will, that they never saw a handsomer room, the thing for them to do is to go down to the Greenwich Savings Bank and to observe that there York & Sawyer have, if anything, surpassed themselves. Here again we have a room of noble dimensions, this time 120 feet long by 86 feet wide, with a coffered ceiling 72 feet high. Here again the staff works behind a counter screen islanded as in the bank further up-town. But this time the room is elliptical and the result is one of the most beautiful in the world. It gave me one of the most thrilling moments I have ever known in architecture. I had a fleeting impression as of a *tour de force*, I wondered if I had come upon just a daring "stunt." But the longer I pondered the design the more I realized how deeply studied it was. There are, of course, no columns here save at the ends. The great curving walls rise in unfretted simplicity, unbroken save by a few shrewdly placed false windows, filled with pierced stone. Look at the individual things that go to make up this lovely ensemble. Look at the floor, look at the mouldings, look at the very benches placed here and there against the walls and at the lighting fixtures, which reproduce the lines of some ornate Renaissance marvel in metal. Once more, as at the Bowery, the part plays into the hands of the unit, and in this case it goes to vitalize a conception at once massy and graceful, a thing of exultant strength and of beguiling charm. It is in the grand style and yet it makes a fairly intimate appeal. While you are impressed by those antique wall surfaces you are joyously uplifted by the flowing line of the ellipse.

How buoyantly and masterfully American it is! What a stir of creative energy these eloquent walls proclaim! Those who care for American architecture must rejoice when they see a room like this, a room genuinely worthy of the school to which McKim gave such impetus when he built the Pennsylvania Terminal. And it springs straight from the core of our national life, straight from the fundamental sources of the American genius. That is the exciting thing about our "commercial" architecture. It expresses what we do and what we are in one of our most characteristic fields of endeavor. It is full of our spirit, of our imagination. Does the reader wonder at my wanting a word, a phrase, which would do new honor to this new growth in our art?

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 21.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

The Change for the Better in Finance and Trade

REMARKABLE REVERSAL OF AGRICULTURAL CONDITIONS AT THE END OF SUMMER—QUESTION OF A GENUINE TRADE REVIVAL—THE HARVEST AND THE MARKETS

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

A REMARKABLE change in the American financial situation has occurred with the ending of the summer season. It did not result primarily from easy money, although rates on the Wall Street market fell to the lowest in ten years and the Reserve Bank rediscount rate was reduced again in August to 3 per cent, the lowest in its history. It was not that springtime predictions of an "inflation boom," due to the great accumulation of gold and the overflowing bank reserves, had been fulfilled. Prices of commodities advanced, some of them very considerably, but the general average failed to reach the level of March and April. The change in the situation did not come from clearing away of political uncertainties; in many respects the presidential possibilities were as obscure at the end of August as at the beginning of July. But the reversal in certain supremely important underlying influences, notably the season's agricultural results, was complete.

A Reversal in the Underlying Position

Considered in retrospect, it is not difficult to see why the business community and the financial markets had lapsed during the early half of the year into great discouragement. Every influence making for doubt and hesitation seemed to be emphasized progressively. Agricultural distress, in the Northwestern wheat belt particularly, had become acute; it was not only creating social and political discontent among the farmers but was bringing a formidable increase in failures of country banks. Wheat sold in March on the Chicago market for $1.02⅞, which compared with $1.20 a year before and with prices ranging from $1.05 to $1.19 in the corresponding month even in such pre-war years as 1912, 1910, and 1909. Whereas the "index number" of other commodities than breadstuffs showed in February an average increase of 63 per cent over the prices of August, 1914, the breadstuffs group alone had increased only 36 per cent, with several cereal products at pre-war prices.

DURING June, the textile mills were shown to have used for cotton-spinning the smallest amount of cotton of any month since December, 1920, and the government's report on active spindles made their number the smallest of any month since the war. In New England, mill consumption of cotton had in June decreased 17 per cent from the preceding month and 57 per cent as compared with March, 1923. The estimate of the Federal Reserve Board on the rate of production, in all basic industries combined, figured out a decrease of 9 per cent in June alone, making the output 22 per cent below that of the first two months of the present year.

The Situation of Early Summer

Decrease of employment was reported in June by the government in all but six of thirty-three separate industries. The total decrease had been 6 per cent since February of the present year, and 10 per cent since the high point of employment in 1923. This addition to unemployment left the number of laborers without work about the same as it was in 1922, when the reaction from 1920 was still in force, and before the brief trade revival which culminated in the ensuing spring. The country's iron output, which is always watched as a "barometer of trade ac-

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tivity," decreased 3½ per cent in May, 21 per cent in June (which *The Iron Age* described as an "unparalleled cut" in the history of the industry), and 20 per cent in July. The contraction during the five months ending with July amounted to 40 per cent. Of finished steel, the monthly output was reduced more than one-half between March and July, falling from 4,188,000 tons to 1,869,000; the second figure being the smallest reported by the trade since December, 1921, when the period of post-war trade reaction had not ended.

How the Crops of 1924 Started

PREDICTION and forecast from industrial sources gave little encouragement for the future. The government's April report on winter wheat estimated the probable yield as the smallest in seven years and, in spite of this estimate, sales of foreign wheat were keeping down the prices. The cotton crop, on which much of the country's industrial fortunes admittedly depended, started out well enough, but in July the Agricultural Department estimated a probable yield of only 11,934,000 bales, whereas the cotton trade agree that at least 13,000,000 bales were imperatively needed to avert any season of shortage. Meantime, the weevil pest was declared to be again threatening destruction to the crop.

The only plausibly reassuring talk regarding the business future was the argument, on the side of industry, that the sweeping reduction of output and supplies had gone so far as to necessitate return of active buying in the autumn to replenish exhausted stocks, and, on the side of political affairs, that the good reception given to the Dawes plan by the European governments held out hope of a reparation settlement. But no resumption of demand by consumers came into view in any important industries.

TO understand how completely the underlying position has been reversed in the past two or three months, it is necessary only to contrast the present situation, in regard to the most important of the influences just recited, with the conditions which existed at the beginning of summer. As against its 553,000,000-bushel estimate of April on the probable winter wheat yield, the government's August report showed an ascertained yield of 589,000,000, exceeding the actual harvest of 1923 or 1922. The quality of the wheat was the highest since the great war crop of 1915; the traveller across the grain belt of Kansas and Nebraska in midsummer could see the whole landscape shining with golden stacks of wheat, indicating a full yield by their size and number and a readily marketable crop by their color.

The Later Story of the Season

It was in the so-called "spring wheat belt" of Minnesota and the Dakotas that agricultural distress and political discontent had been most severe. It was in that agricultural section that wheat acreage and wheat production had been most rapidly increased during war-time, with the result that the 50 per cent decline in wheat prices after the war hit the farmers of that part of the country hardest of all. They had incurred in buying land a debt which they could not meet; their crops were unlucky, and even at the low prevailing prices were smaller than many pre-war harvests. It was in this district therefore that La Follette, with his programme of social resentment and unrest, was hoping to capture strongholds of the older parties. But the August government crop report gave for the 1924 spring wheat crop the highest average condition, with one exception, since the yield of 1915 brought the country's total wheat crop above a billion bushels.

ONLY twice since the first year of the war had the midsummer indication of the Northwestern wheat crop been so high. Districts which had literally produced no crop in four years were among the largest harvesters this season; States where wheat-growing is always doubtful and precarious reaped an abundant harvest. All this happened while the country's planted acreage had been reduced, as compared with the year before, nearly 7 per cent for winter wheat and 8¾ per cent for the spring-planted acreage. This meant that the farmer's investment of time and money in his crop had been much smaller than in many preceding

A Windfall for the Northwest

(Financial Situation, continued on page 81)

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By courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

PORTRAIT.

From the painting by Dennis M. Bunker in the Metropolitan Museum.

—See "The Field of Art," page 567.

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